DUGGAN • FRIGERI • VALENZA

MARVEL

"A must-read for any Iron Man fan."
— ComicBook.com

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

THE WEDDING OF TONY STARK AND EMMA FROST

MARVEL COLLECTED EDITIONS

DUGGAN
FRIGERI
DI VITO
VALENZA

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

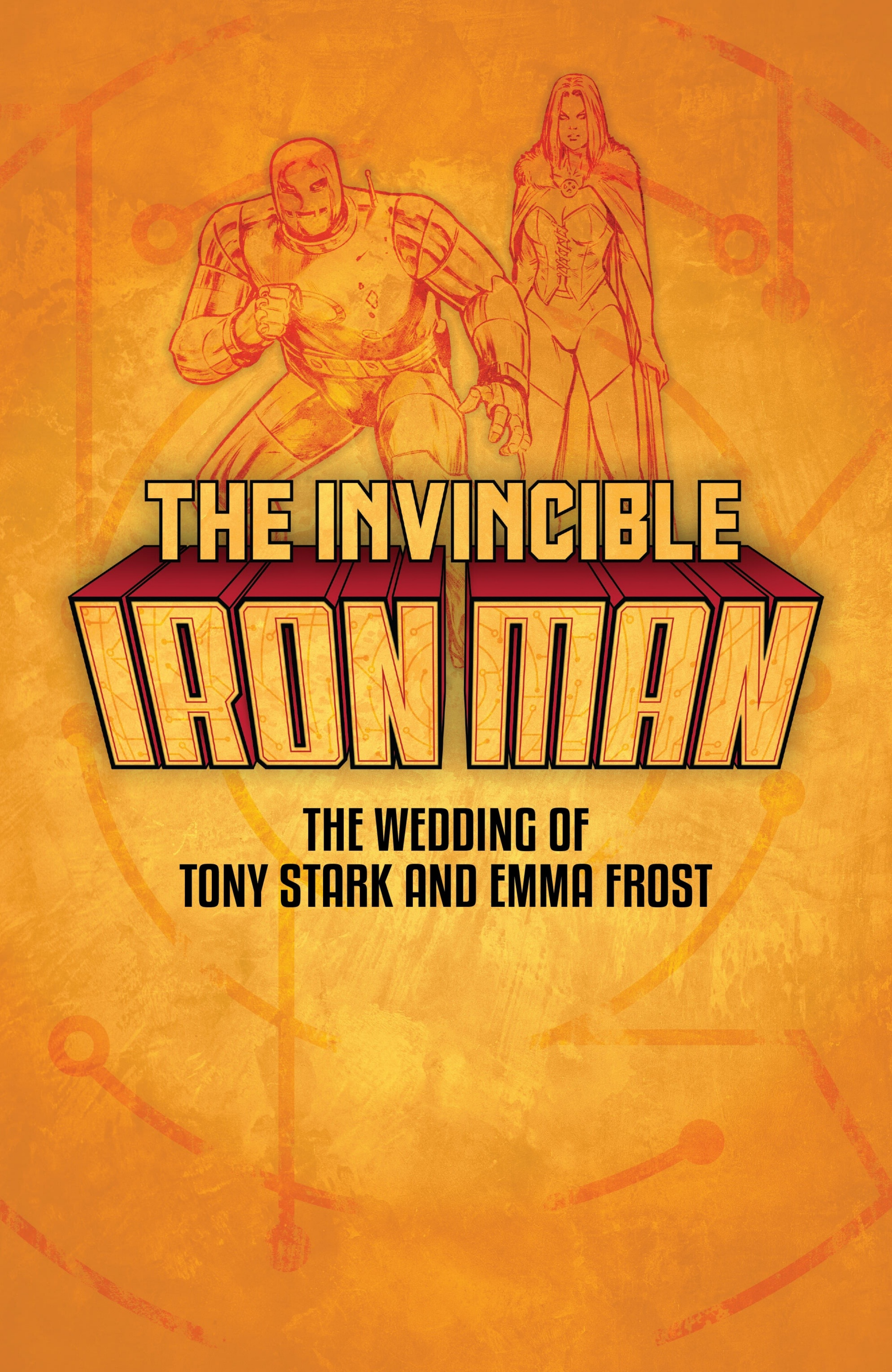
"The story is a fresh take on the beloved Avenger while staying true to his roots."
– ComicBook.com

DEMON IN THE ARMOR

MARVEL

Invincible Iron Man by Gerry Duggan Vol. 1: Demon in the Armor

AVAILABLE IN PRINT OR DIGITAL WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD!


THE INVINCIBLE
IRON MAN
THE WEDDING OF
TONY STARK AND EMMA FROST

WHEN MULTIBILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST TONY STARK, INVENTOR EXTRAORDINAIRE, DONS HIS SOLAR-CHARGED, STEEL-MESH ARMOR, HE BECOMES A HIGH-TECH WARRIOR – THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUMAN FIGHTING MACHINE!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS...

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

THE WEDDING OF TONY STARK AND EMMA FROST

PREVIOUSLY...

Tony Stark used to have it all. But after spending his entire fortune to take black-market weapons off the streets, all Stark is left with is his Iron Man armor.

That's left his company, Stark Unlimited, vulnerable to a hostile takeover by the industrialist Feilong, who is using the acquisition to produce mutant-hunting Sentinels with Iron Man technology! Tony refuses to let these Stark Sentinels go into production. So he's left with only one choice: destroying his own company!

GERRY DUGGAN
WRITER

JUAN FRIGERI (#7-10), ANDREA DI VITO (#11) & IG GUARA (#12)
ARTISTS

BRYAN VALENZA
COLORIST

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERER

KAEL NGU (#7-9, #11-12) & LUCAS WERNECK (#10)
COVER ARTISTS

KAT GREGOROWICZ & NOAH SHARMA
ASSISTANT EDITORS

DARREN SHAN
EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

IRON MAN CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER, DON HECK & JACK KIRBY

JENNIFER GRÜNWALD
COLLECTION EDITOR

DANIEL KIRCHHOFFER
ASSISTANT EDITOR

LISA MONTALBANO
ASSOCIATE MANAGER, TALENT RELATIONS

JEFF YOUNGQUIST
VP PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS

DAVID GABRIEL
SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING

ADAM DEL RE
BOOK DESIGNER

JAY BOWEN
LEAD DESIGNER

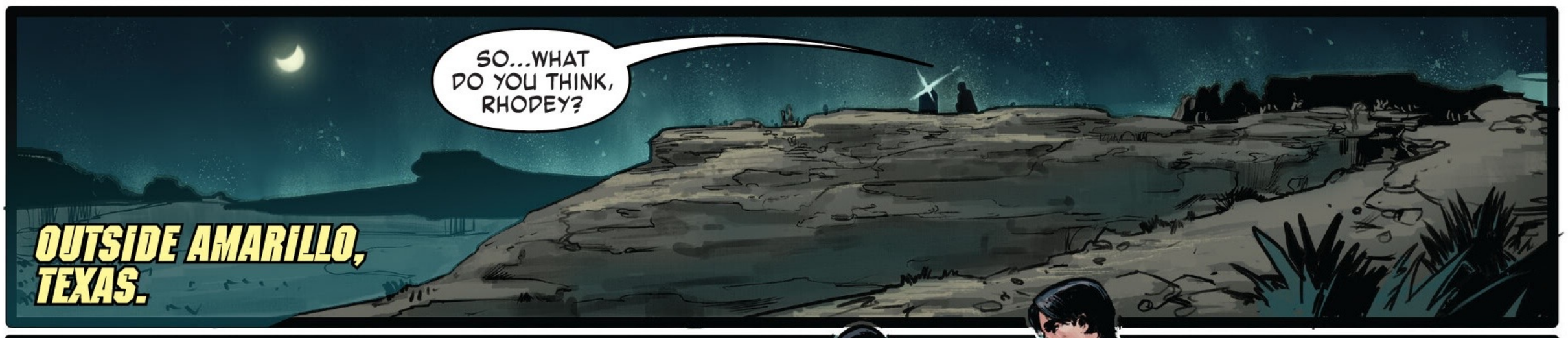
TIM SMITH 3
SR. MANAGER, DIGITAL

JASMINE ALVAREZ & RACHEL YOUNG
DIGITAL PRODUCTION

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

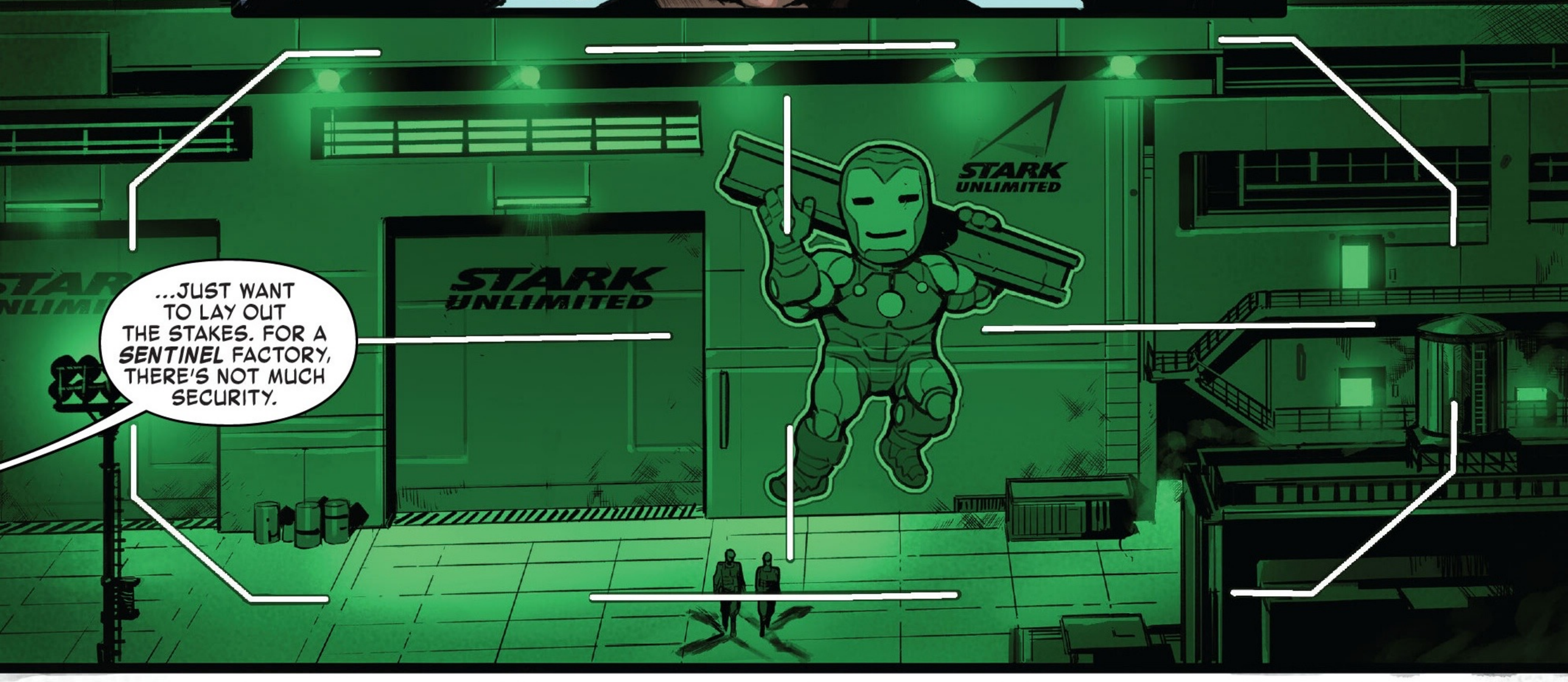
© 2024 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

SEVEN


SO...WHAT DO YOU THINK, RHODEY?
OUTSIDE AMARILLO, TEXAS.

I THINK... I THINK WE'RE PROBABLY GONNA WIND UP DEAD OR IN JAIL.
OR DEAD IN JAIL.
WE CAN MULTITASK.

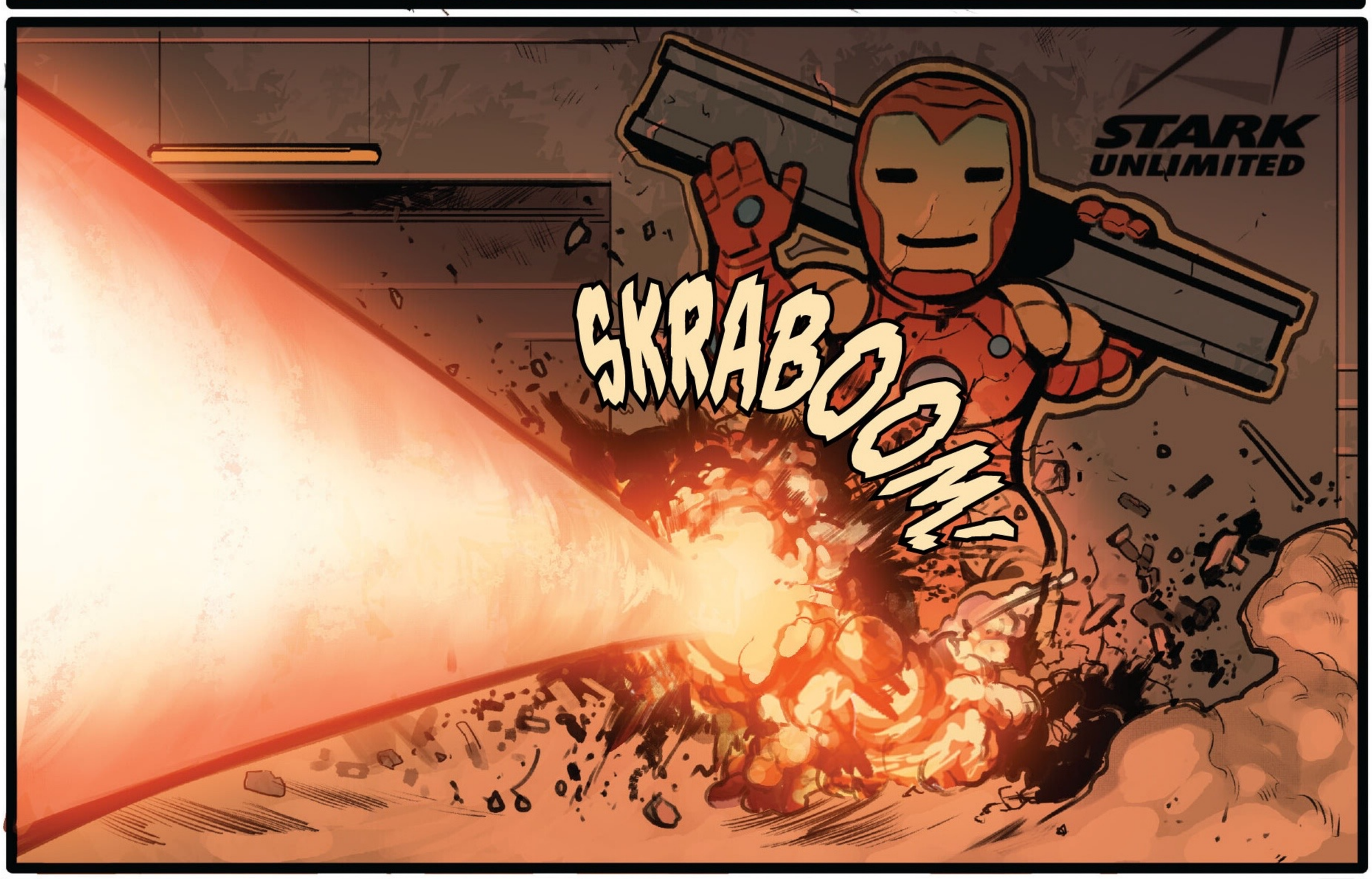
YEAH...

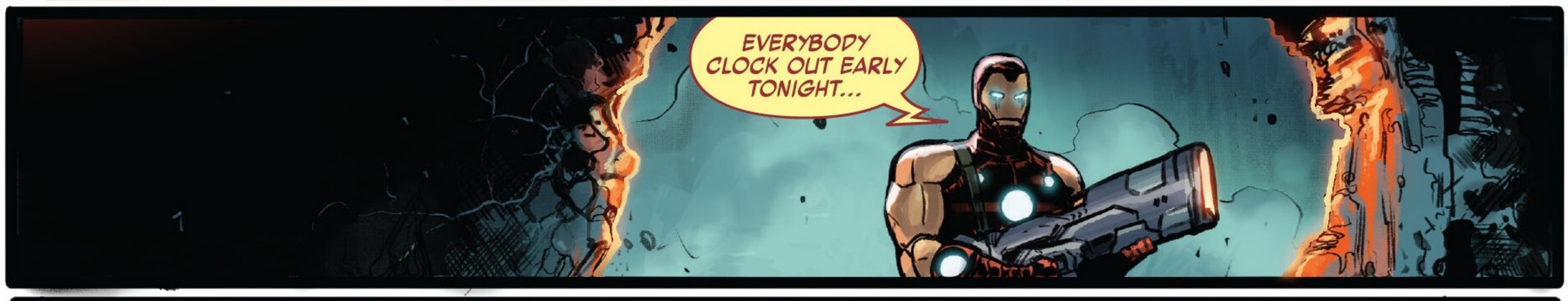

...JUST WANT TO LAY OUT THE STAKES. FOR A SENTINEL FACTORY, THERE'S NOT MUCH SECURITY.
STARK UNLIMITED
STARK UNLIMITED

ARE THEY OVERCONFIDENT, OR ARE THEY HOPING YOU'LL TAKE A RUN AT IT, TONY?
TO BE HONEST, IT DOESN'T MATTER.
I'D RATHER DIE THAN LET THOSE SENTINELS COME ONLINE WITH MY NAME ON THEM.
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO--
I DO. SOMEBODY'S GOTTA HAVE YOUR BACK.
...
OKAY, THEN. GIVE ME A HEAD START, THEN YOU COME IN GUNS BLAZING.

WHAT'S WRONG?
AW CRAP.
IRON MAN, ÷COFF÷ SIR--YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.
THAT'S MY LINE.
I'LL CALL IT IN.
WE HAVE ORDERS TO--
SHKCHAKK
DUNNO IF YOU HEARD, BUT THERE WAS A RECENT CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.
YOU MIGHT EVEN CONSIDER ME A DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEE.
AS YOU MAY KNOW, WORKPLACE VIOLENCE IS AN INCREASING PROBLEM IN THIS COUNTRY.
UNLESS YOU WANT TO RISK BEING A STATISTIC--

--I'D GET YOUR ASSES HOME!
FOOM!


STARK UNLIMITED
SKRABOOM!


EVERYBODY CLOCK OUT EARLY TONIGHT...

...AND COME IN LATE TOMORROW.
O-OKAY, IRON MAN.
YOU HEARD THE MAN. EVERYBODY OUT!

The plan was simple: Iron Man kicks the door off the hinges and is seen sabotaging the production of the Stark Sentinels.

Sensors confirmed that all civilians had cleared out, so it was safe to deploy…

…my little surprise. The goal was to make the most expensive crater in Texas.

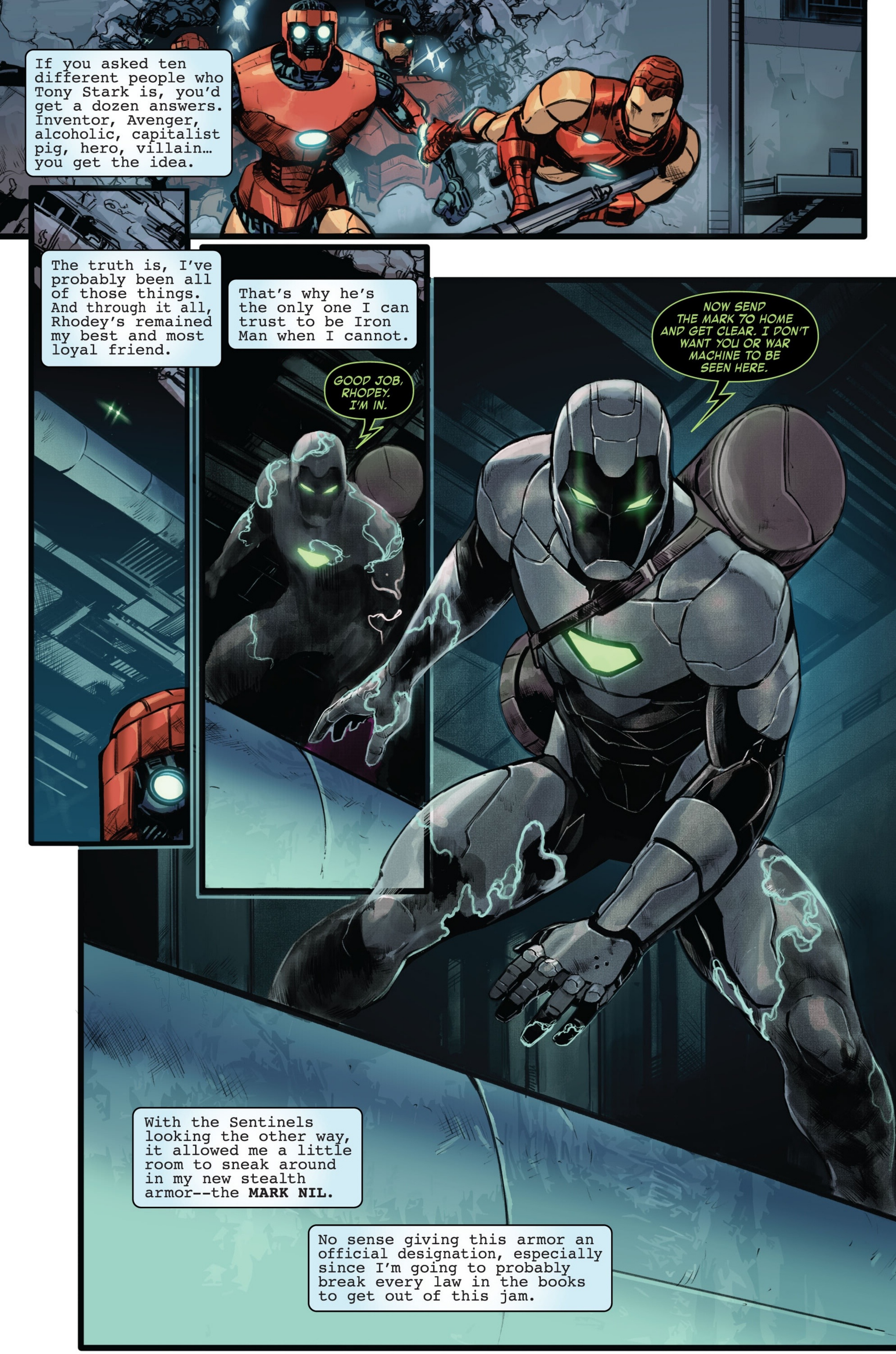
The ulterior motive for Iron Man was to see how far along production was.

The answer was: *too far* along.

WHOA!

BOOM

Rhodey's one of the only people I can trust with knowledge of my weapons cache. If you're a careful reader, you might remember that it's the reason I'm broke.
By the time I publish my autobiography, I'll have figured out how to make it old business.
KLIK!
On this night, some of the more powerful explosives and ordnance came in real handy.
KABOOM!
ALL RIGHT, PARTNER. THE HORNETS' NEST IS GOOD AND PISSED-- GOOD LUCK.


If you asked ten different people who Tony Stark is, you'd get a dozen answers. Inventor, Avenger, alcoholic, capitalist pig, hero, villain… you get the idea.
The truth is, I've probably been all of those things. And through it all, Rhodey's remained my best and most loyal friend.
That's why he's the only one I can trust to be Iron Man when I cannot.
GOOD JOB, RHODEY. I'M IN.
NOW SEND THE MARK 70 HOME AND GET CLEAR. I DON'T WANT YOU OR WAR MACHINE TO BE SEEN HERE.
With the Sentinels looking the other way, it allowed me a little room to sneak around in my new stealth armor--the **MARK NIL.**
No sense giving this armor an official designation, especially since I'm going to probably break every law in the books to get out of this jam.

COPY THAT, BUDDY.
I'LL ADMIT...
...FEELS LIKE HOME BEING BACK IN THE RED AND GOLD AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.
GOING FROM THE WAR MACHINE TO THIS--
--IT'S LIKE TRADING A TANK FOR A PORSCHE.

YOU KNOW, I THINK I DID TRADE A TANK FOR A PORSCHE ONE TIME IN MUNICH BACK IN MY ARMS-DEALING DAYS...

...IT WAS A VINTAGE PORSCHE 550A SPYDER.
UH-HUH.
DO YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU TOTALED IT?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I TOTALED IT?

GIMME A BREAK, MAN--YOU WRECK EVERYTHING AT LEAST ONCE.

The stealth suit's wall-crawler capability works like a charm. Eat your heart out, Spidey.

IN FACT, I DID WRAP IT AROUND A TREE.

OF COURSE YOU DID.

HOW'S THIS BOMB GOING TO WORK?

IT'S NOT A CONVENTIONAL EXPLOSIVE. WORKING IN TANDEM WITH EACH OTHER, THEY CREATE A SPHERE--AND THEN IT IMPLODES.

IT'S KIND OF **THEORETICAL**. IT'S ALL I'VE BEEN WORKING ON SINCE I LEARNED ABOUT THESE ABOMINATIONS.

LET'S SEE EXACTLY WHAT THIS IS CODED FOR--NEED EVIDENCE THAT PEOPLE SHOULD STOP CHEERING FOR THESE DAMN THINGS.

CHIKK

I CAN'T ACCESS ITS CAPABILITIES OR SOFTWARE, BUT THE TARGET IS ***JOHNNY STORM.***

GOOD LORD... THE ABSOLUTE MAD MAN.

FEILONG ISN'T TARGETING JUST MUTANTS... HE'S TARGETING US ALL.

STEP ON IT, TONY!
IT'S GETTING HECTIC, AND--
BADOOM!
SKRASHK!
AARGH!
OKAY-- LAST DEVICE.
I'M EXFILLING NOW.
AARGH!
I shouldn't have activated the boot jets, but I was worried about the beating Rhodey was taking outside.

I NEED TO CALL AN AUDIBLE, I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO SWITCH ARMORS.

BOOM!
AND I'M FEELING A LITTLE UNDERDRESSED WITHOUT THE FIREPOWER OF MY SUIT.

RHODEY-- THIS STEALTH SUIT--UGHN-- WASN'T BUILT FOR THIS.
JUST-- GET CLEAR!
DEET!

I was told later that the explosion could be seen from orbit. That never gets old.

It's the simple joys in life, right? Blowing stuff up.

C'MON! GO! GO! GO!

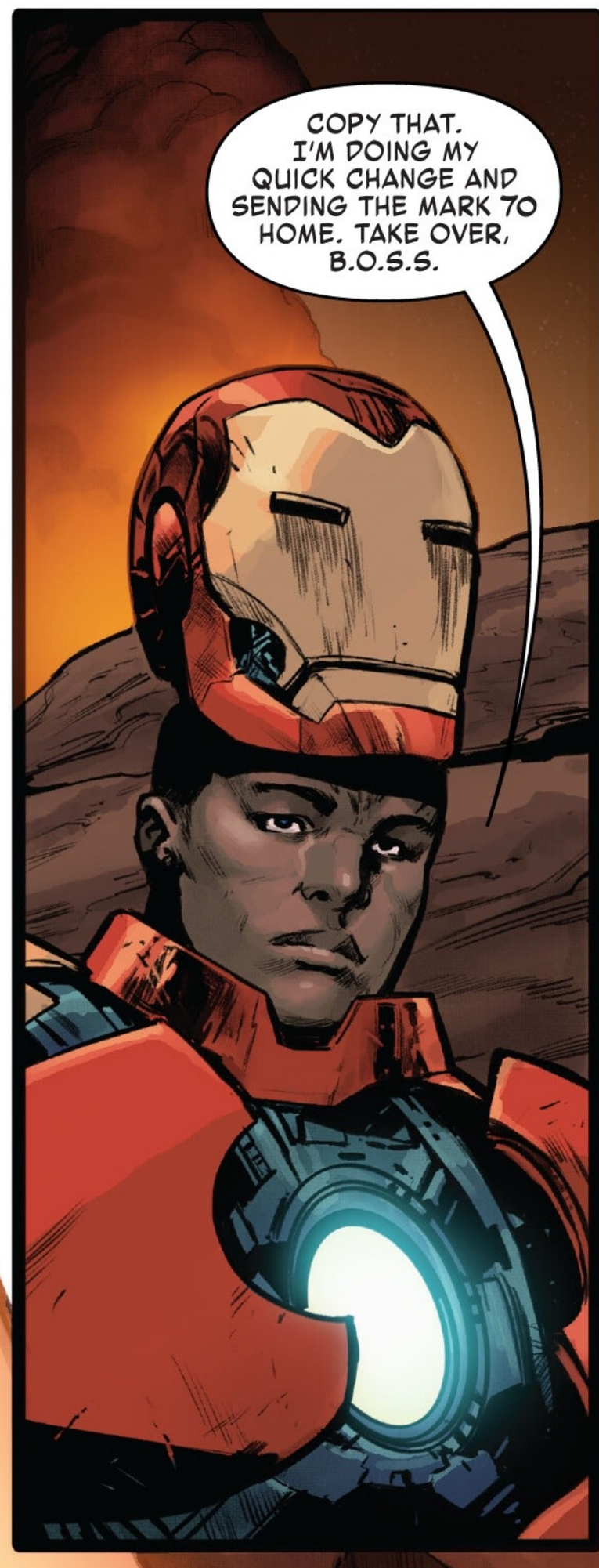
BOOM!

TONY! YOU CLEAR? YOU GOOD?

KER CHONG!

OW. KIND OF.

JUST NEEDED A HAND.

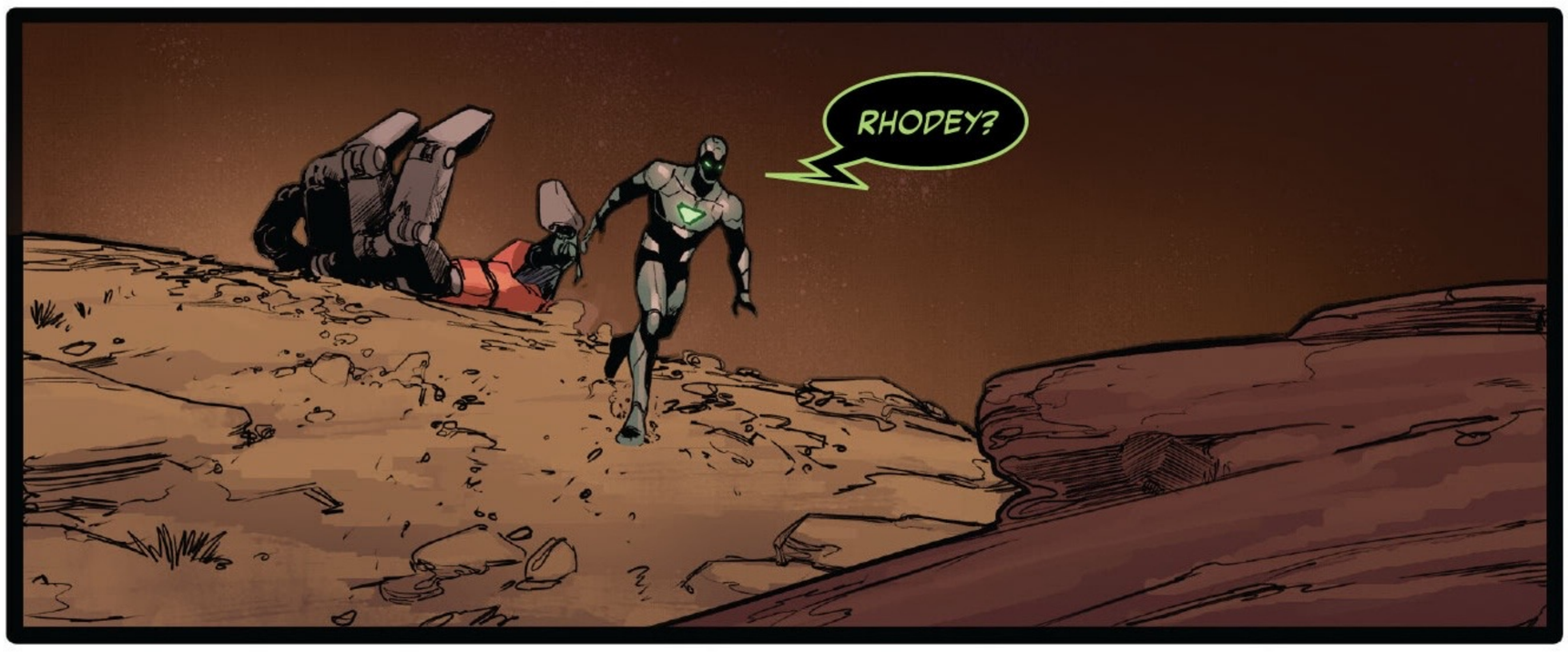

COPY THAT. I'M DOING MY QUICK CHANGE AND SENDING THE MARK 70 HOME. TAKE OVER, B.O.S.S.

COMPLYING.

OUTBOUND.

KRAKOOM!
AAARGH!
UGHN...

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST. SURRENDER. OR FACE LETHAL PROTOCOLS.
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, BEING ARRESTED SOUNDS NICE.
C'MON! DAMMIT!
SKRUNCH!
RHODEY, TELL ME YOU'RE AIRBORNE.



Rhodey was surrounded by Sentinels and Orchis shock troops flying in.

I could only look on helplessly from the shadows in a suit of armor that they couldn't detect as my best friend was arrested…

…for something I put him up to.

I did mention the urge to drink never goes away, right?

GRANT ME THE SERENITY TO ACCEPT THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE…

A FEW HOURS LATER.

HOW BAD DID STARK'S FRIEND JUST #$%& US, FEILONG?

I'VE GOT THE SECRET FACTORIES PUMPING SENTINELS OUT, BUT I WON'T LIE, DR. STASIS...

...WE WON'T HAVE ENOUGH OF THE MACHINES ON THE NIGHT OF THEIR STUPID PARTY TO GET RID OF ALL OF OUR TARGETS AS WE HOPED.

BE AT EASE! YOU HAVE NIMROD!

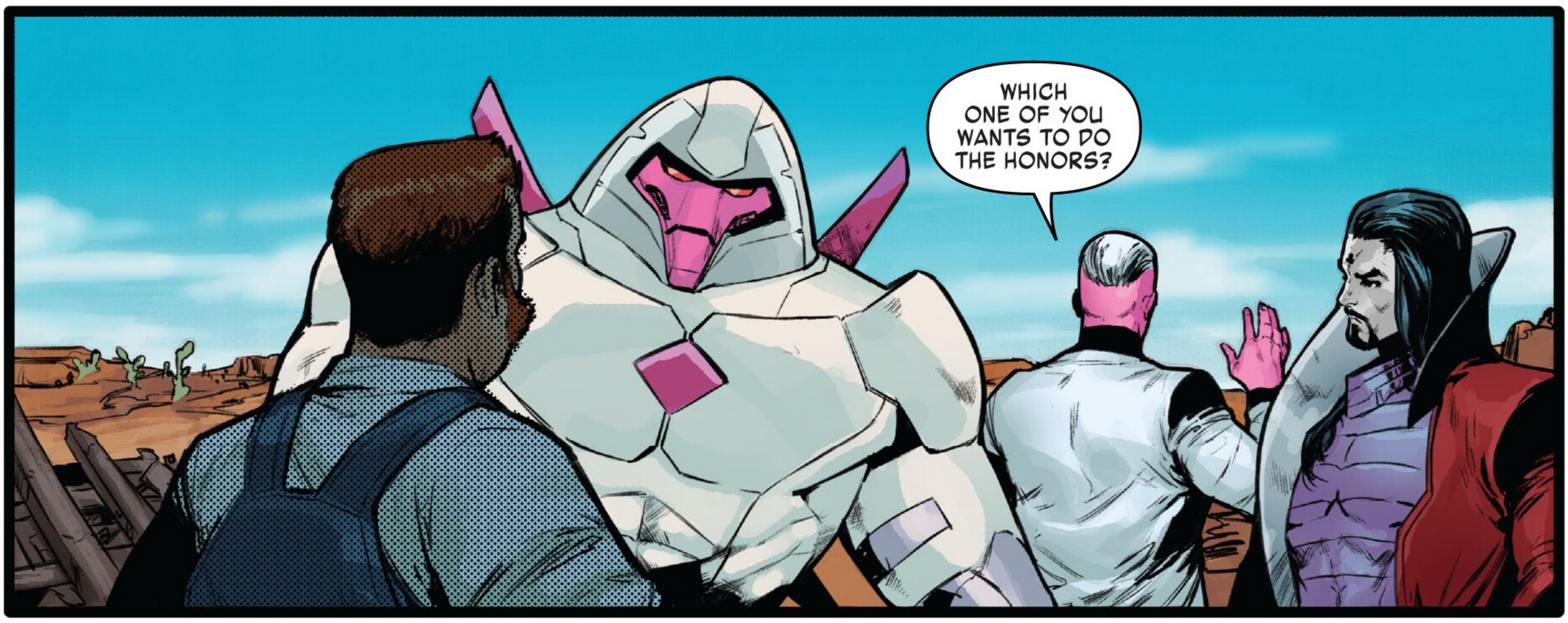
YES, WE DO.

IT WILL ALL WORK OUT. WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR WHAT MUST BE DONE THAT NIGHT, AND THEN WE'LL WIN *INCREMENTALLY.*

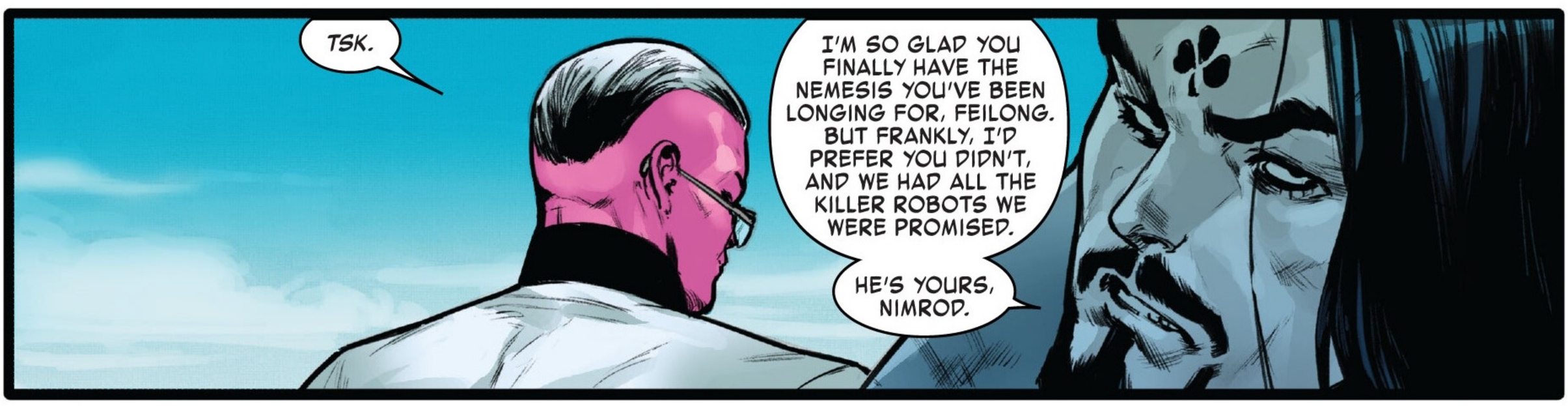
BY THE TIME THE AVENGERS AND ALL THE OTHERS REALIZE THEY'RE ON THE MENU TOO...IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

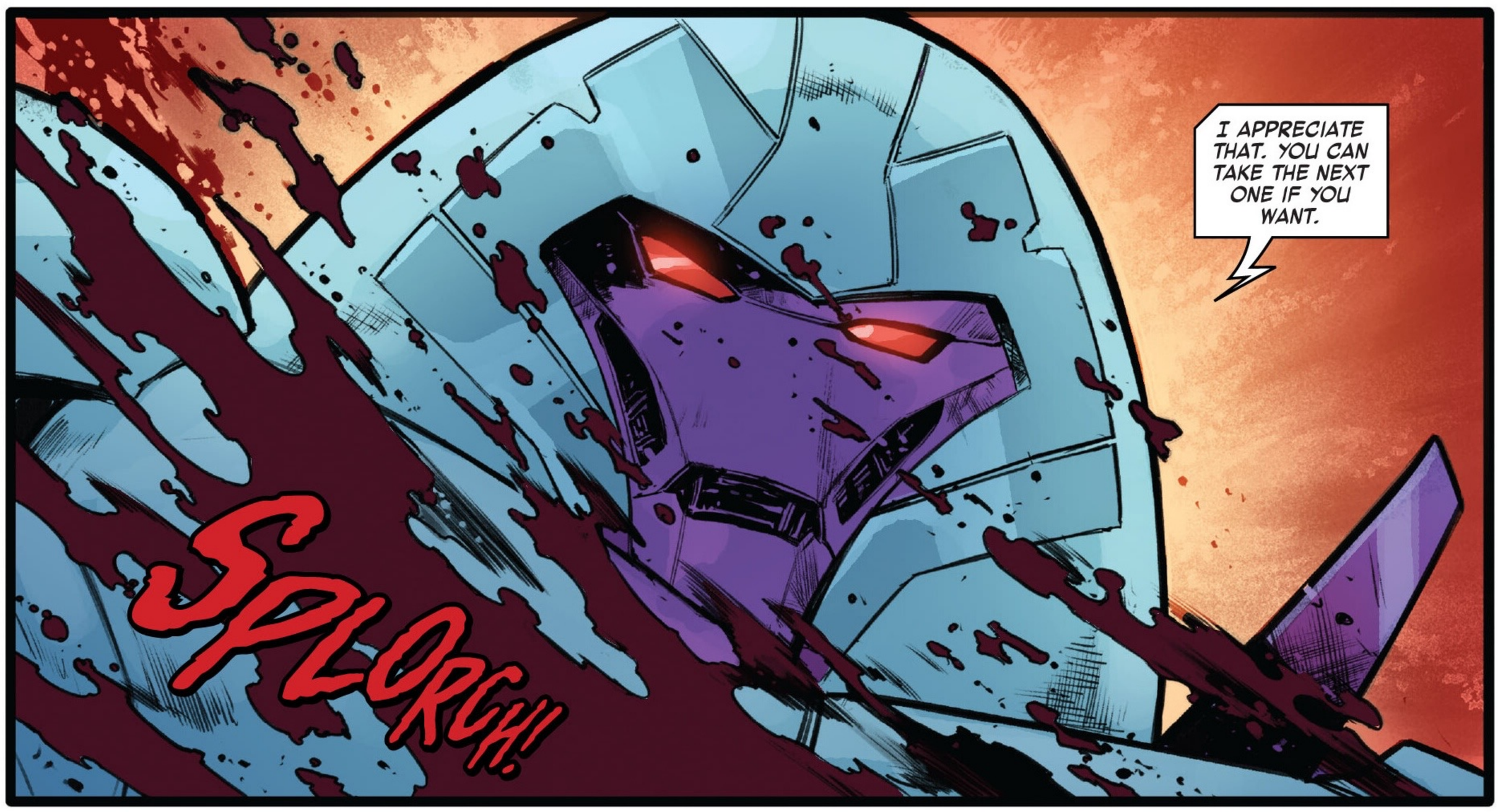
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, SIR?

I DID. THANK YOU FOR YOUR PUNCTUALITY.


WHICH ONE OF YOU WANTS TO DO THE HONORS?

D-DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?


TSK.
I'M SO GLAD YOU FINALLY HAVE THE NEMESIS YOU'VE BEEN LONGING FOR, FEILONG. BUT FRANKLY, I'D PREFER YOU DIDN'T, AND WE HAD ALL THE KILLER ROBOTS WE WERE PROMISED.
HE'S YOURS, NIMROD.


I APPRECIATE THAT. YOU CAN TAKE THE NEXT ONE IF YOU WANT.
SPLORCH!

I hid the MARK NIL away. I knew my life was going to be turned upside down again, but my only thought was getting Rhodey out of jail.

C'MON, C'MON... PICK UP, JEN.
TONY, THIS IS NOT A GOOD TIME.

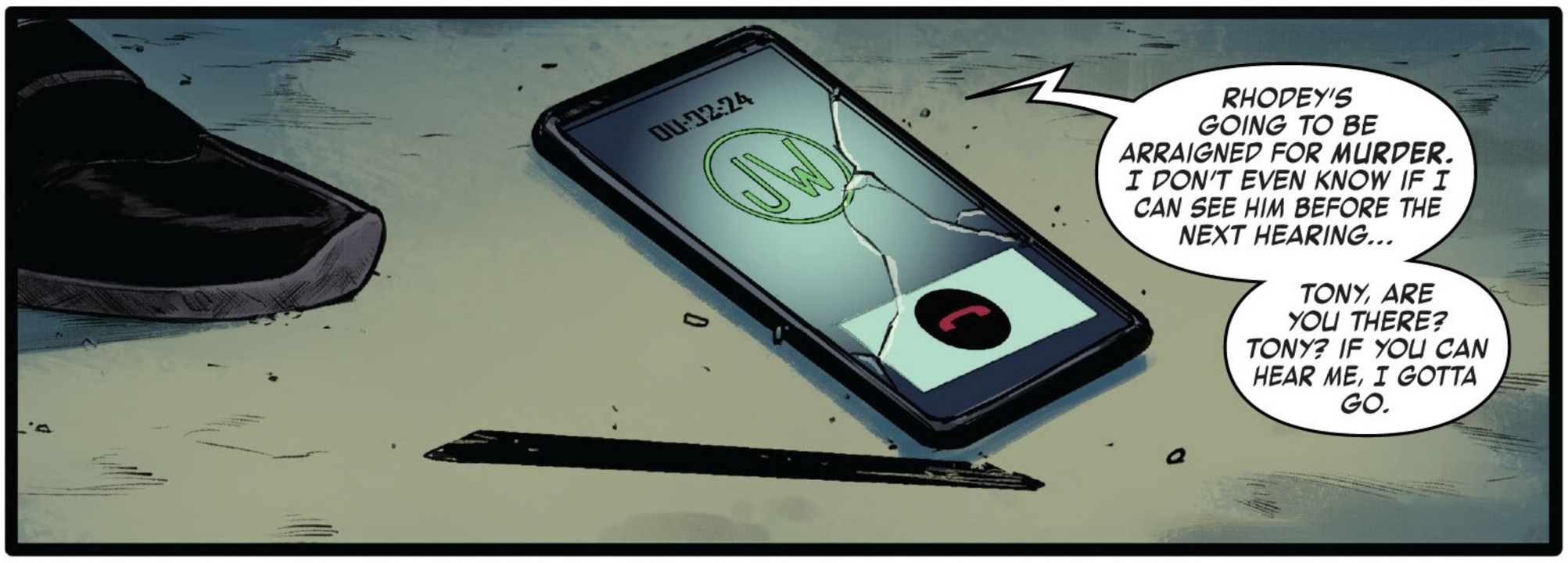
JENNIFER! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CALL YOU. DID YOU GET TO--?
TONY! STOP TALKING.
I WAS ON A PLANE TO TEXAS. RHODEY WAS ARRESTED, AND WHY DO I FEEL LIKE THIS IS NOT NEWS TO YOU?

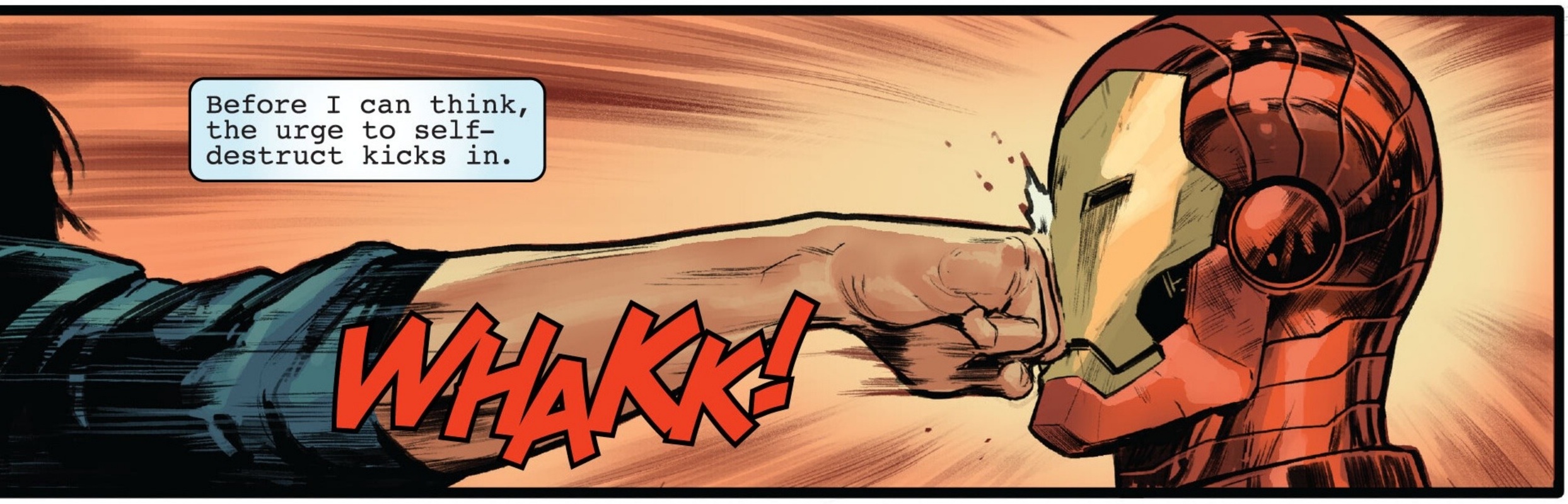
WE'RE GONNA NEED TO BAIL HIM OUT, AND DON'T WORRY, I'LL MAKE THIS RIGHT. BUT--UH, WAIT--I PAID YOU, RIGHT? WE STILL HAVE ATTORNEY-CLIENT PRIVILEGE.

TONY, THE JUDGE ALREADY REFUSED TO CONSIDER BAIL...

...THEY FOUND A BODY IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE FACTORY.

WHAT?





I punch and I punch again and again until I can't feel my hands.

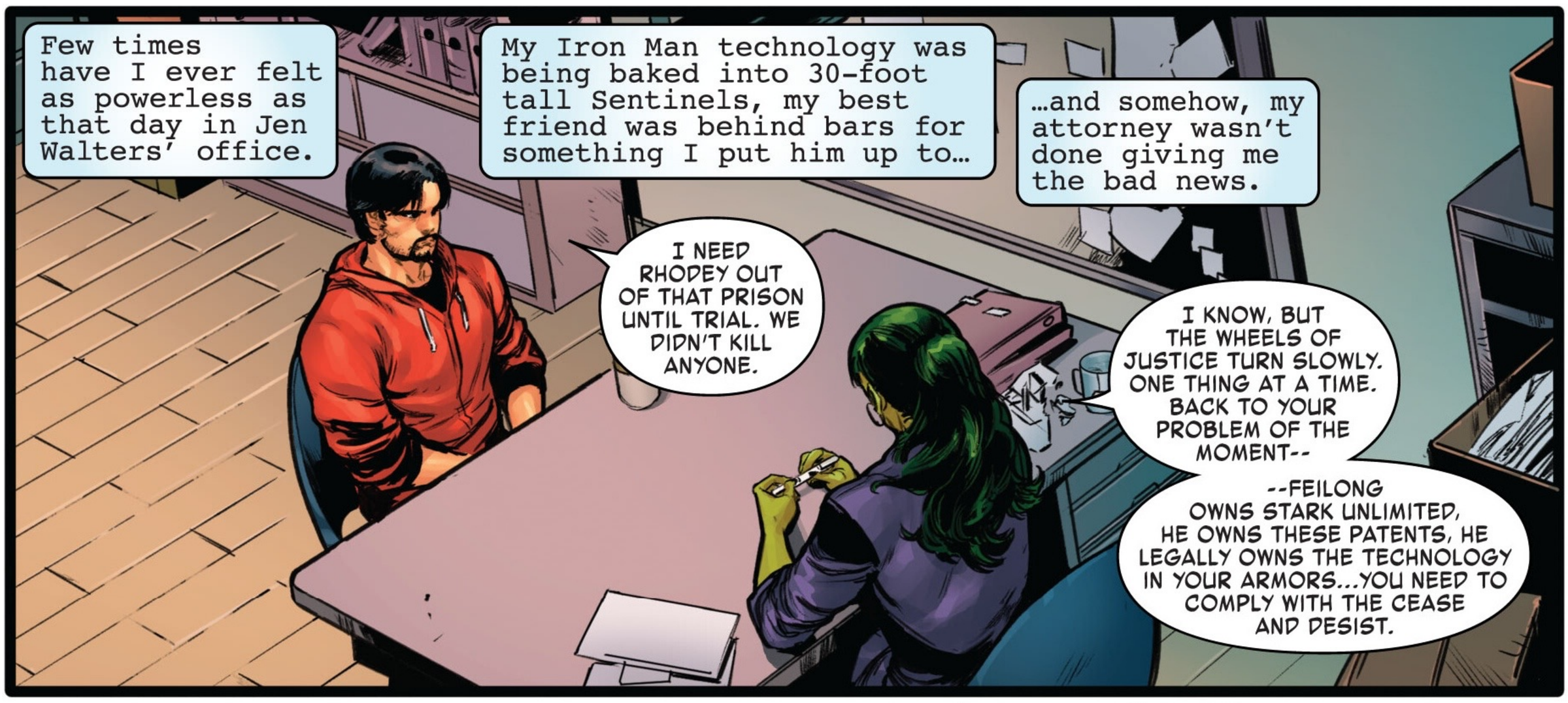
I forget whether it was a former therapist or a former bartender who observed that I'd built an armor for my friend…to protect him from me.

Now Rhodey was out of that armor and stuck in a hell I made for him.

I was nauseous. Light-headed. Angry. I needed a drink… because Feilong was going to kill my friend…and I couldn't stop him.

OH GOD.

EIGHT


Few times have I ever felt as powerless as that day in Jen Walters' office.
My Iron Man technology was being baked into 30-foot tall Sentinels, my best friend was behind bars for something I put him up to…
…and somehow, my attorney wasn't done giving me the bad news.
I NEED RHODEY OUT OF THAT PRISON UNTIL TRIAL. WE DIDN'T KILL ANYONE.
I KNOW, BUT THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE TURN SLOWLY. ONE THING AT A TIME. BACK TO YOUR PROBLEM OF THE MOMENT--
--FEILONG OWNS STARK UNLIMITED, HE OWNS THESE PATENTS, HE LEGALLY OWNS THE TECHNOLOGY IN YOUR ARMORS...YOU NEED TO COMPLY WITH THE CEASE AND DESIST.

OKAY, I HEAR MY ATTORNEY'S COUNSEL. AS MY *HULK*, WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE?

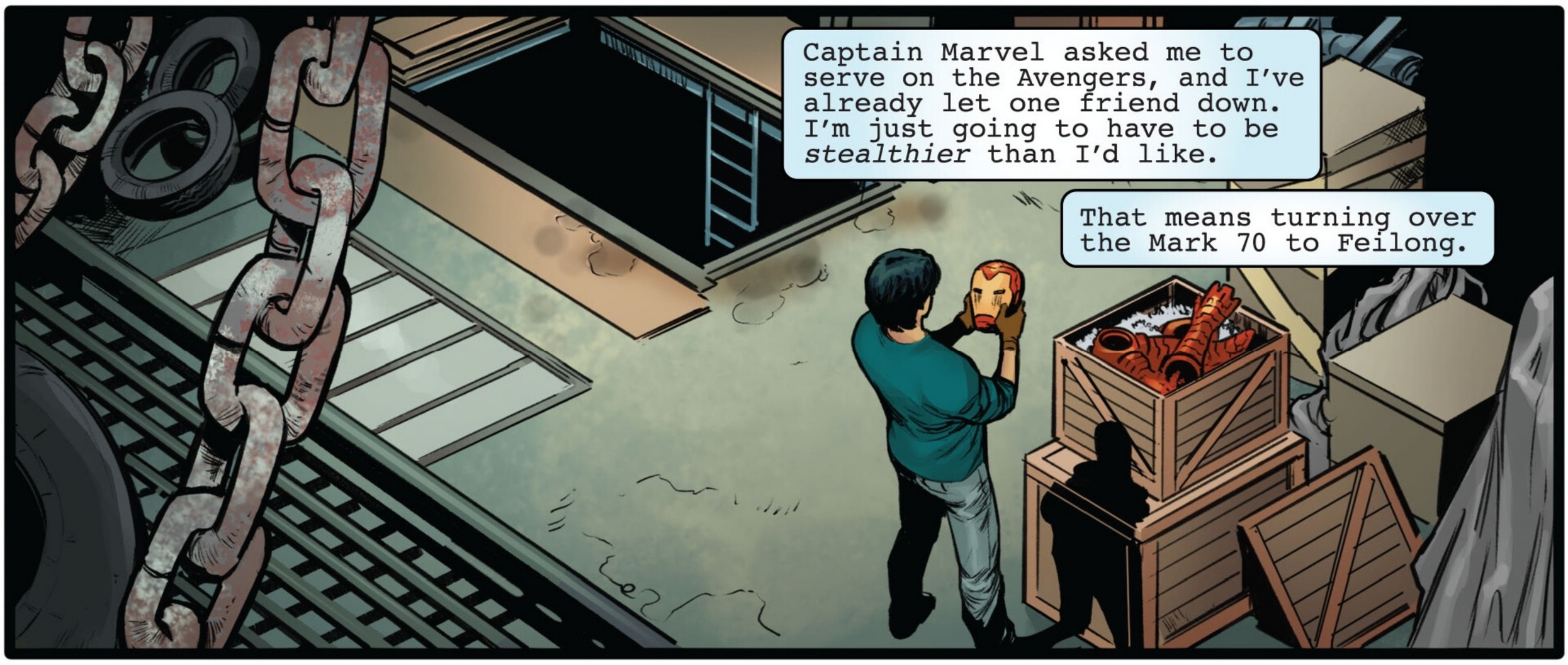
I...WANNA *SMASH* FOR YOU.
BUT, TONY, *YOU* SET THE PRECEDENT FOR ALL THIS BACK WHEN YOU WERE WAGING AN ARMOR WAR TO KEEP YOUR TECHNOLOGY FROM PROLIFERATING.

YOUR ENEMY HAS TURNED YOUR VICTORIES AGAINST YOU. IF YOU CHANGE YOUR DESIGNS SIGNIFICANTLY--THAT WOULD BE THE ONLY WAY FORWARD. OR FAILING THAT...

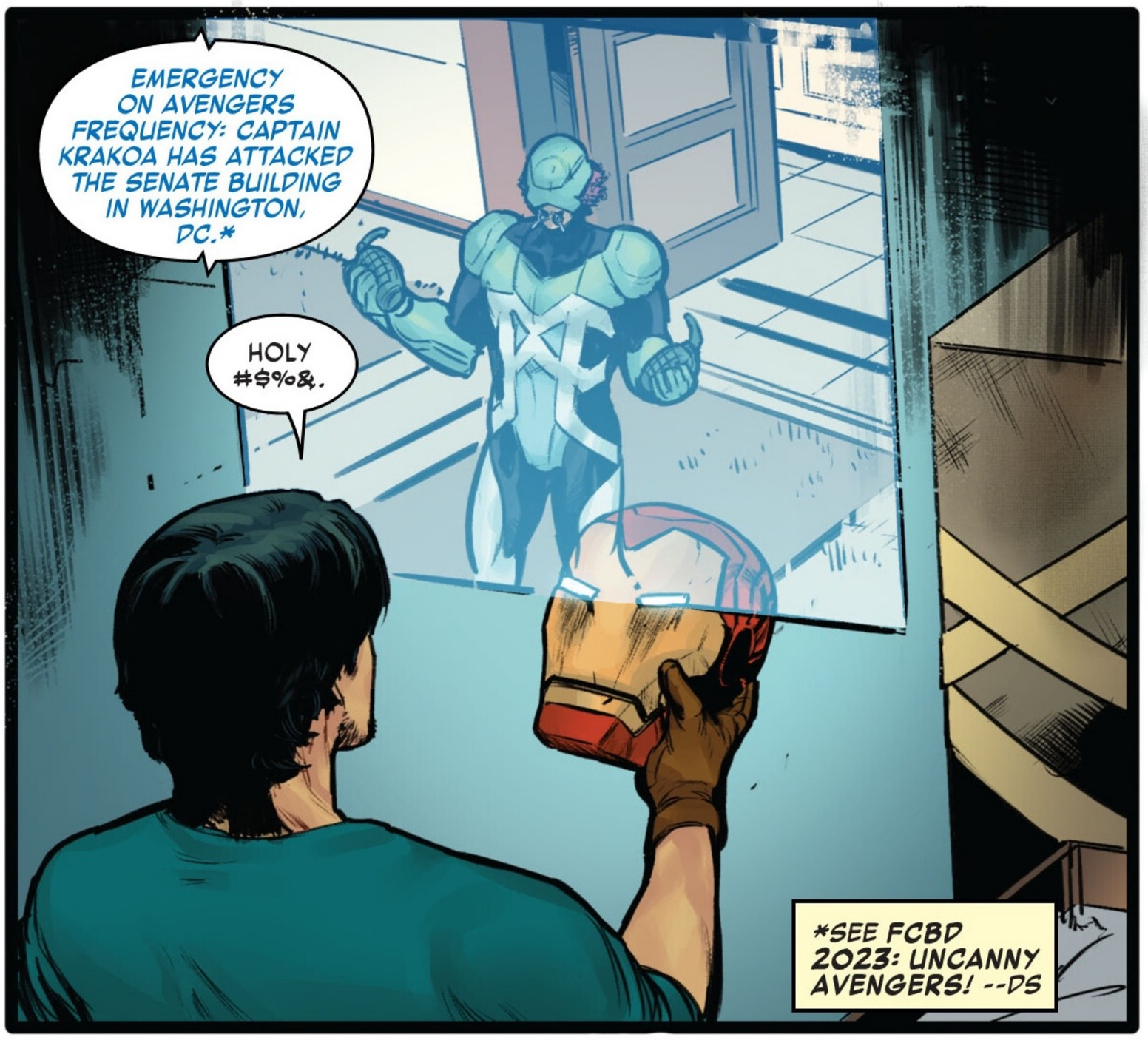
...I'M NOT ADVISING YOU TO MOVE YOUR BASE OF OPERATIONS TO A FOREIGN NATION OR INTERNATIONAL WATERS, BUT...MAYBE YOU COULD OPERATE OUT OF *KRAKOA?*
I'M GOING TO THE HELLFIRE GALA LATER. I COULD TALK TO--
I KNOW WHAT I NEED TO DO--I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN HONEST WITH MYSELF... I HAVEN'T WANTED TO FACE THE TRUTH.
FEILONG WON...

"...HE OWNS IRON MAN."
If the sight of my greatest achievement Frankensteined into giant killer robots wasn't sickening enough, the faces on the folks in the street were enough to finish the job.
He calls them "Stark Sentinels."
But on my life, I'll make sure the truth is written. Those are *Feilong's abominations*.
I hadn't been sleeping. I would close my eyes and drift away and I'd imagine losing. These machines were a rat king of engineering problems that I didn't have answers for…yet.
HOT DOGS
FAST FOOD

By night, I'd sold the cabstand at a loss. Rhodey's legal bills were mounting, and I was preparing to go underground.
BRONSON'S CABS

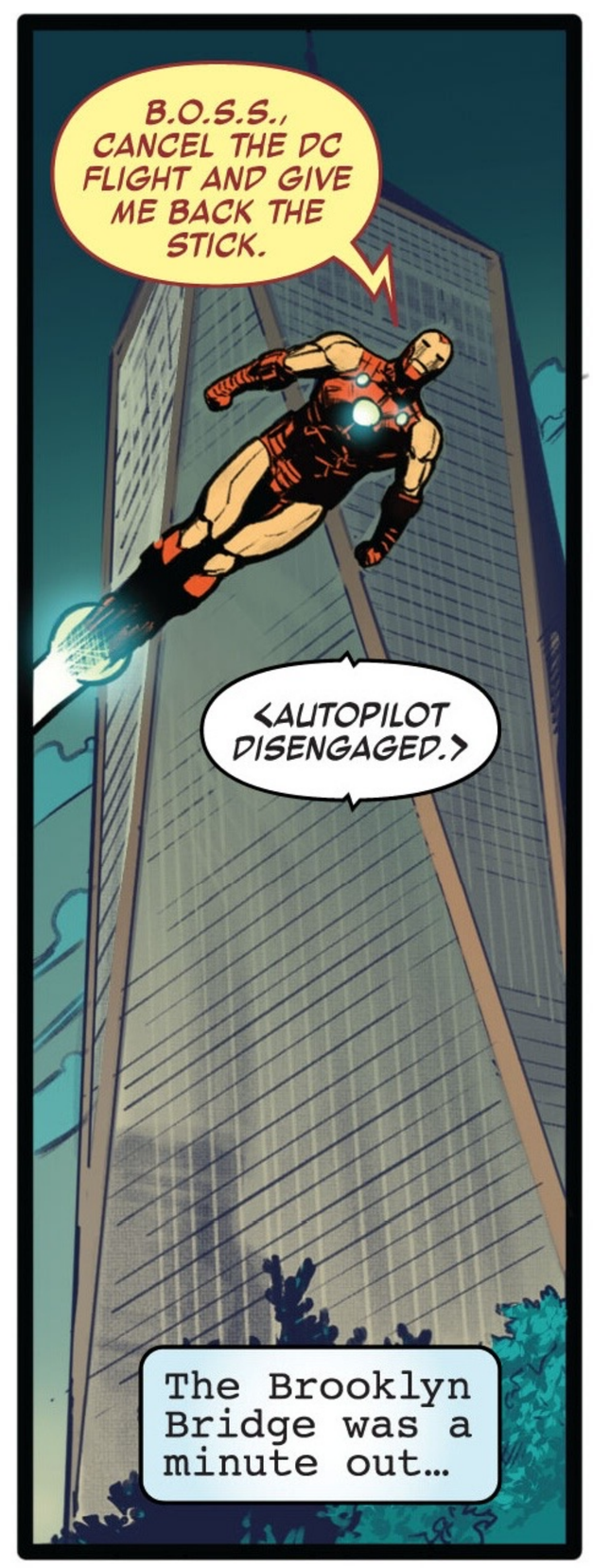

Captain Marvel asked me to serve on the Avengers, and I've already let one friend down. I'm just going to have to be *stealthier* than I'd like.
That means turning over the Mark 70 to Feilong.

WELL, BUDDY...WE HAD A GOOD RUN.


EMERGENCY ON AVENGERS FREQUENCY: CAPTAIN KRAKOA HAS ATTACKED THE SENATE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, DC.*
HOLY #$%&.
*SEE FCBD 2023: UNCANNY AVENGERS! --DS

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE WE HAVE TIME FOR ONE LAST RIDE.

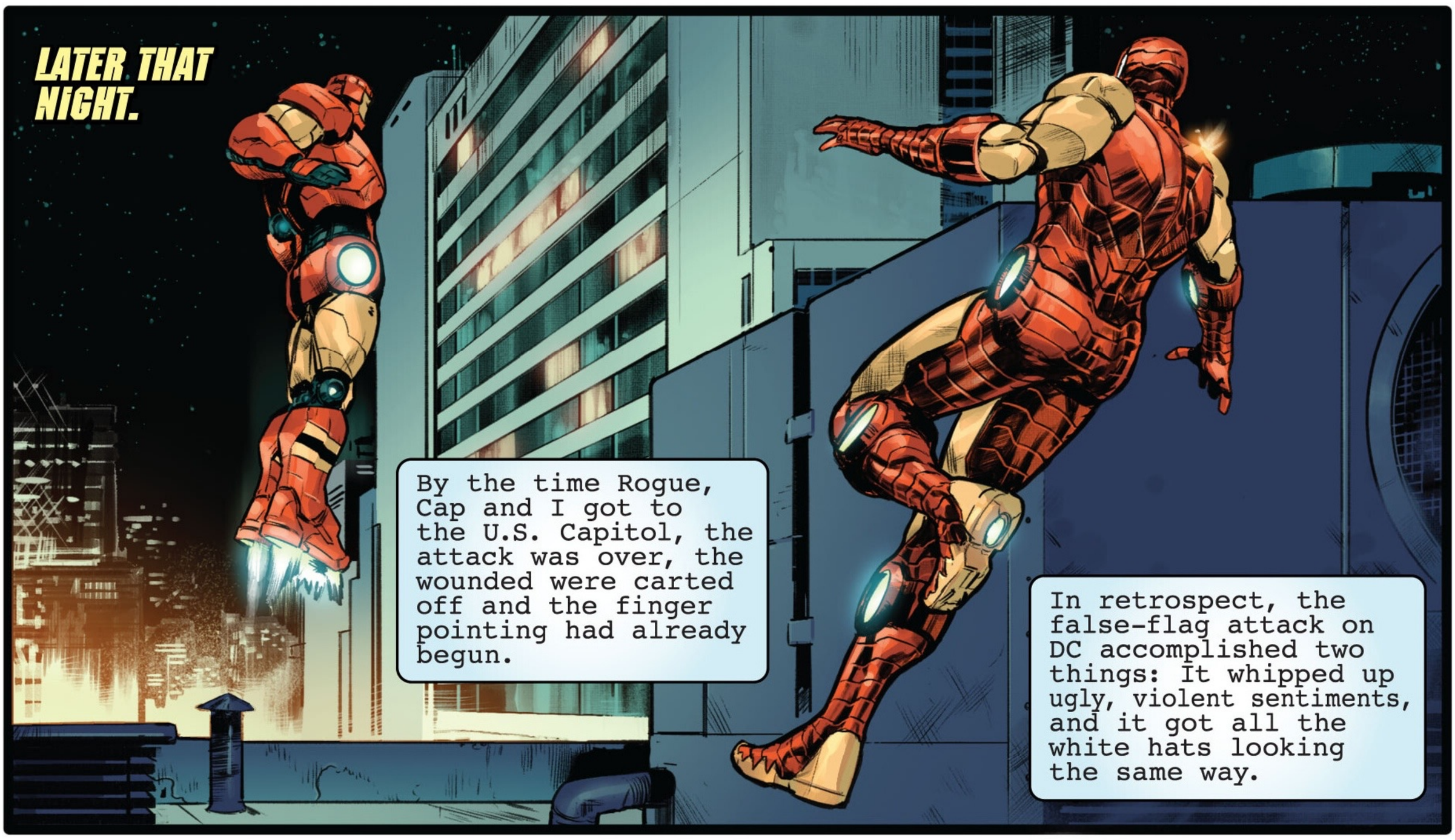
B.O.S.S., PLOT ME A COURSE TO WASHINGTON, DC, WITH THE FLIGHT PLAN THAT WILL SAVE THE MOST ENERGY.
UNDERSTOOD. <WORKING.>
THIS IS CAROL DANVERS-- THE AVENGERS ARE RESPONDING TO THE DC INCIDENT. WE'RE ALL LEAVING THE HELLFIRE GALA NOW.
EMERGENCY ON AVENGERS FREQUENCY: CAPTAIN AMERICA IS REPORTING A DISTRESS CALL FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.


B.O.S.S., CANCEL THE DC FLIGHT AND GIVE ME BACK THE STICK.
<AUTOPILOT DISENGAGED.>
The Brooklyn Bridge was a minute out…

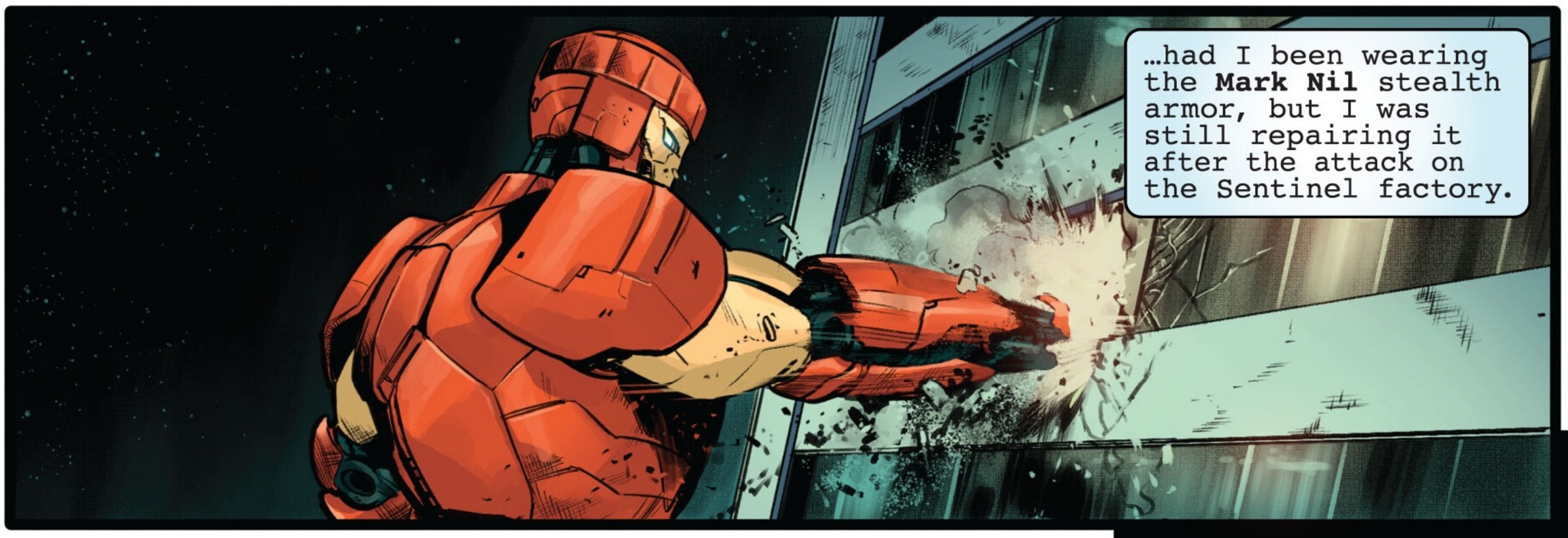
I made it in fifteen seconds. I was gonna miss the Mark 70.
HIYA, CAP. ROGUE. ANYBODY HURT?
JUST MY MOTORCYCLE. AND MY PRIDE.

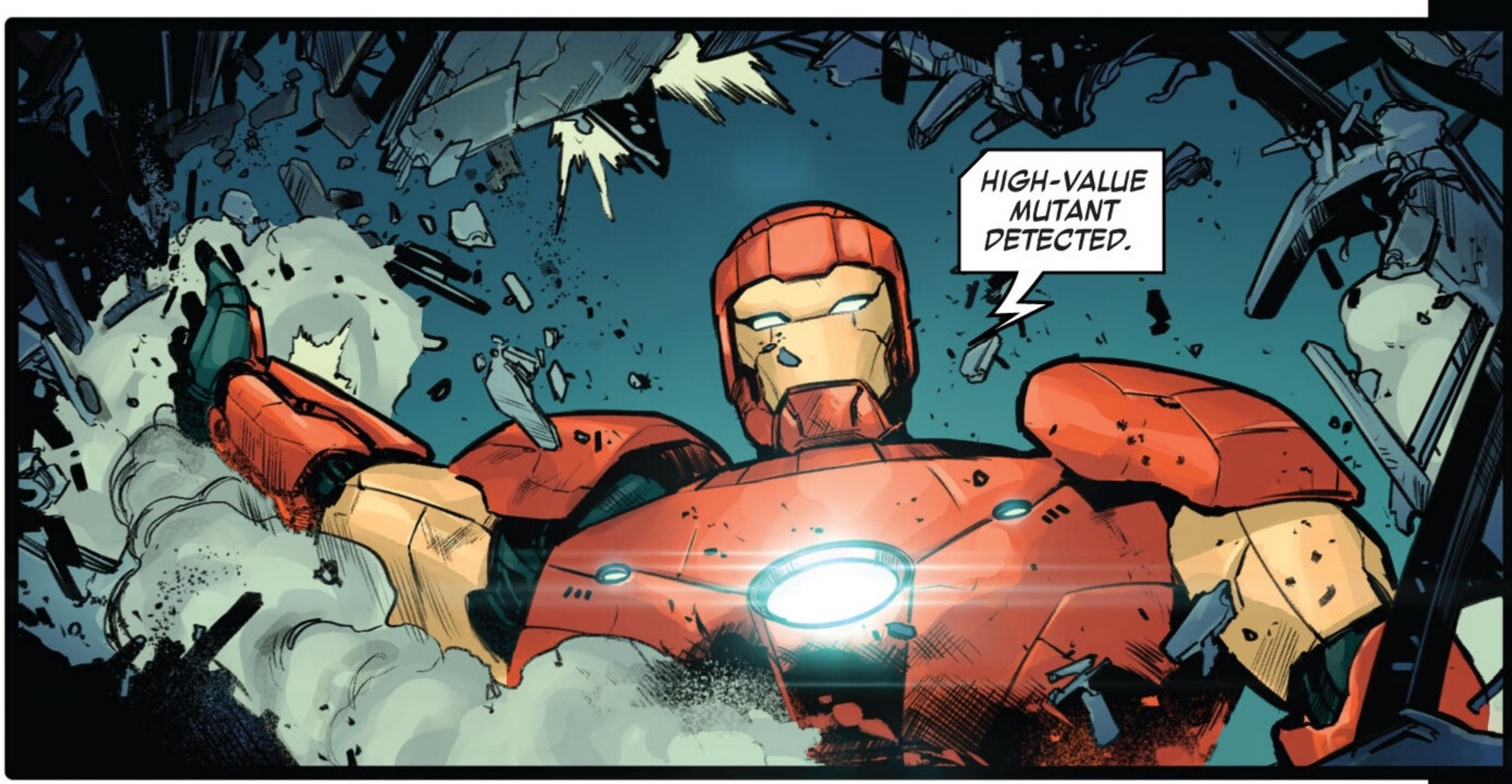
I'M HOPING GOING INTO THE SENTINEL BUSINESS WASN'T YOUR IDEA?

UH, NO.
I'M GUESSING IT WASN'T CYCLOPS IN THE CAPTAIN KRAKOA SUIT WHO JUST COMMITTED A TERROR ATTACK?
HELL NO.
LET'S GET TO WASHINGTON-- NOW!


LATER THAT NIGHT.
By the time Rogue, Cap and I got to the U.S. Capitol, the attack was over, the wounded were carted off and the finger pointing had already begun.
In retrospect, the false-flag attack on DC accomplished two things: It whipped up ugly, violent sentiments, and it got all the white hats looking the same way.

I returned to New York City a couple of hours later and called it a night, only to discover my evening was just beginning.
One of Feilong's Sentinels had taken an interest in an office building.
What happened next might've gone differently…


…had I been wearing the **Mark Nil** stealth armor, but I was still repairing it after the attack on the Sentinel factory.


HIGH-VALUE MUTANT DETECTED.

OH MY GOD.

EMMA FROST, A.K.A. THE WHITE QUEEN. THERE IS AN INTERPOL WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST.

COMPLY OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES.

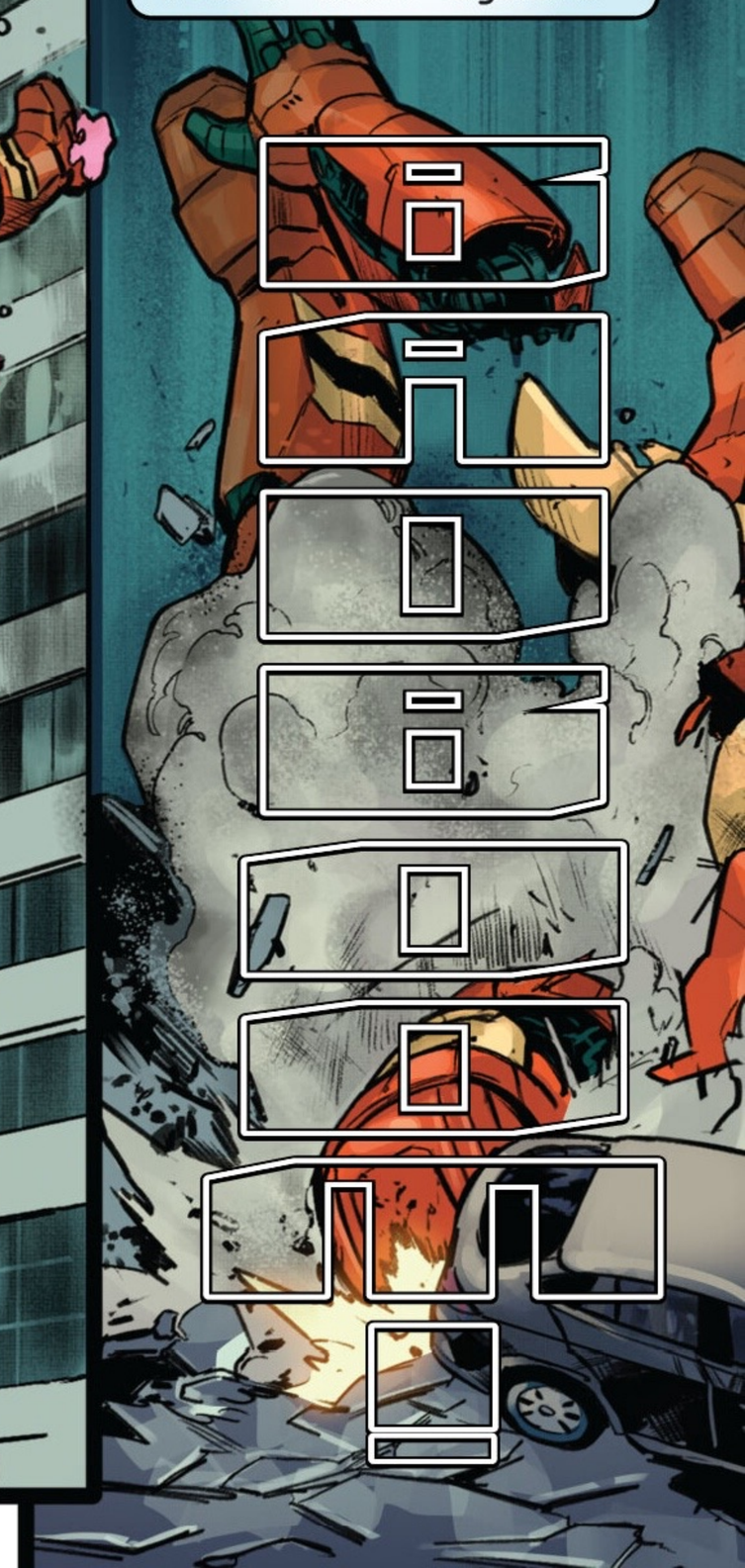
THE BIGGER THEY ARE...

SPLAKK!

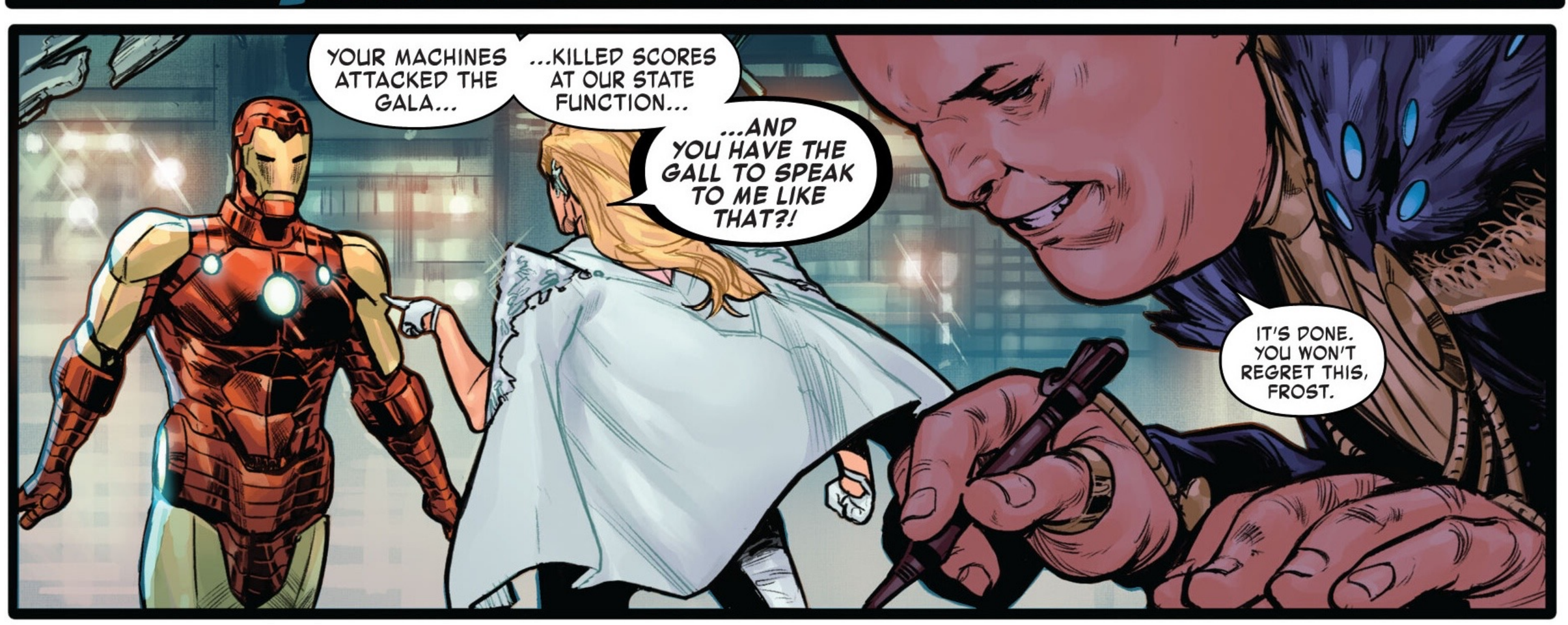
...THE HARDER THEY FALL.

First tactical adjustment I made after the Armor Wars: have cheap, lightweight and easily deployable ways of disengaging traditional jet propulsion.

But I only have a small amount of that ordnance, so that trick won't work again.



WELL, WELL. WHAT AM I INTERRUPTING HERE?
CAPTAIN KRAKOA ATTACKS WASHINGTON, DC, AND YOU'RE SKIPPING YOUR OWN PARTY TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE, UH...WILSON FISK OF WESTEROS?
YOU LOATHSOME, SELF-RIGHTEOUS IMBECILE.


YOUR MACHINES ATTACKED THE GALA...
...KILLED SCORES AT OUR STATE FUNCTION...
...AND YOU HAVE THE GALL TO SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT?!
IT'S DONE. YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, FROST.

WAIT-- WHAT?!
AMERICA AND KRAKOA WERE ATTACKED? I HAD NO IDEA. I WAS DEALING WITH THE DC SITUATION, AND AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA'S LIFE.
WELL, AT LEAST HE IS AN AVENGER I WOULD MISS.
BUT LET'S SET THAT ASIDE-- WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO ABOUT THOSE MONSTROSITIES?
I TOLD YOU AT THE LAST HELLFIRE GALA THAT EVERYTHING WAS TURNING TO #$%&, AND YOU DIDN'T LISTEN BECAUSE HERE WE ARE.
AS FOR THOSE SENTINELS WITH MY TECHNOLOGY, I CAN'T EXACTLY DISAPPEAR AT THE MOMENT AND BUILD AN ARMOR THE SIZE OF--

KRANG!
I'll let readers of my autobiography in on a little Iron Man secret: If any part of my suit is open while I'm struck, it automatically seals tight.
That's why I step all the way out when I land for a "rest stop."
The armor snaps shut fast.

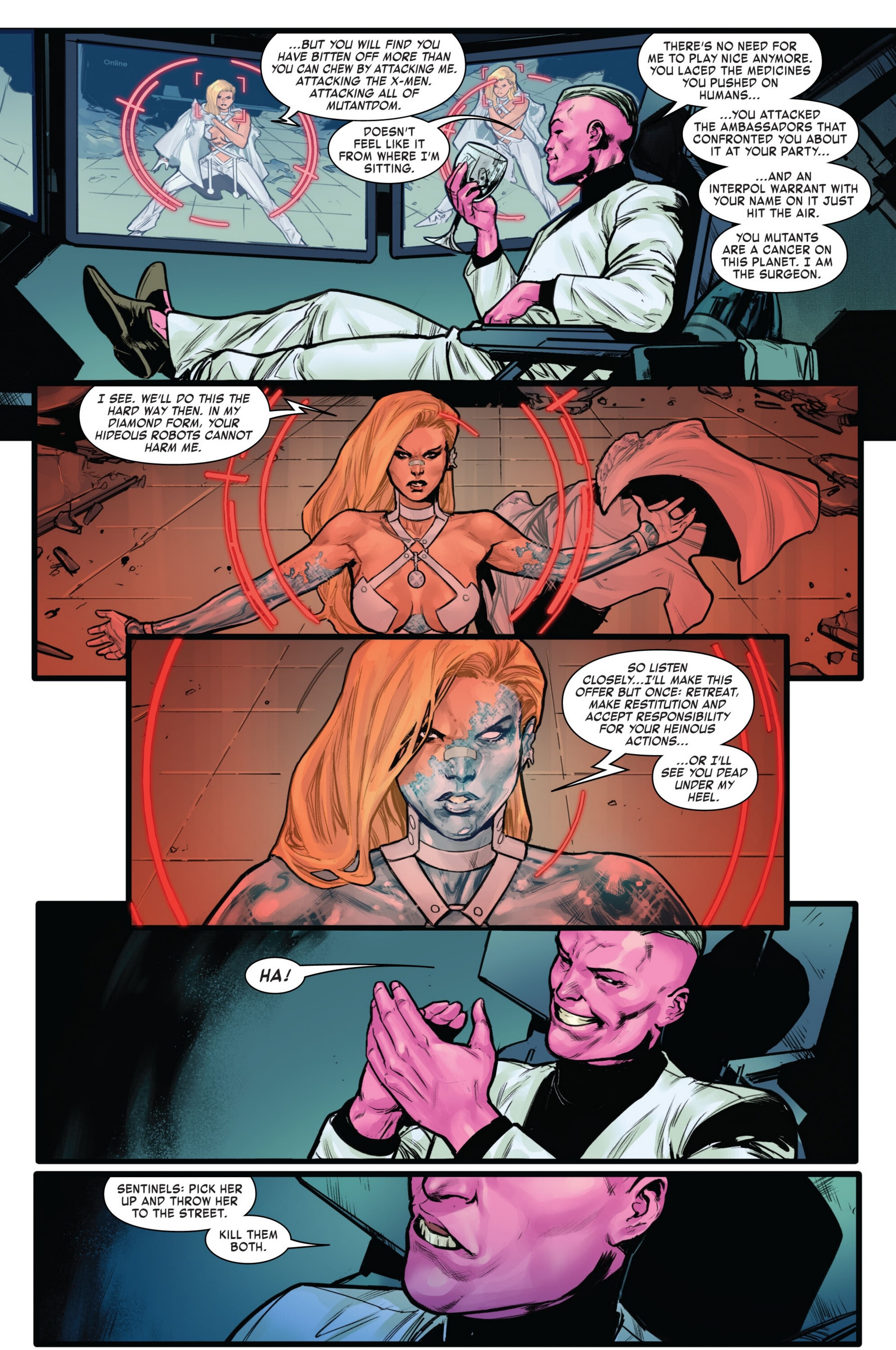
BOOM!

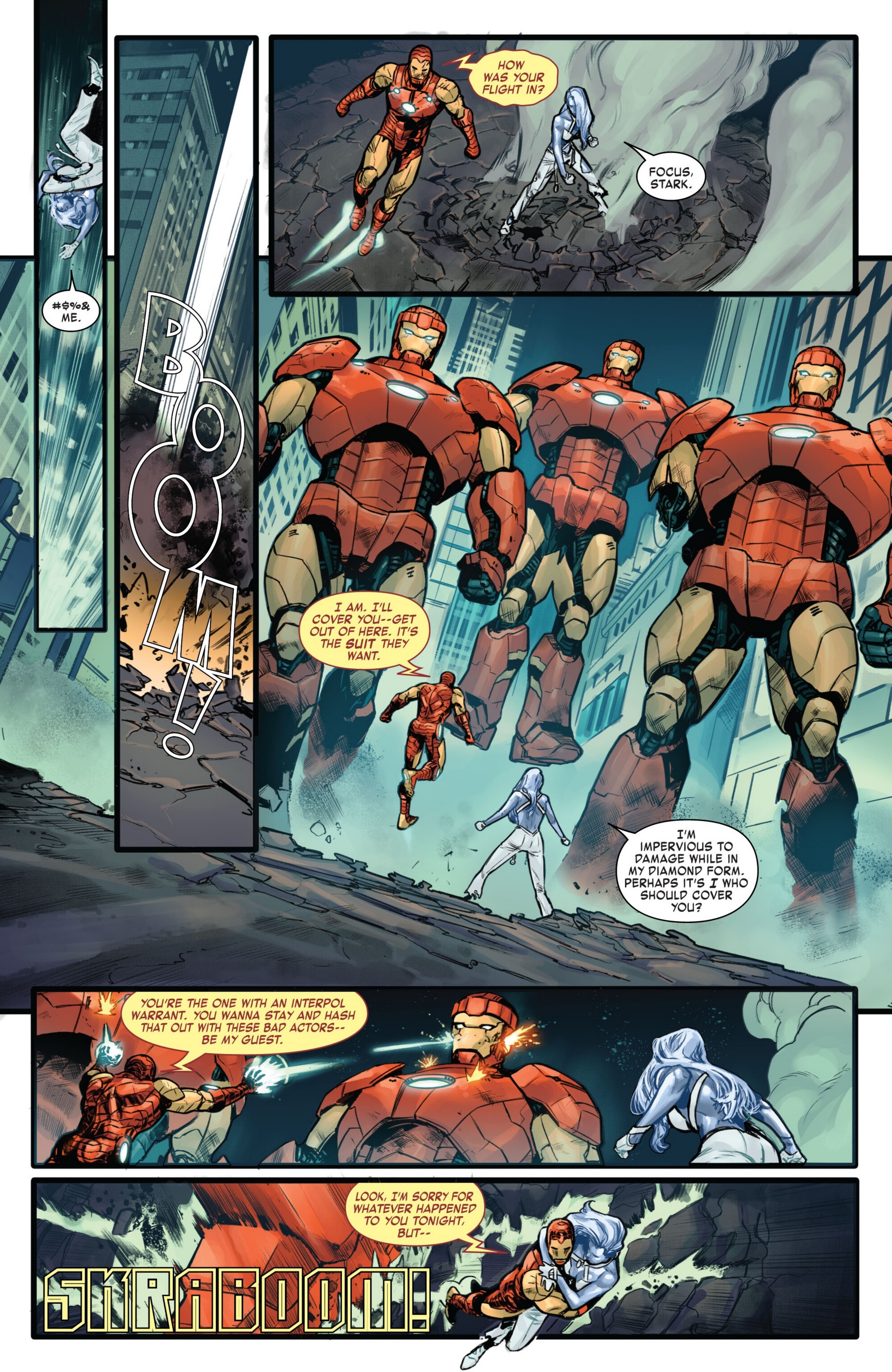
CRAP. I JUST REALIZED I DIDN'T EAT TONIGHT.
SKRA BOOM!

KA-BOOM

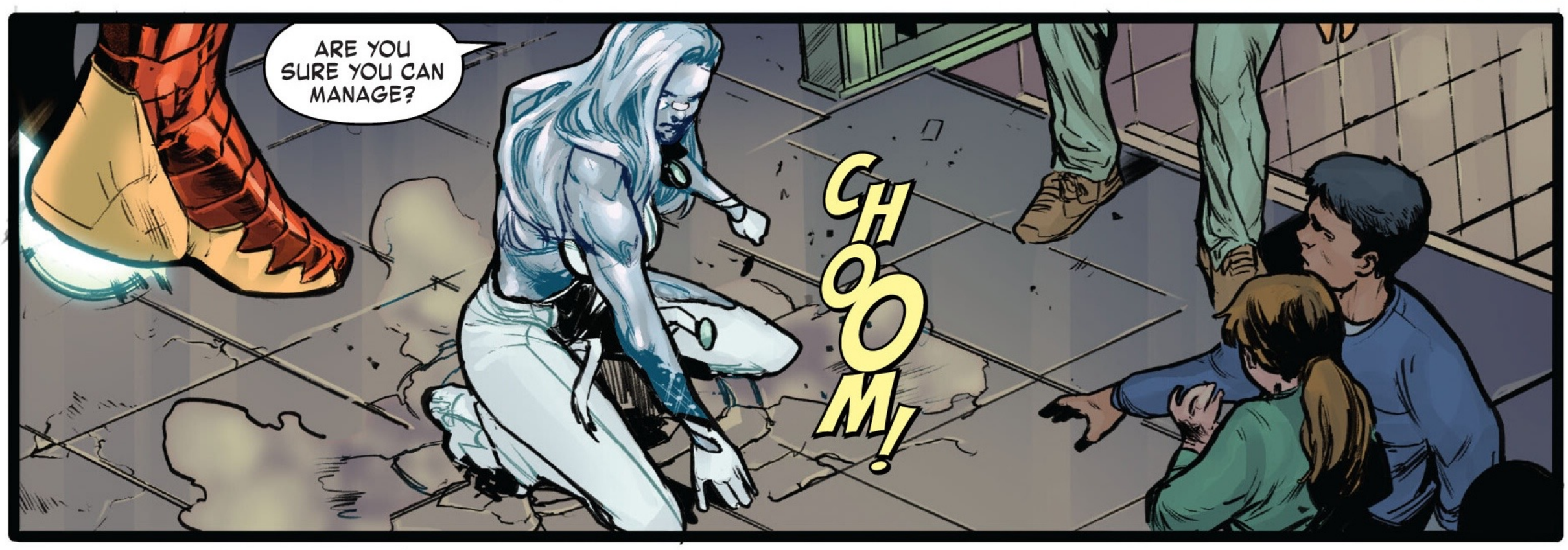
YOU SHOULD USE STARK'S ARRIVAL TO QUIETLY EGRESS, FROST.
GO.

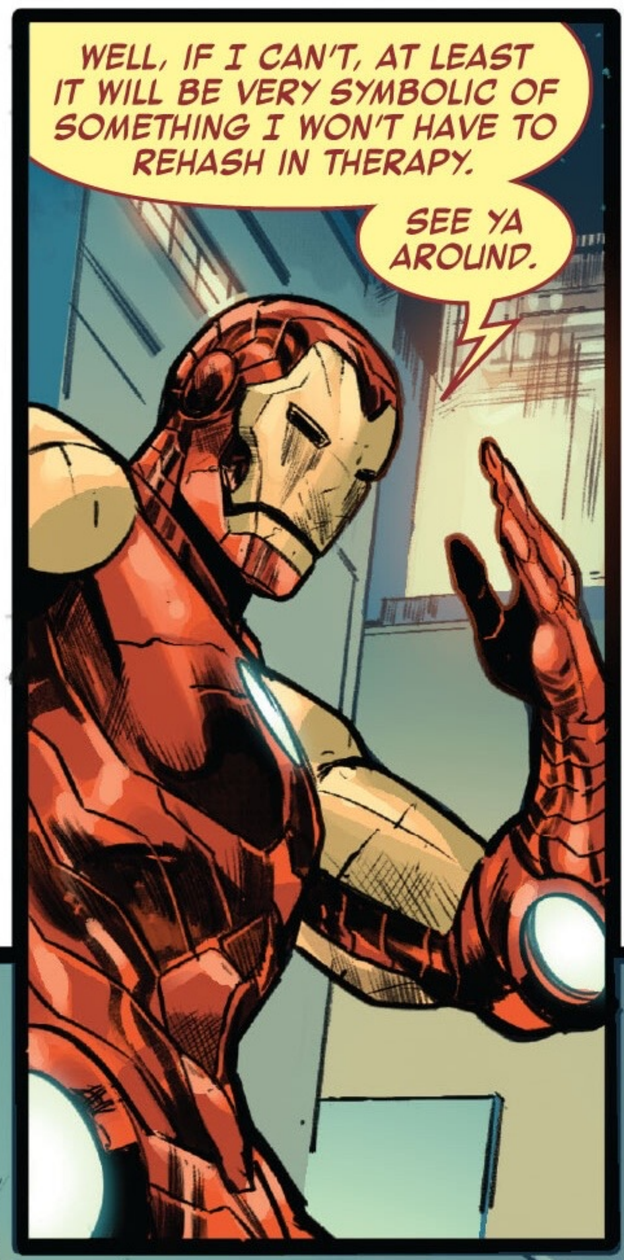
FEILONG, I KNOW YOU'RE LISTENING TO ME AND FEELING VERY CLEVER RIGHT NOW. CONGRATS ON CONQUERING STARK...

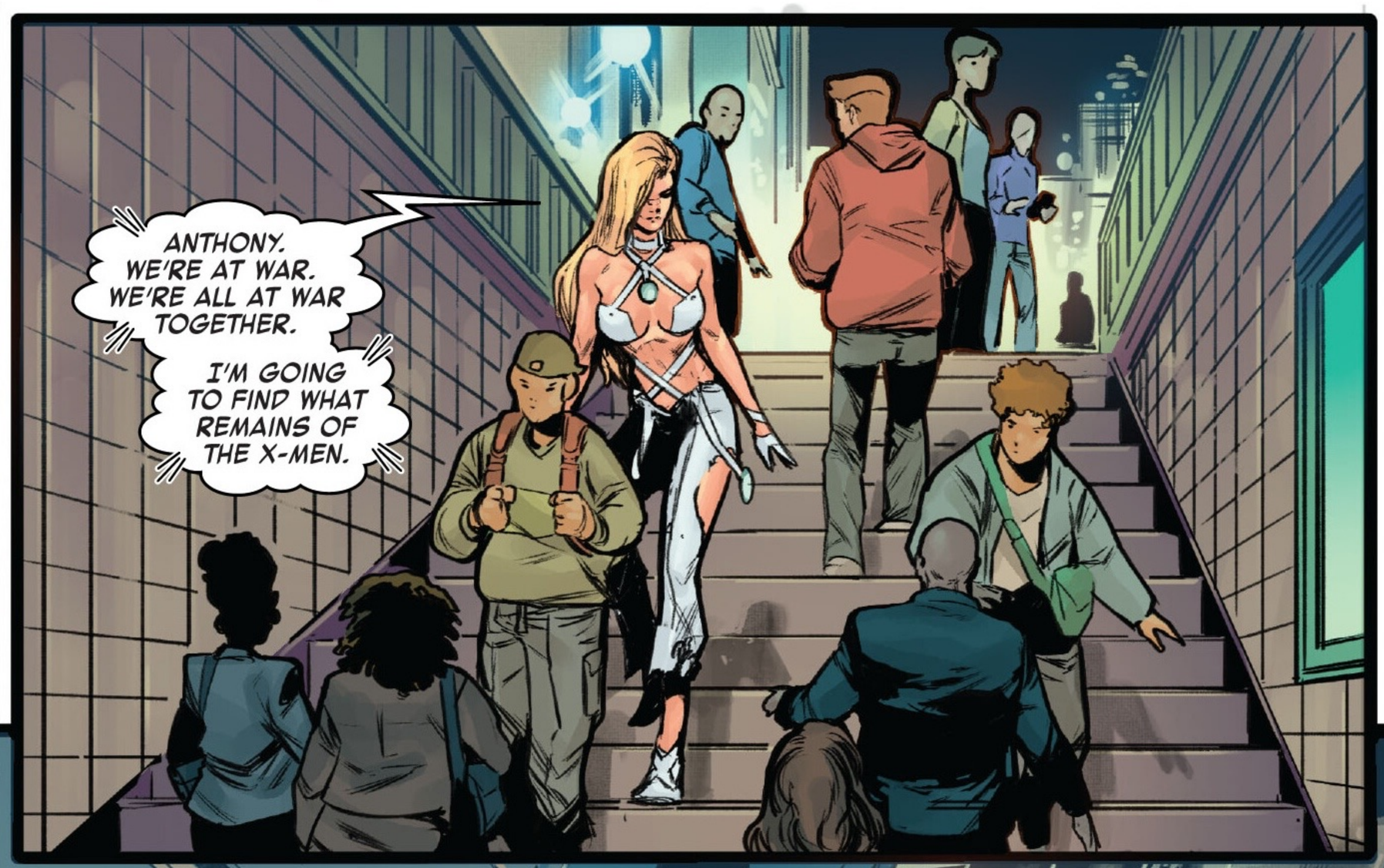

...BUT YOU WILL FIND YOU HAVE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW BY ATTACKING ME. ATTACKING THE X-MEN. ATTACKING ALL OF MUTANTDOM.
DOESN'T FEEL LIKE IT FROM WHERE I'M SITTING.
THERE'S NO NEED FOR ME TO PLAY NICE ANYMORE. YOU LACED THE MEDICINES YOU PUSHED ON HUMANS...
...YOU ATTACKED THE AMBASSADORS THAT CONFRONTED YOU ABOUT IT AT YOUR PARTY...
...AND AN INTERPOL WARRANT WITH YOUR NAME ON IT JUST HIT THE AIR.
YOU MUTANTS ARE A CANCER ON THIS PLANET. I AM THE SURGEON.
I SEE. WE'LL DO THIS THE HARD WAY THEN. IN MY DIAMOND FORM, YOUR HIDEOUS ROBOTS CANNOT HARM ME.
SO LISTEN CLOSELY...I'LL MAKE THIS OFFER BUT ONCE: RETREAT, MAKE RESTITUTION AND ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR HEINOUS ACTIONS...
...OR I'LL SEE YOU DEAD UNDER MY HEEL.
HA!
SENTINELS: PICK HER UP AND THROW HER TO THE STREET.
KILL THEM BOTH.


#$%&ME.
BOOM!
HOW WAS YOUR FLIGHT IN?
FOCUS, STARK.
I AM. I'LL COVER YOU--GET OUT OF HERE. IT'S THE SUIT THEY WANT.
I'M IMPERVIOUS TO DAMAGE WHILE IN MY DIAMOND FORM. PERHAPS IT'S I WHO SHOULD COVER YOU?
YOU'RE THE ONE WITH AN INTERPOL WARRANT. YOU WANNA STAY AND HASH THAT OUT WITH THESE BAD ACTORS--BE MY GUEST.
LOOK, I'M SORRY FOR WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOU TONIGHT, BUT--
SKRABOOM!

--I'D JUST DECIDED ON A WINNING STRATEGY, AND I DON'T NEED YOU SLOWING ME DOWN.
THREE AGAINST ONE IS HARDLY SPORTING.

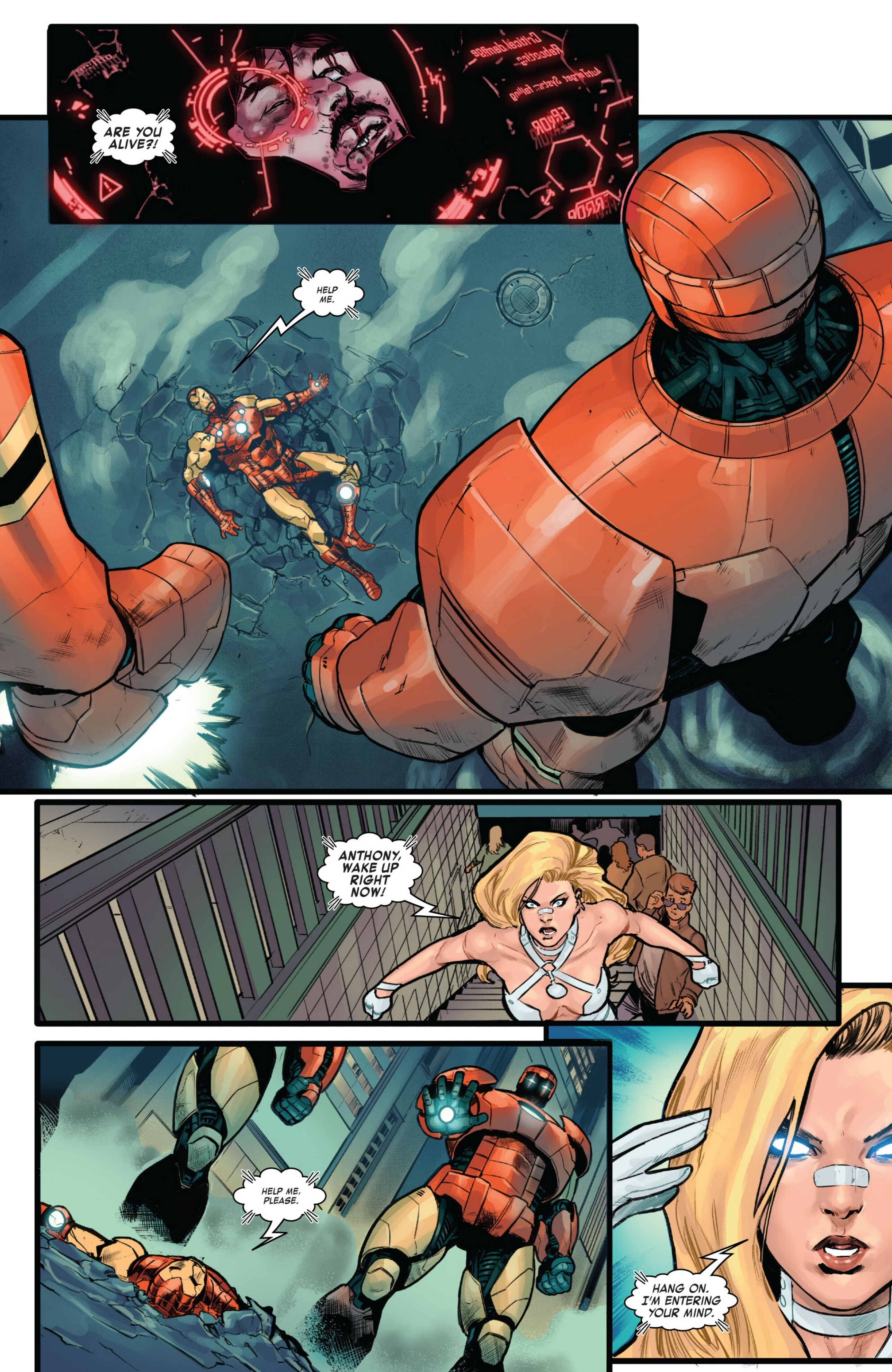

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN MANAGE?
CHOOM!


WELL, IF I CAN'T, AT LEAST IT WILL BE VERY SYMBOLIC OF SOMETHING I WON'T HAVE TO REHASH IN THERAPY.
SEE YA AROUND.


ANTHONY. WE'RE AT WAR. WE'RE ALL AT WAR TOGETHER.
I'M GOING TO FIND WHAT REMAINS OF THE X-MEN.

GOOD. SEND THEM MY WAY-- I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO THINK I'M STEALING THEIR BIT WITH THE SENTINELS.
WAIT-- WHERE'D THEY GO?

OH GOD!
The Sentinels having a limited stealth mode was a real flex. It almost cost me my life.
ANTHONY!
IF YOU'RE ALIVE, GIVE ME ANY SIGN.


ARE YOU ALIVE?!
HELP ME.
ANTHONY, WAKE UP RIGHT NOW!
HELP ME, PLEASE.
HANG ON. I'M ENTERING YOUR MIND.

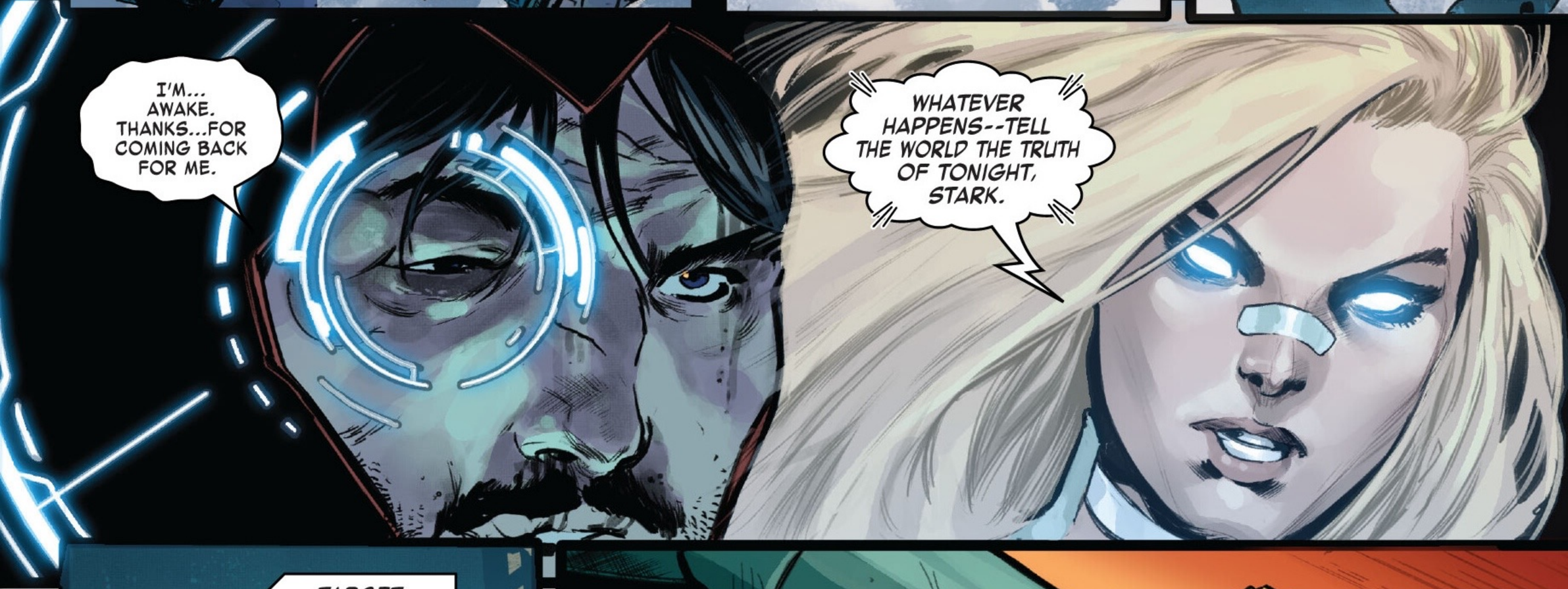
ANTHONY STARK! CAN YOU HEAR ME? WHERE ARE YOU? YOU MUST MOVE RIGHT NOW!
I'M HERE. BUT YOU SHOULD GET AWAY FROM ME-- I THINK I'M GOING TO DIE.
ENOUGH PEOPLE HAVE DIED TONIGHT, STARK.

SKITCH
DID YOU HEAR ME? ENOUGH PEOPLE HAVE DIED.

WHATEVER TRAUMA YOU'VE RETREATED INTO--IT'S REAL, BUT IT'S NOT WHAT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW.
WHERE ARE YOU?
HARK!
NO WAY OUT
SAFE

I'M DYING.
THAT WOULD BE TREMENDOUSLY... INCONVENIENT GIVEN HOW MANY OTHER DEATHS WE'VE SUFFERED TONIGHT.
YOU'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER...
...SO MOVE OVER, DARLING. I'M DRIVING.

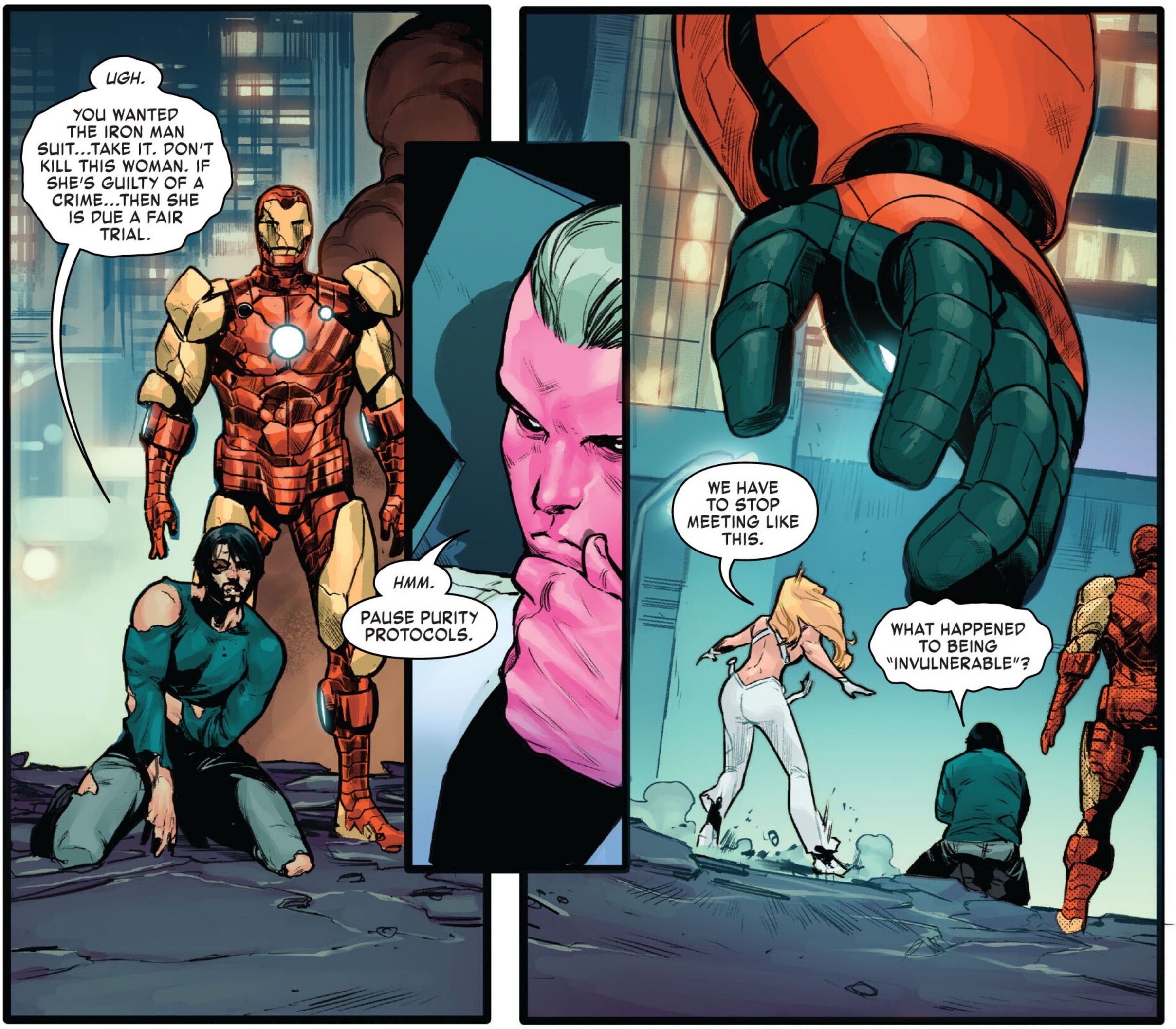
HOW HARD CAN THIS BE?
LIKE DRIVING A CAR, RIGHT?
UGHN.
FIRE!
PAFF!
KABOOM!
WHOOPSIE.
BWEEM!
WHAT A HORRID CONTRAPTION. WHO WOULD CONSIGN THEMSELVES TO LIVING IN THIS IRON MAIDEN?
HIGH-VALUE MUTANT TARGET EMMA FROST HAS BEEN LOCATED.
ANTHONY! I'M OUT OF TIME. YOU MUST WAKE UP!

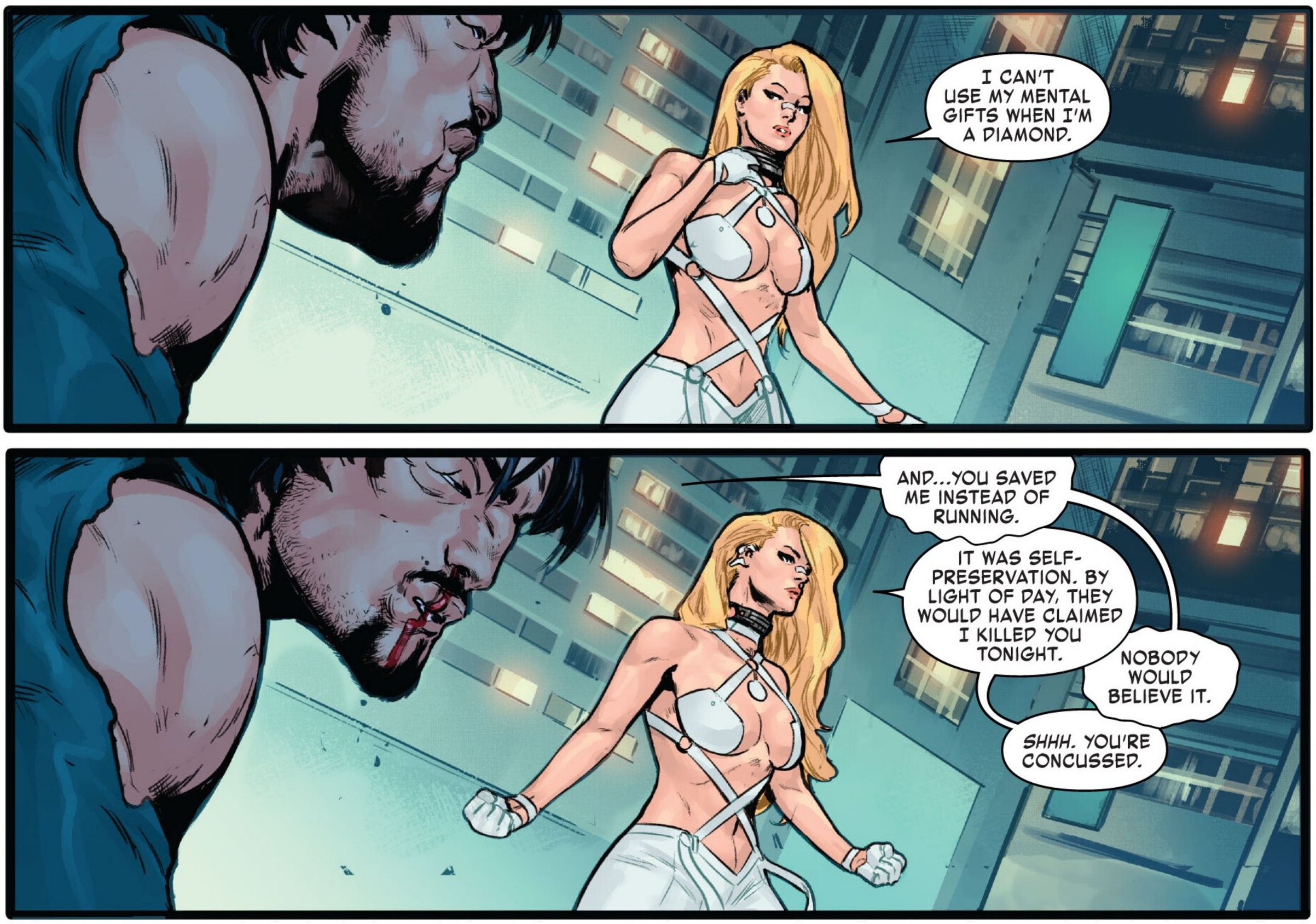

I'M... AWAKE. THANKS...FOR COMING BACK FOR ME.
WHATEVER HAPPENS--TELL THE WORLD THE TRUTH OF TONIGHT, STARK.

TARGET EMMA FROST--APPREHENDED.
AAA!

INHIBITOR COLLAR ACTIVATED. TARGET NULLIFIED.
AH!

STOP!
I SURRENDER!


UGH.
YOU WANTED THE IRON MAN SUIT...TAKE IT. DON'T KILL THIS WOMAN. IF SHE'S GUILTY OF A CRIME...THEN SHE IS DUE A FAIR TRIAL.
HMM.
PAUSE PURITY PROTOCOLS.
WE HAVE TO STOP MEETING LIKE THIS.
WHAT HAPPENED TO BEING "INVULNERABLE"?

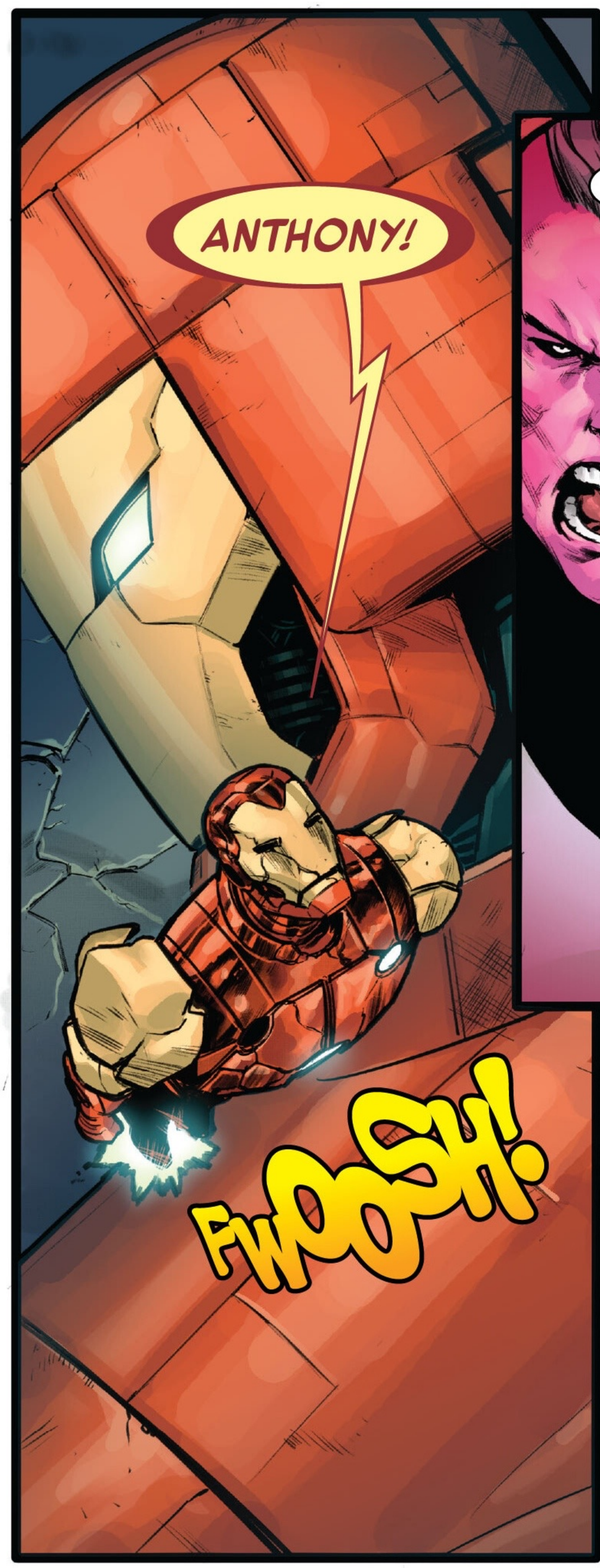

I CAN'T USE MY MENTAL GIFTS WHEN I'M A DIAMOND.
AND...YOU SAVED ME INSTEAD OF RUNNING.
IT WAS SELF-PRESERVATION. BY LIGHT OF DAY, THEY WOULD HAVE CLAIMED I KILLED YOU TONIGHT.
NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE IT.
SHHH. YOU'RE CONCUSSED.

THE WOMAN IS HARMLESS IN THE INHIBITOR COLLAR. IT'D BE A WASTE NOT TO DRILL INTO HER HEAD. TAKE HER TO THAT GULAG ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.
IF STARK RESISTS, ARREST HIM. PREP BOTH FOR ENHANCED INTERROGATION.
WELL, IF THERE'S ONE THING MY CAPITALIST HEART HATES MORE THAN ANYTHING, IT'S A DEBT...SO ALLOW ME TO BALANCE OUR BOOKS.
EXCUSE ME? IS THAT SOME TECH-BRO EUPHEMISM?
I CAN'T READ YOUR MIND AT THE MOMENT. IF YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM A TRAUMATIC BRAIN INJURY, AND--

RESCUE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

OH MY GOD.


ANTHONY!
FWOOSH!

NO! STOP HER!
WE NEED HER--DEAD OR ALIVE!

YOU WANTED ME DEAD--SO DO IT. GO AHEAD...

...KILL AN AVENGER IN THE STREET!
YOU'D BE DEAD BY DAWN.

NINE

Bluffing is at least fifty percent of capitalism and some smaller percentage of the Avengers business.

I've bluffed before, but never with everything on the line.

I've had nightmares like this.

WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, FEILONG?

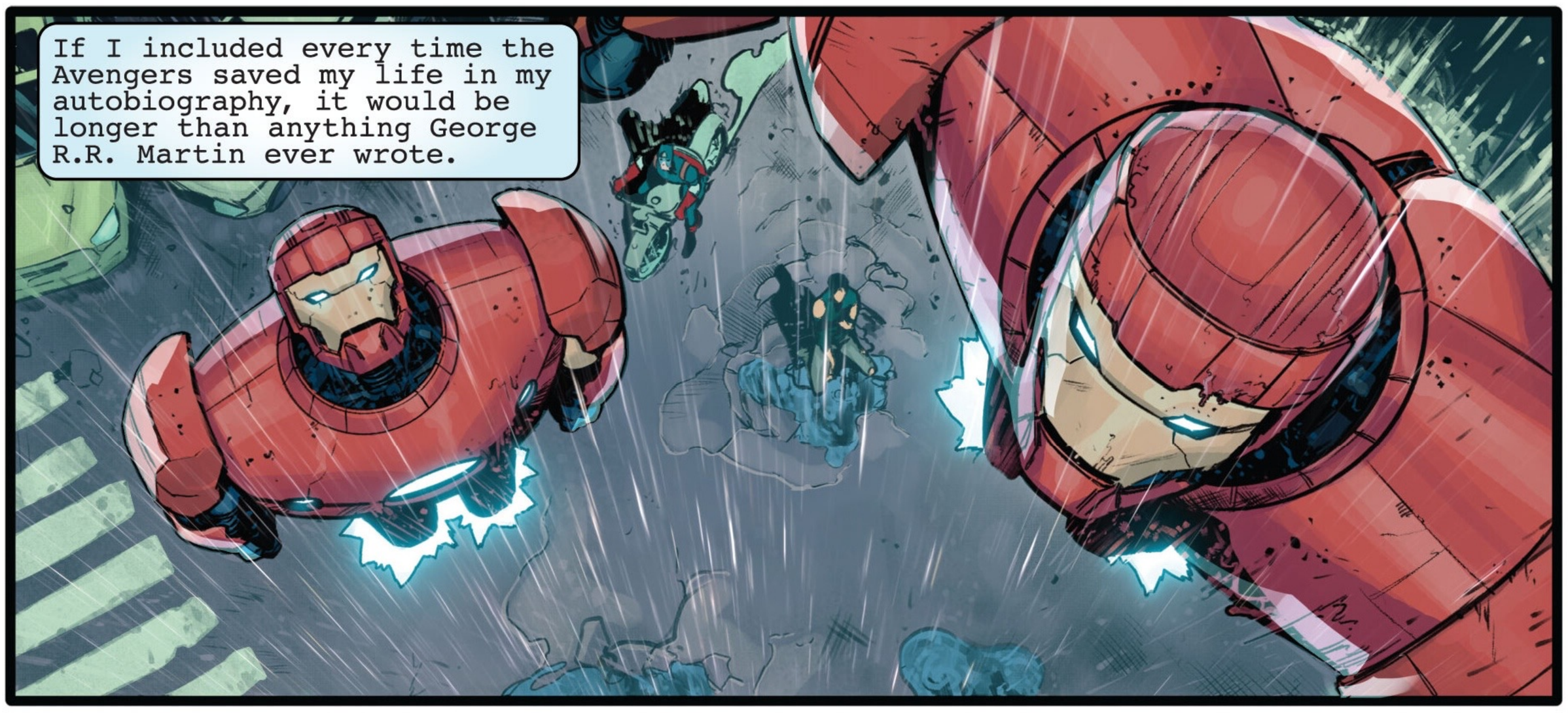
Of course, I wasn't playing cards or stocks or any of the other addictions I once had. I was playing for my life.

But the longer I made him think about it…

…the *stronger* my hand became.

AH HA HA! SENTINELS, DISENGAGE. RESUME PATROL FOR THE MOST WANTED MUTANTS. FIND THE ***WHITE QUEEN*** AND ALL THE QUIET COUNCIL MEMBERS.

AND TRACK THE MARK 70 ARMOR. I WANT TO PUT IT WITH THE OTHER ANTIQUES IN THE LOBBY OF THE MOTHERSHIP.


If I included every time the Avengers saved my life in my autobiography, it would be longer than anything George R.R. Martin ever wrote.

TONY, LET'S GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL.
NO.

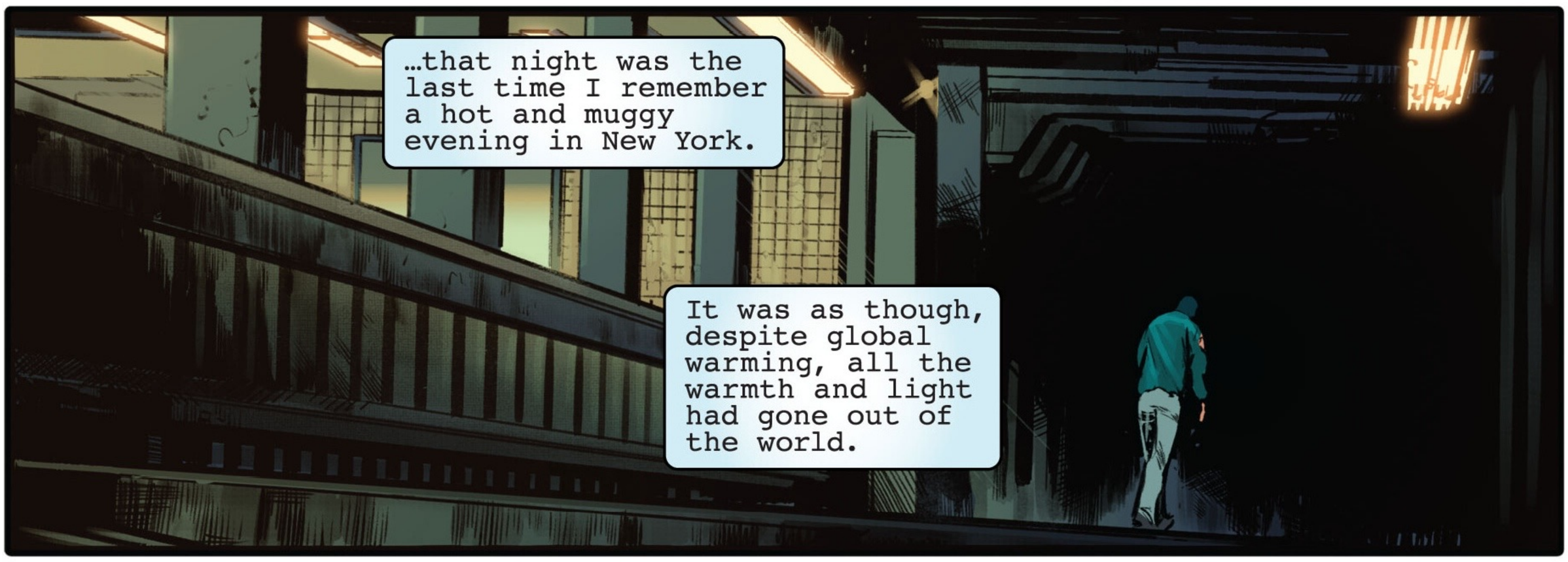
STAY AWAY, CAP.
I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN WITH MY FRIENDS.
I WANT FEILONG TO THINK IT'S OVER... THAT HE'S BEATEN ME.

I HAVE A NEW SUIT THAT WILL LET ME CONTINUE TO BE AN AVENGER, BUT I'LL BE GOING DARK. THE LESS YOU KNOW, THE BETTER.
I'LL... I'LL BE IN TOUCH.

The weather was uncannily active after the Hellfire Gala. Rain that felt like it took it personally that I was out defying it.
I was grateful for the late hour and the bad weather.

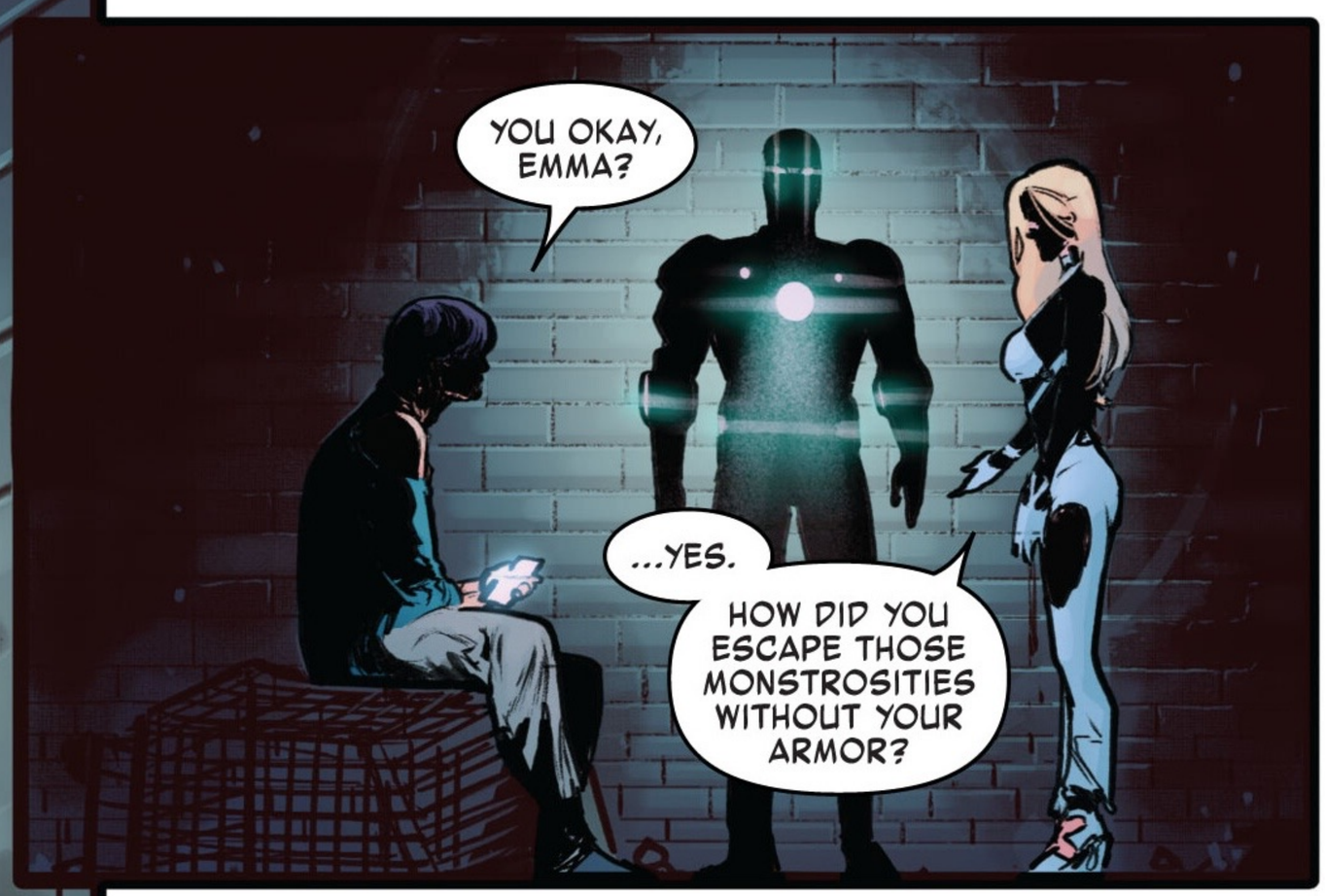
When you're a drunk and the chips are down, you'd be surprised what you are grateful for. *Or not.*

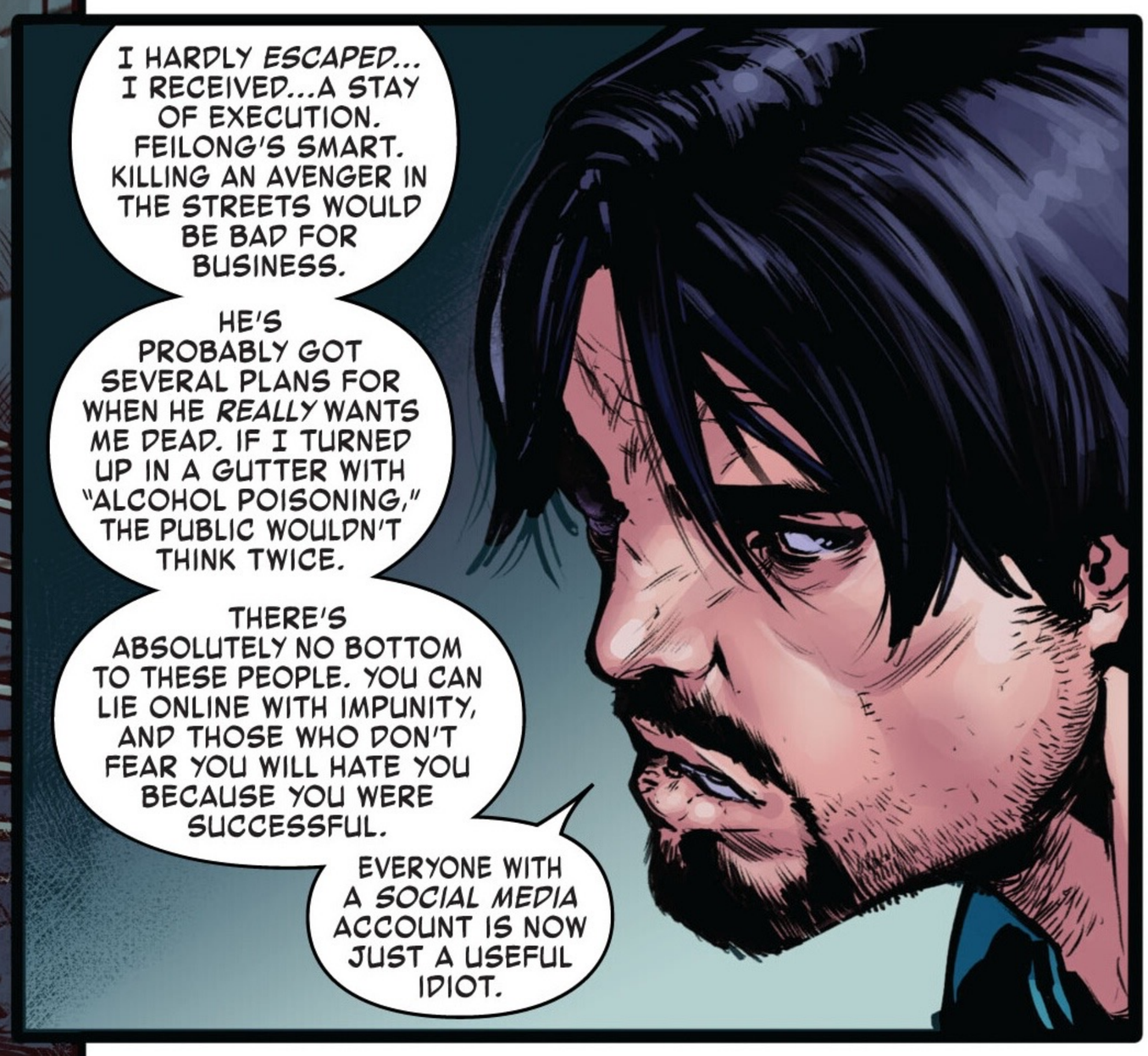
UGHN!
My phone has a discreet tracker for my armor. I set out to find Emma Frost…

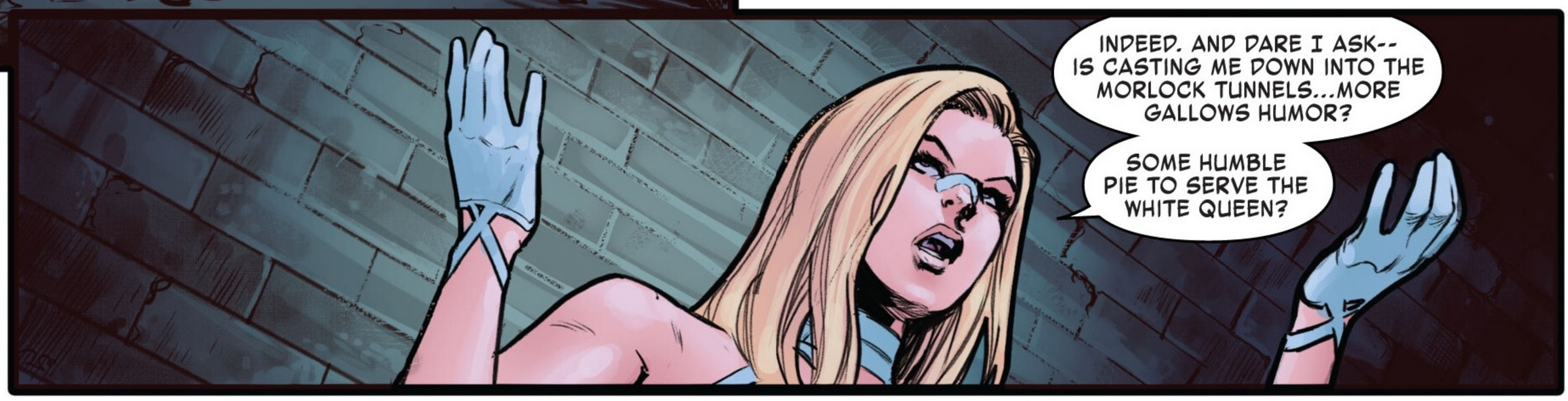

…that night was the last time I remember a hot and muggy evening in New York.
It was as though, despite global warming, all the warmth and light had gone out of the world.

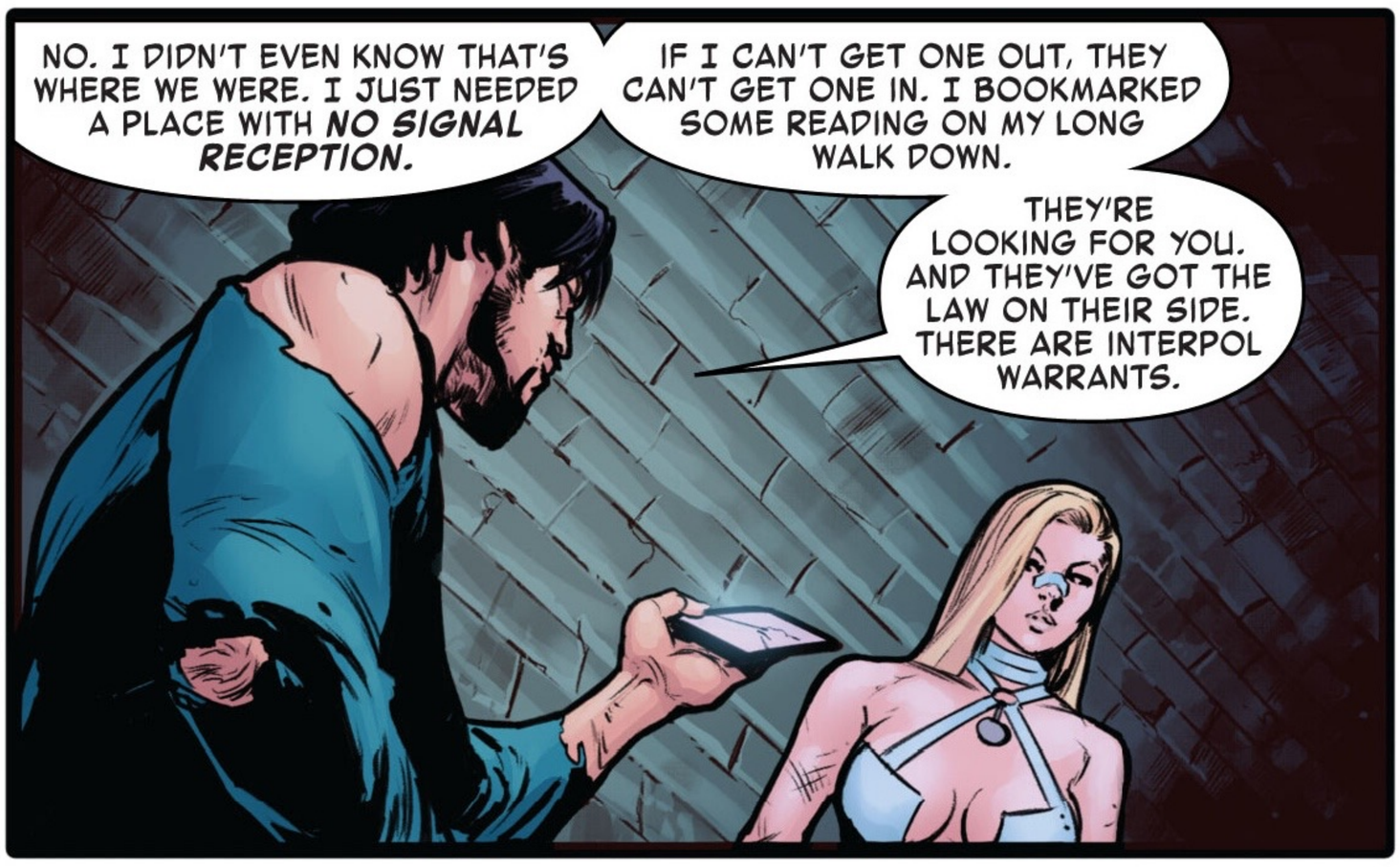
After an hour, I got to the lowest point in Manhattan.
DON'T BE MAD.
OPEN SESAME.
ANTHONY!
HOW DARE YOU SCOOP ME UP INTO THIS UNWASHED SWEATBOX!
YOU'RE INJURED.

ONLY MY EVERYTHING.
HEY, B.O.S.S.-- DISCO PROTOCOL.

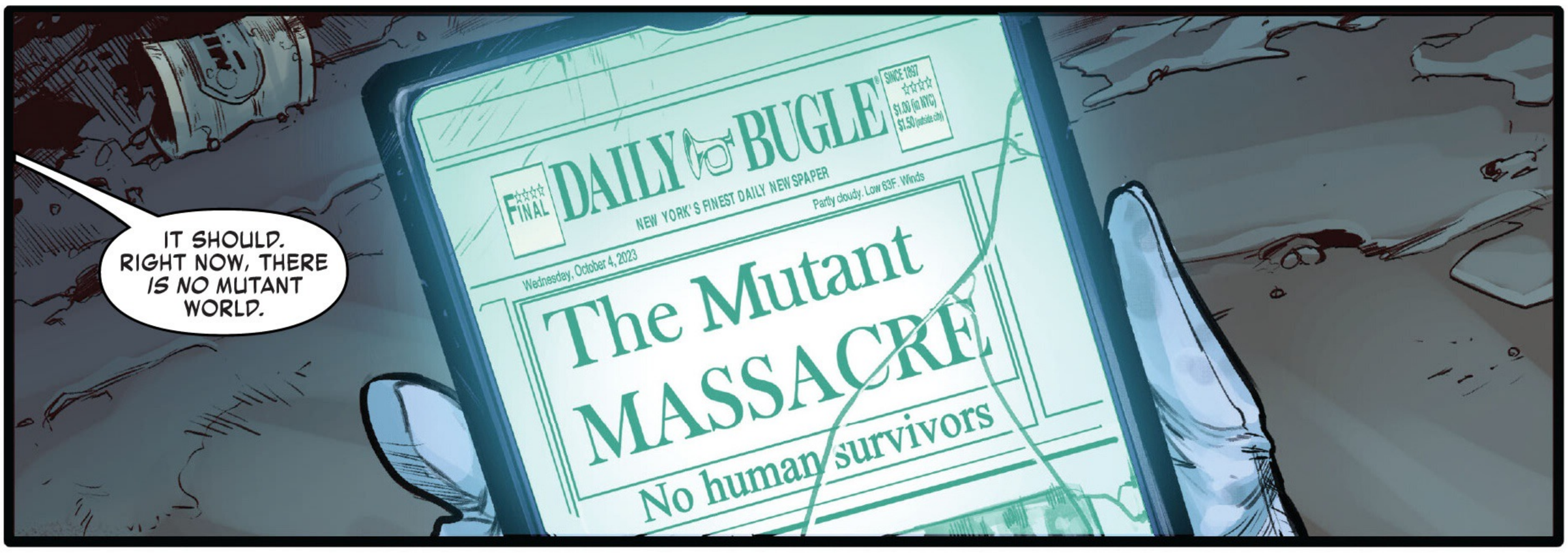

YOU OKAY, EMMA?
...YES.
HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THOSE MONSTROSITIES WITHOUT YOUR ARMOR?

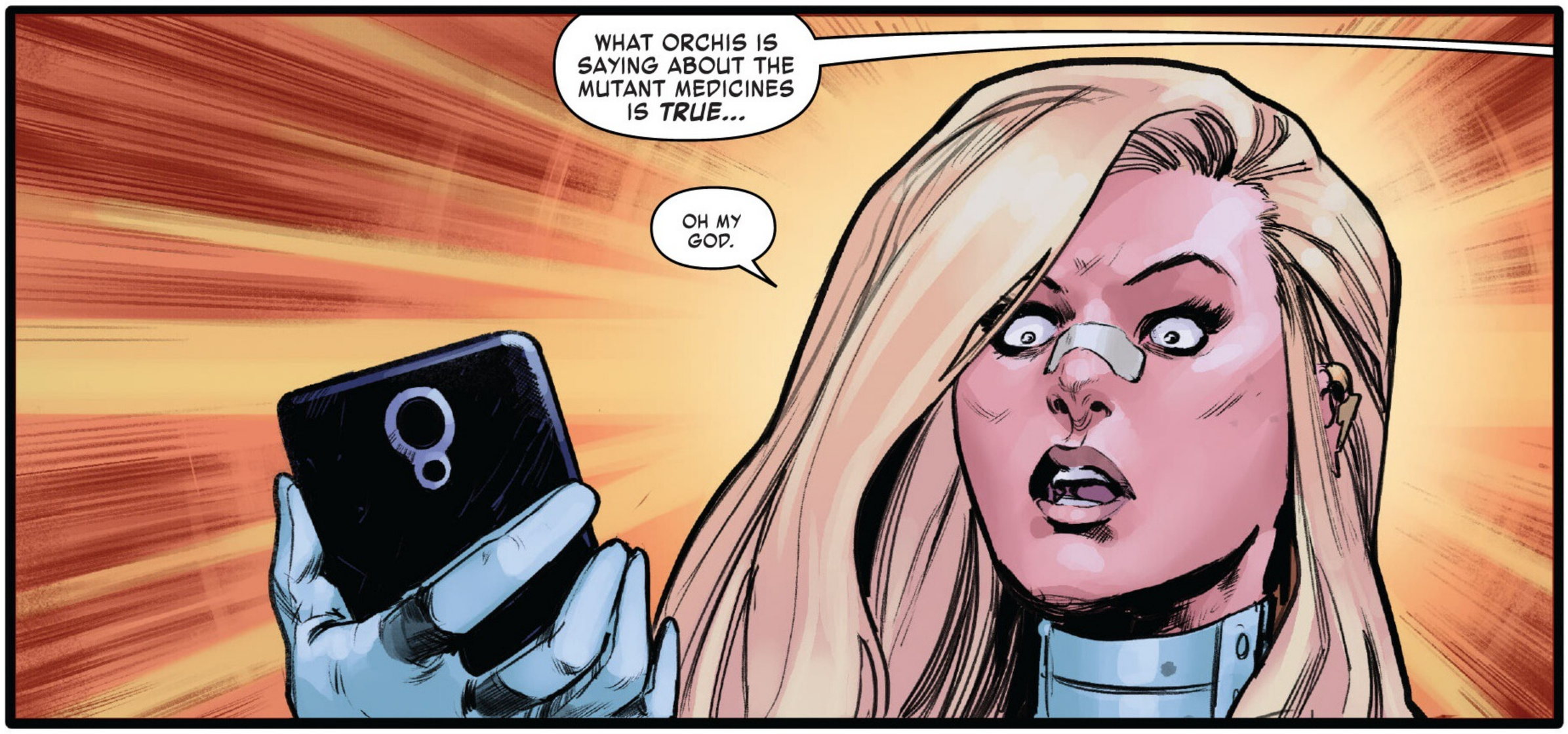

I HARDLY *ESCAPED*... I RECEIVED...A STAY OF EXECUTION. FEILONG'S SMART. KILLING AN AVENGER IN THE STREETS WOULD BE BAD FOR BUSINESS.
HE'S PROBABLY GOT SEVERAL PLANS FOR WHEN HE *REALLY* WANTS ME DEAD. IF I TURNED UP IN A GUTTER WITH "ALCOHOL POISONING," THE PUBLIC WOULDN'T THINK TWICE.
THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO BOTTOM TO THESE PEOPLE. YOU CAN LIE ONLINE WITH IMPUNITY, AND THOSE WHO DON'T FEAR YOU WILL HATE YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE SUCCESSFUL.
EVERYONE WITH A *SOCIAL MEDIA* ACCOUNT IS NOW JUST A USEFUL IDIOT.


INDEED. AND DARE I ASK-- IS CASTING ME DOWN INTO THE MORLOCK TUNNELS...MORE GALLOWS HUMOR?
SOME HUMBLE PIE TO SERVE THE WHITE QUEEN?


NO. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT'S WHERE WE WERE. I JUST NEEDED A PLACE WITH ***NO SIGNAL RECEPTION.***
IF I CAN'T GET ONE OUT, THEY CAN'T GET ONE IN. I BOOKMARKED SOME READING ON MY LONG WALK DOWN.
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOU. AND THEY'VE GOT THE LAW ON THEIR SIDE. THERE ARE INTERPOL WARRANTS.

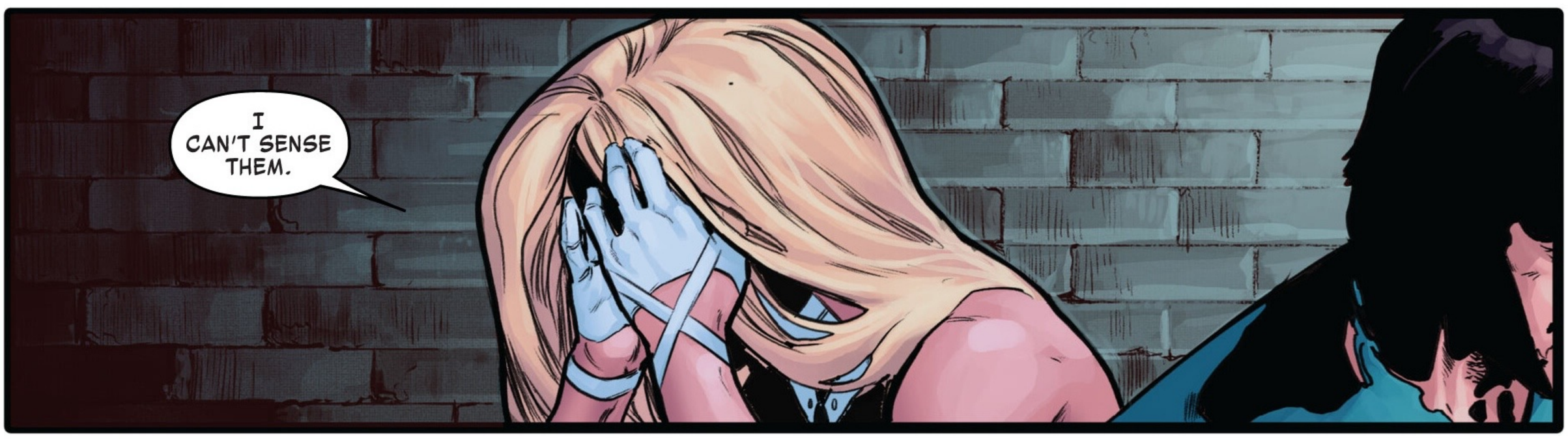
YOU MENTION THIS AS THOUGH THE HUMAN WORLD MATTERS TO ME.

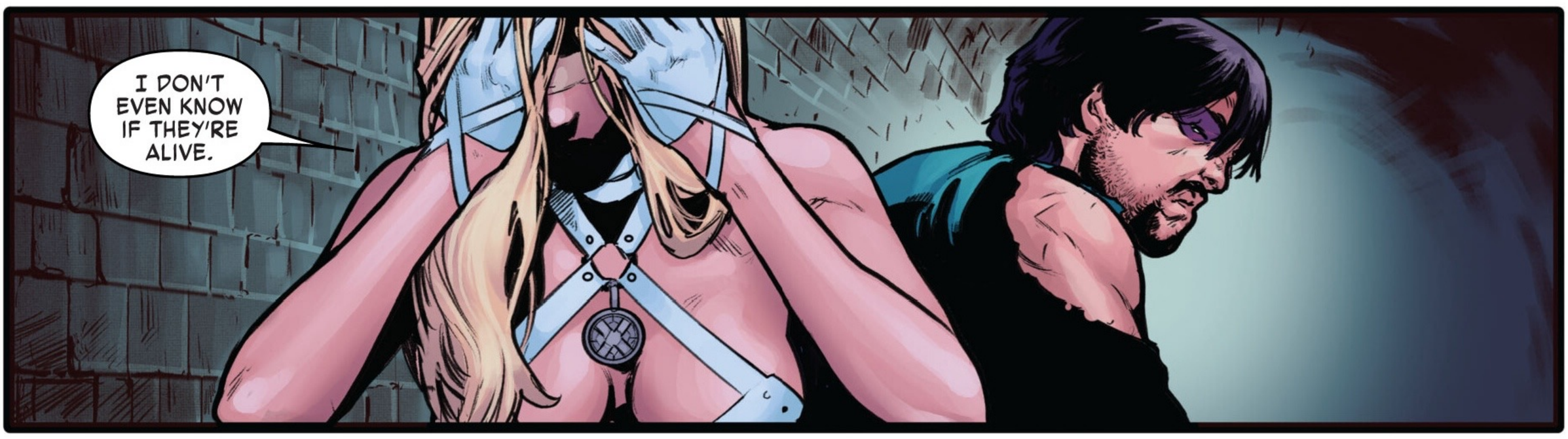

IT SHOULD. RIGHT NOW, THERE IS NO MUTANT WORLD.
FINAL
DAILY BUGLE
SINCE 1897
$1.00 (in NYC)
$1.50 (outside city)
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
Partly cloudy. Low 63F. Winds
Wednesday, October 4, 2023
The Mutant MASSACRE
No human survivors


WHAT ORCHIS IS SAYING ABOUT THE MUTANT MEDICINES IS TRUE...
OH MY GOD.

...THEY'VE BEEN LACED WITH A VERY COMPLEX DRUG THAT WE CAN ASSUME IS SOME KIND OF KILL SWITCH.
VISION CONFIRMED IT. THOUGH...NOT WHO IS TO BLAME FOR IT BEING THERE.
IT'S THE PERFECT FRAME.
YEAH. THERE'S A LOT OF THAT GOING AROUND. MY FRIEND RHODEY IS IN JAIL. FOR SOMETHING I PUT HIM UP TO.

MY GIRLS.


I CAN'T SENSE THEM.


I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THEY'RE ALIVE.

LET'S NOT DO *DESPAIR* YET. WE HAVE TO REGAIN THE HIGH GROUND AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. IF THE WORST HAPPENED... YOU X-MEN HAVE A FIX FOR THAT, RIGHT?

YOU SOLVED FOR DEATH.

MAYBE... I DON'T KNOW AFTER TONIGHT.

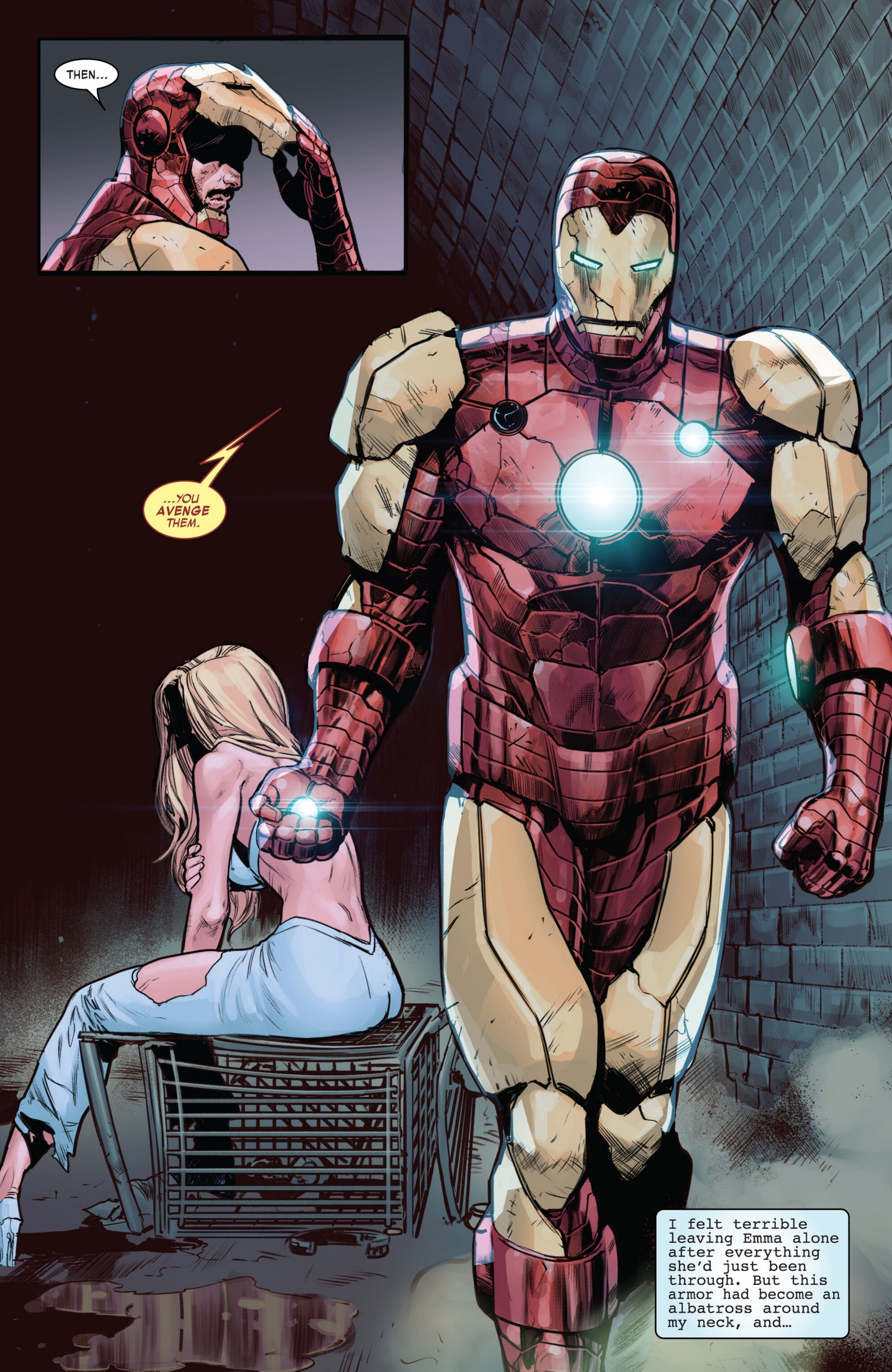
I HAVE TO GET ABOVE-GROUND.

I SUGGEST YOU STAY HERE. IF I CAN'T COME BACK--NO, *I'LL COME BACK*. JUST GIVE ME SOME TIME, OKAY?

THERE'RE A FEW THINGS I HAVE TO DO AND CHECK ON, AND THEN I'LL COME BACK.

I HAVE AN IDEA ABOUT HOW YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HIDE. GIVE ME A FEW HOURS.

WHAT IF THEY'RE ALL *DEAD?*


THEN...
...YOU AVENGE THEM.
I felt terrible leaving Emma alone after everything she'd just been through. But this armor had become an albatross around my neck, and…

...I had to make sure James Rhodes was okay.
I HOPE THE FIGHTING IS GOING BETTER OUT THERE THAN IT IS IN THIS TEXAS PRISON.
I NEED YOU TO UNDERSTAND--THAT STARK FACTORY WAS EMPTY. I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY. THIS IS A FRAME JOB, SHE-HULK.

I KNOW. BUT IT WAS A GOOD ONE. NOW, MAYBE IF YOU WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT THE ATTACKS IN PRISON, I CAN TRY FOR PROTECTIVE CUSTODY.
I WALKED INTO A DOOR.
...
LOOK, I DON'T NEED MORE HEAT IN HERE.

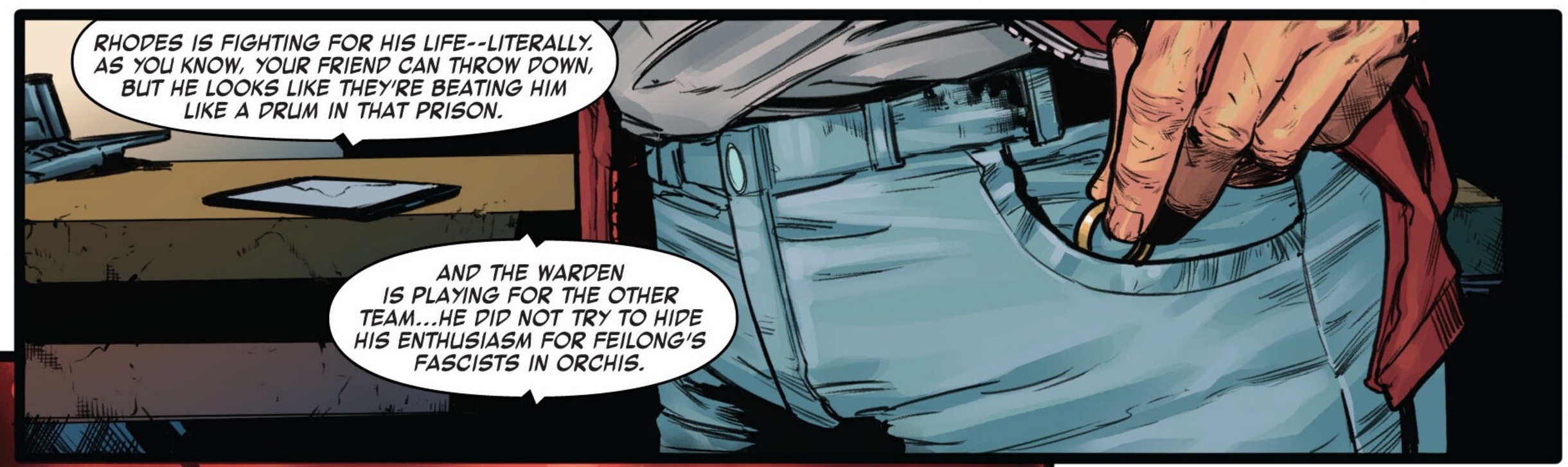
NOT ANOTHER BRUISE ON RHODES' HEAD...OR YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE THE AMOUNT OF TROUBLE I WILL CAUSE YOU, WARDEN DRUMMOND.

SORRY, WE DON'T DO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY FOR *MURDERERS* IN TEXAS.

JUST DOING MY DUE DILIGENCE.
BE SEEING YOU.

JERSEY CITY.
BRONSON'S CA
FOR SALE
I sold the cab stand at a significant loss. I was doing anything I could to try to get Rhodey out.

B.O.S.S., CONNECT JEN WALTERS NOW. THEN...SELF-DELETE. AUTHORIZATION: STARK, ANTHONY. ZERO-ZERO-ONE.
COMPLYING.
TONY, I'M JUST GETTING OUT OF THE PRISON.
GIMME SOME GOOD NEWS.
I HAVE THE OPPOSITE.


RHODES IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE--LITERALLY. AS YOU KNOW, YOUR FRIEND CAN THROW DOWN, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE BEATING HIM LIKE A DRUM IN THAT PRISON.
AND THE WARDEN IS PLAYING FOR THE OTHER TEAM...HE DID NOT TRY TO HIDE HIS ENTHUSIASM FOR FEILONG'S FASCISTS IN ORCHIS.

DAMMIT!
FEILONG'S GOING TO MURDER HIM JUST TO WATCH IT DESTROY ME.

TONY, THIS IS THE LAST ADVICE I HAVE FOR YOU BECAUSE I HAVE TO DUMP YOU AS A CLIENT TO CONTINUE AS RHODEY'S COUNSEL--
--GIVE FEILONG BACK HIS ARMOR, AND GET A NEW LAWYER.

STARK UNLIMITED HQ, NEW YORK CITY.

With B.O.S.S. secretly deleted and the Mark 70 hollowed out, there was no reason not to comply with a court order. He wanted the armor?

I gave it to him.

EXPLODE!!!

CALL OFF THE ATTACK ON RHODES.

OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.

WHY, TONY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE REFERRING TO. IS YOUR FRIEND EXPERIENCING DISCOMFORT IN JAIL?

I'M GONNA GET DEMONIC ON YOUR ASS.

It's always lurking. It's tireless and waiting for a moment of weakness.
WHISKEY

When the urge strikes, I stop and breathe. Do equations. Think about baseball.

I will not give Feilong the honor of being my nemesis…

open
Flip Your Wig
…that remains one of *my* most important jobs.

I didn't make it back to the Morlock Tunnels until nightfall.

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE GOING TO RETURN.

HONESTLY...?

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D STILL BE HERE. THE SENTINELS ARE HUNTING. RUMORS OF DEPORTATIONS TO MAR--ER, ARAKKO.

I BROUGHT YOU SOME ESSENTIALS. A COUPLE OF BUCKS. I DON'T THINK I'D BE MUCH HELP TO YOU. I'VE GOT TO--

OH, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO STAY. KRAKOA IS ALL BUT DESTROYED--

--BUT YOU AND THE REST OF THE AVENGERS MUST HAVE A DATE WITH THE MOLE MAN OR SOMETHING?

HAVE YOU GOT TO RUN OFF AND BUILD A NEW BILLION-DOLLAR ARMOR, OR--?

HEY! NOT TODAY, LADY!

ALL OF THIS COULD'VE BEEN AVOIDED IF YOU'D *LISTENED* TO ME AT YOUR PREVIOUS KEY PARTY, WHEN I SAID THAT FEILONG WAS OUTMANEUVERING YOU!

YOU UNCTUOUS, INSENSITIVE RUBE.

HOW DARE YOU LECTURE ME TODAY OF ALL DAYS-- IT'S *YOU* WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO *ME.*

WE NEVER UNDERESTIMATED ANY OF THESE GHOULS, BUT WE MUTANTS MADE A PROMISE TO EACH OTHER NOT TO KILL ANY OF YOU SMALL-MINDED HUMANS.

I'M NOT LIKE FEILONG!
HE'S GOING TO KILL MY BEST FRIEND JUST TO BREAK ME!
ANTHONY. SIT.
YOUR HEART. ANTHONY, YOU'RE EXPERIENCING A PANIC ATTACK. YOU'RE ALSO STILL CONCUSSED. YOUR MIND IS STILL VIBRATING FROM LAST NIGHT.
GASP
UGHHN.
JUST BREATHE.
BREATHE.
IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
RH-RHODEY IS ON ME.
AUGH.
P-PLEASE... I NEED HELP.
Take it from me, those can be the hardest words to say…

…but they can be a golden equation…or, if you're not technically minded…that phrase can be a magic spell.

STARK INDUSTRIES

WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE'RE IN CALIFORNIA.

WE'RE IN YOUR MIND-- I SIMPLY TOOK YOU TO YOUR HAPPY PLACE. CERTAINLY BETTER THAN THAT DREADFUL ALLEY I FOUND YOU IN LAST NIGHT.*

YOUR IDEALISTIC SELF-IMAGE IS ODDLY DEVOID OF THE TRAMPS, GUNRUNNERS AND NON-UNION MI-6 AGENTS THAT I'VE LONG ASSOCIATED YOU WITH, SO FORGIVE ME FOR MY PRECONCEPTIONS.

*SEE LAST ISSUE! --DS

THESE DAYS...THE HANGARS...THEY WERE THE BEST DAYS OF MY LIFE. I HAVE BEEN RUMINATING A BIT ON THE PAST--I'VE BEEN WRITING A MEMOIR.

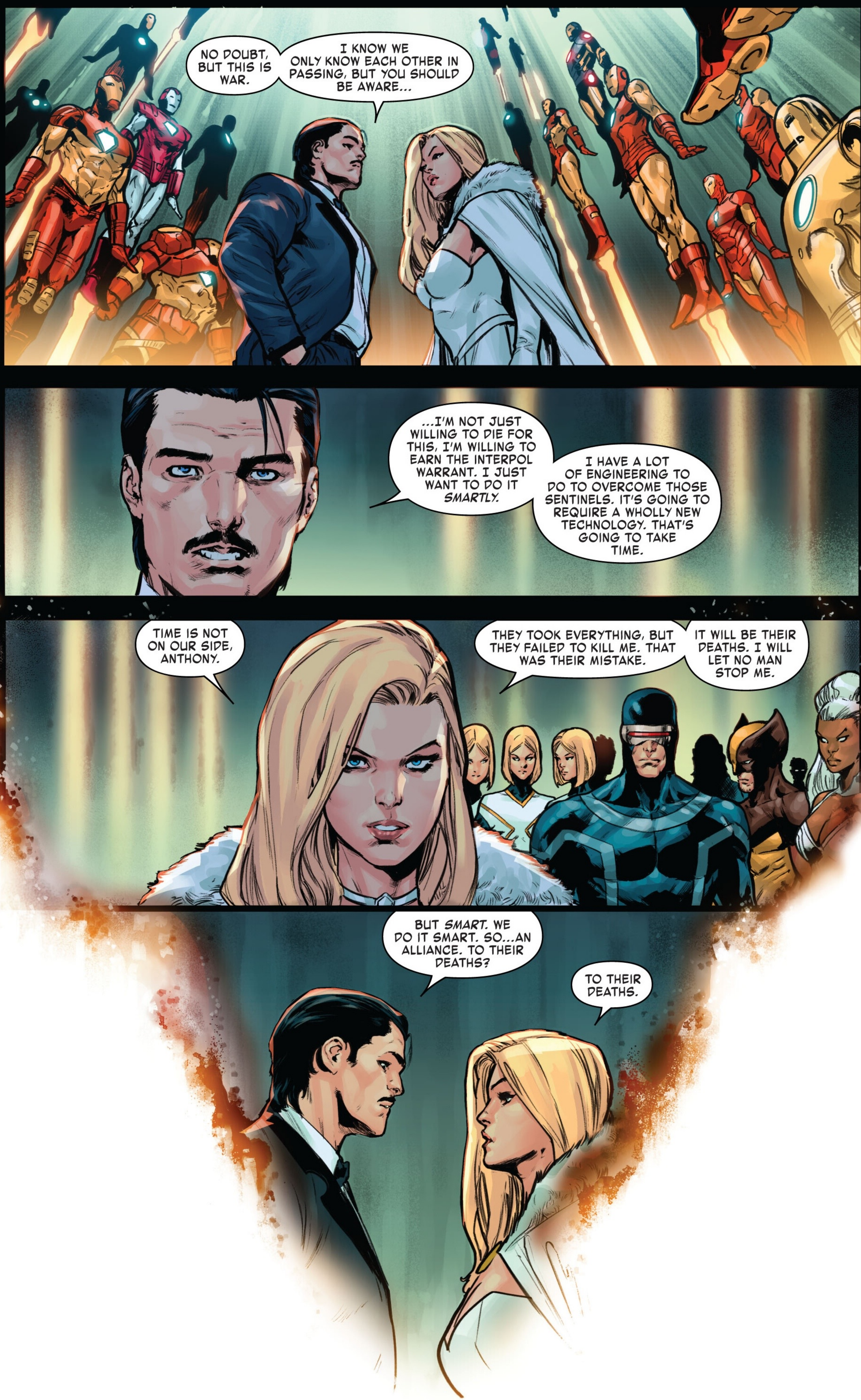
I JUST READ IT.

IT'S NOT THAT GOOD.

IT'S JUST A FIRST DRAFT.

BUT IT'S NOT WHAT I SHOULD BE WORKING ON. I NEED A NEW ARMOR. I THINK. MAYBE TWO.

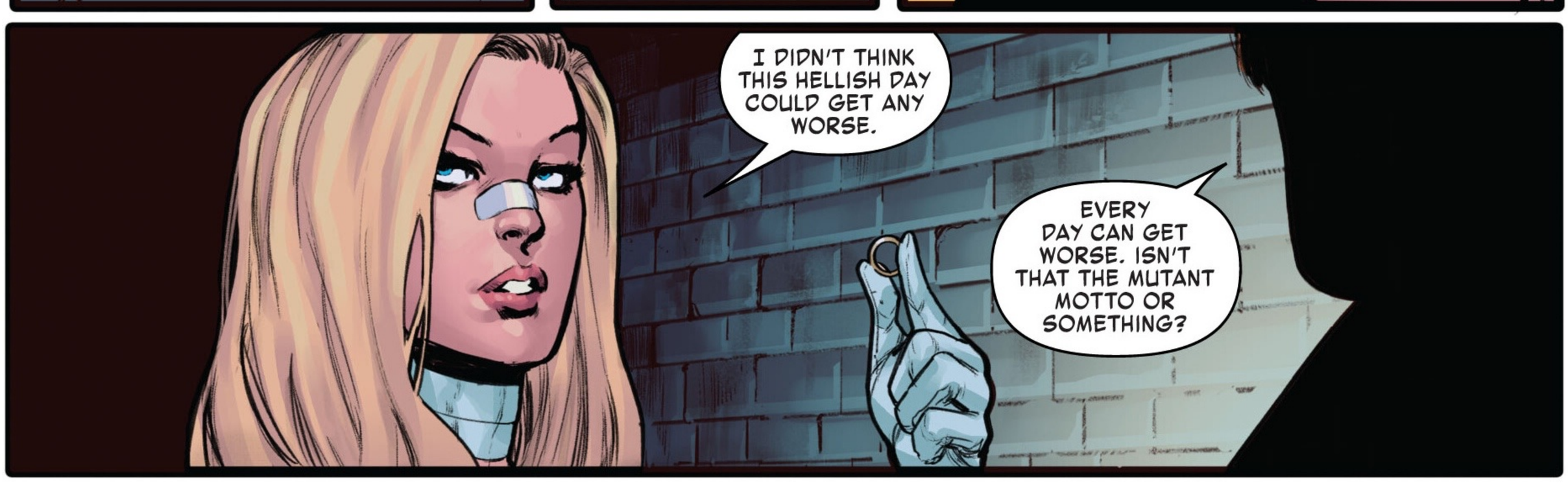
SOUNDS EXPENSIVE.

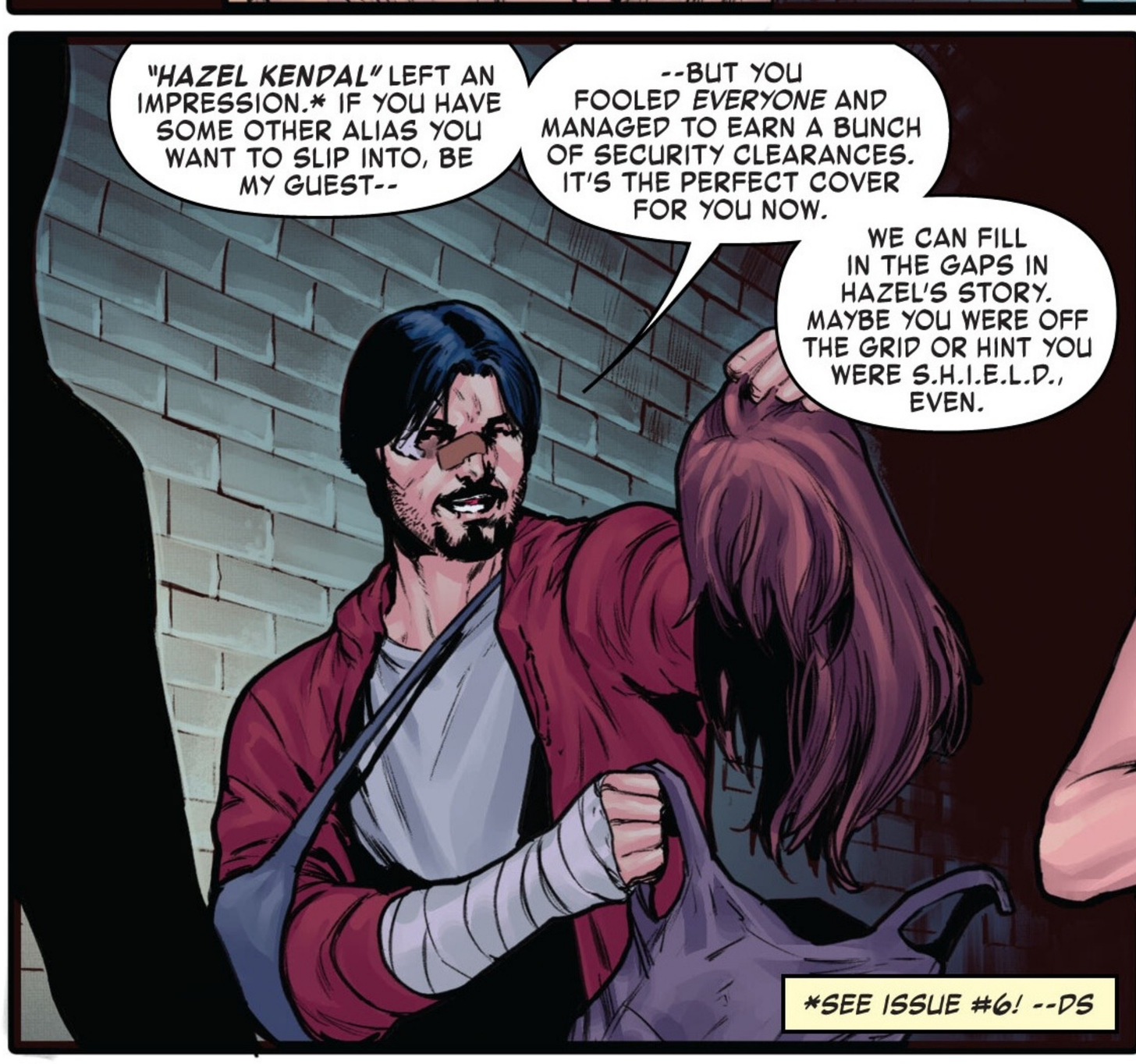

NO DOUBT, BUT THIS IS WAR.
I KNOW WE ONLY KNOW EACH OTHER IN PASSING, BUT YOU SHOULD BE AWARE...
...I'M NOT JUST WILLING TO DIE FOR THIS, I'M WILLING TO EARN THE INTERPOL WARRANT. I JUST WANT TO DO IT *SMARTLY*.
I HAVE A LOT OF ENGINEERING TO DO TO OVERCOME THOSE SENTINELS. IT'S GOING TO REQUIRE A WHOLLY NEW TECHNOLOGY. THAT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME.
TIME IS NOT ON OUR SIDE, ANTHONY.
THEY TOOK EVERYTHING, BUT THEY FAILED TO KILL ME. THAT WAS THEIR MISTAKE.
IT WILL BE THEIR DEATHS. I WILL LET NO MAN STOP ME.
BUT *SMART*. WE DO IT SMART. SO...AN ALLIANCE. TO THEIR DEATHS?
TO THEIR DEATHS.

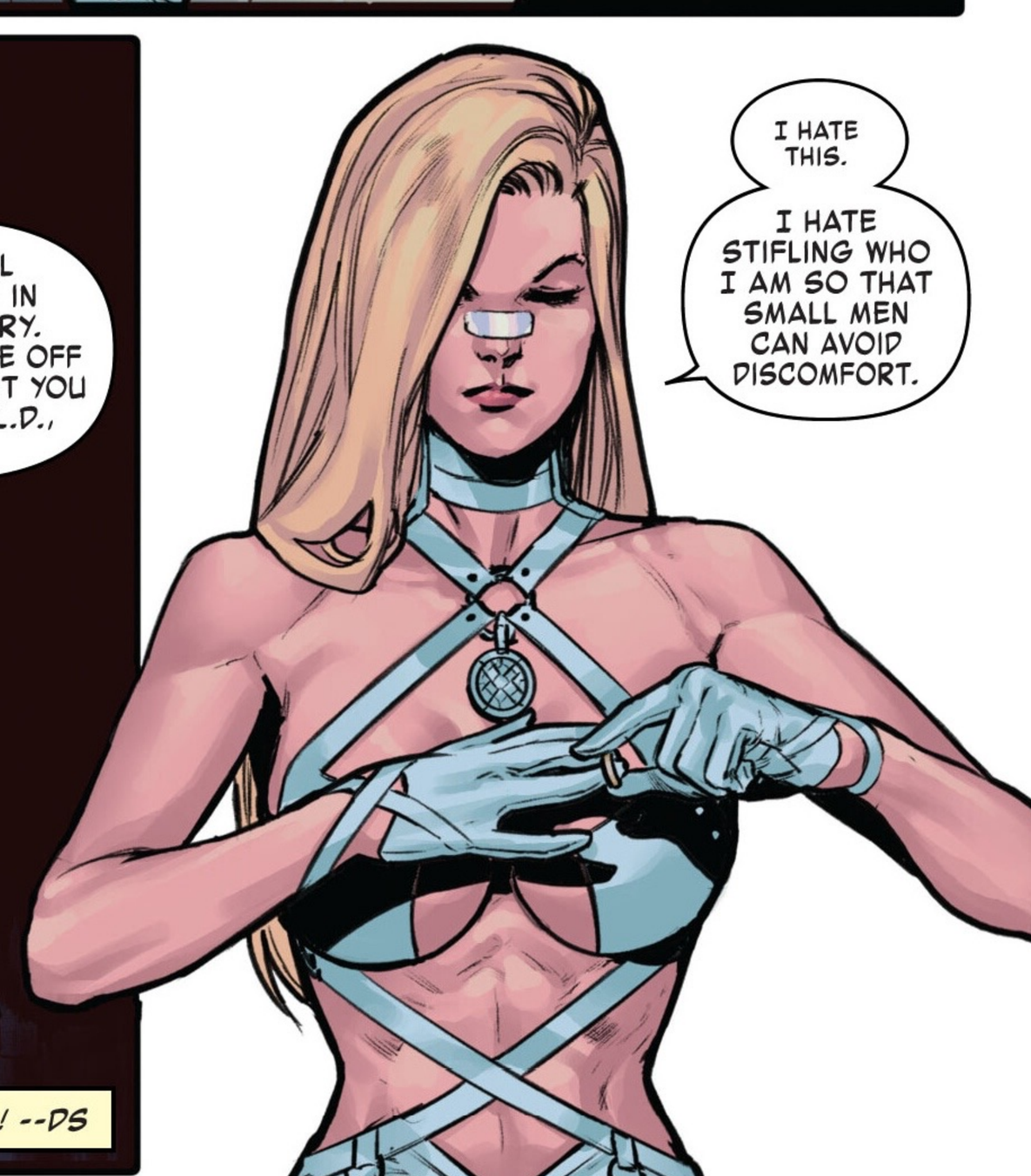
I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.
I DID SOME QUICK TINKERING.
I TOOK THE PSI-SHIELD OUT OF THE MARK 70 BEFORE I TURNED IT OVER.

UH...

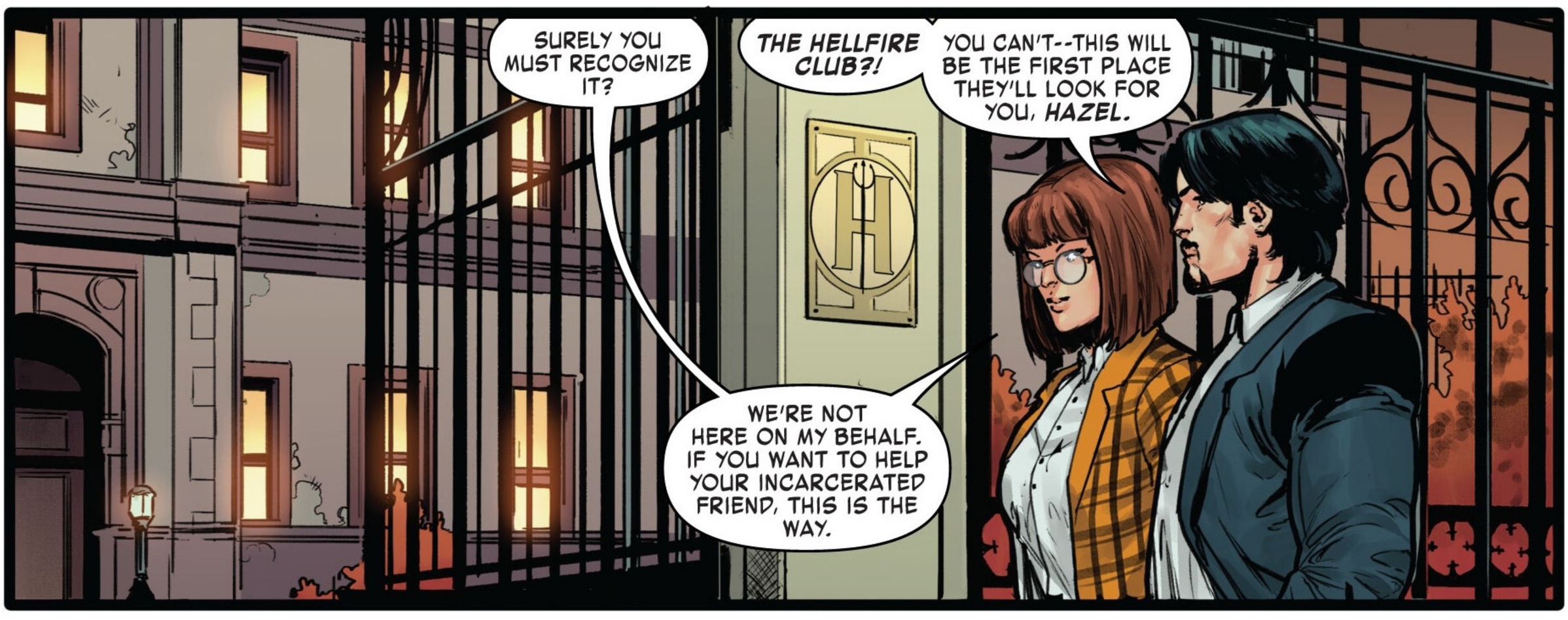
...MAYBE YOU SHOULD DO THIS.


I DIDN'T THINK THIS HELLISH DAY COULD GET ANY WORSE.
EVERY DAY CAN GET WORSE. ISN'T THAT THE MUTANT MOTTO OR SOMETHING?


"HAZEL KENDAL" LEFT AN IMPRESSION.* IF YOU HAVE SOME OTHER ALIAS YOU WANT TO SLIP INTO, BE MY GUEST--
--BUT YOU FOOLED EVERYONE AND MANAGED TO EARN A BUNCH OF SECURITY CLEARANCES. IT'S THE PERFECT COVER FOR YOU NOW.
WE CAN FILL IN THE GAPS IN HAZEL'S STORY. MAYBE YOU WERE OFF THE GRID OR HINT YOU WERE S.H.I.E.L.D., EVEN.
*SEE ISSUE #6! --DS


I HATE THIS.
I HATE STIFLING WHO I AM SO THAT SMALL MEN CAN AVOID DISCOMFORT.

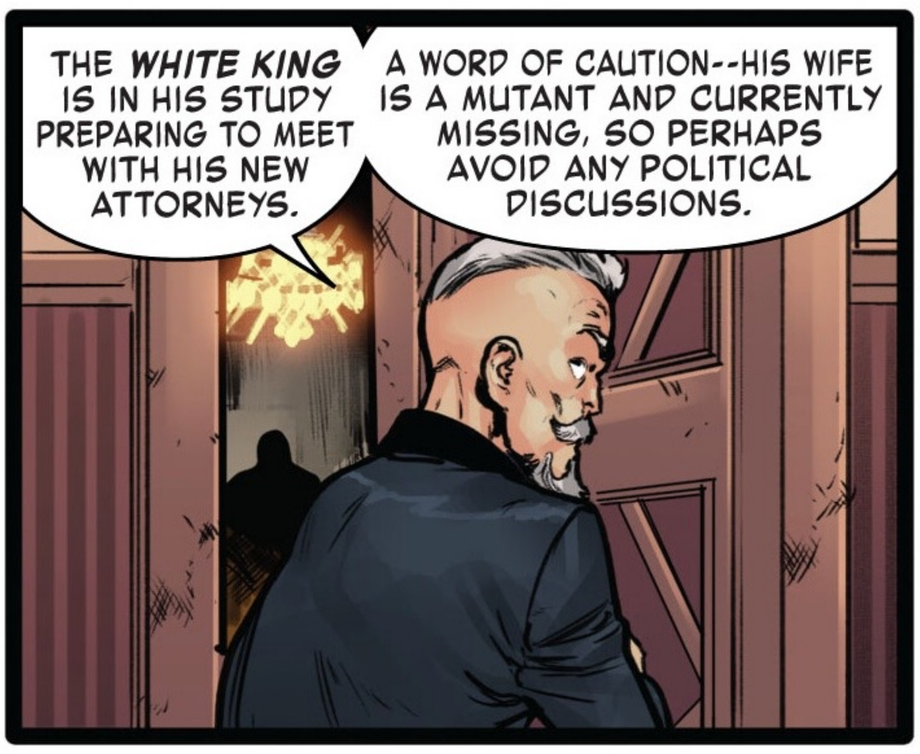
WINDING UP BACK HERE IS THE LAST RING OF HELL I COULD'VE IMAGINED PLUMMETING TO.
WAIT-- WHERE ARE WE?


SURELY YOU MUST RECOGNIZE IT?
THE HELLFIRE CLUB?!
YOU CAN'T--THIS WILL BE THE FIRST PLACE THEY'LL LOOK FOR YOU, HAZEL.
WE'RE NOT HERE ON MY BEHALF. IF YOU WANT TO HELP YOUR INCARCERATED FRIEND, THIS IS THE WAY.

SEVERAL HOURS AGO, I BECAME A REFUGEE.
I KNEW MY MONEY WOULD BE SEIZED. BEFORE THAT HAPPENED, I TRANSFERRED EVERYTHING TO A THIRD PARTY, WHO, FORTUNATELY FOR US, SHARES OUR GRIEVANCES.

UH...
MR. REDDICK. GOOD TO SEE YOU AFTER SO MUCH TIME. YOU SEEM UNWELL. SURELY YOU REMEMBER ME. HAZEL KENDAL--ATTACHE TO MR. STARK.
O-OF COURSE. WHAT A SURPRISE.

MY FATHER WAS A MEMBER HERE.
I REMEMBER HIM WELL, SIR. A GOOD MAN.

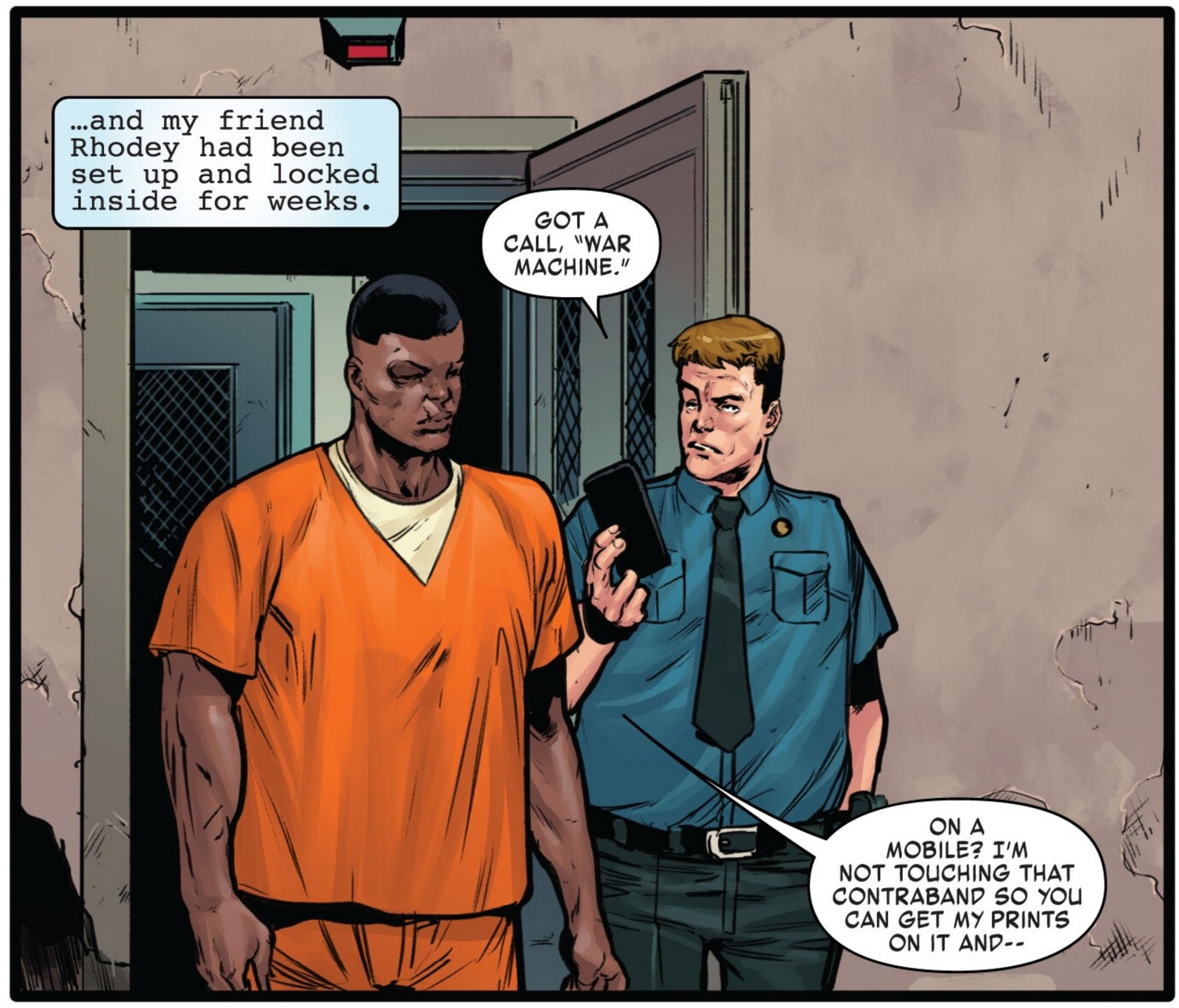

THE WHITE KING IS IN HIS STUDY PREPARING TO MEET WITH HIS NEW ATTORNEYS.
A WORD OF CAUTION--HIS WIFE IS A MUTANT AND CURRENTLY MISSING, SO PERHAPS AVOID ANY POLITICAL DISCUSSIONS.

OH MY STARS AND GARTERS.

MR. STARK, MS. KENDAL, MAY I PRESENT THE NEW WHITE KING...
...MR. WILSON FISK.
WELCOME.
WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.
LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
WHISKEY

TEN

The Polunsky Unit in Livingston, Texas, is one of the harshest prisons in the United States…

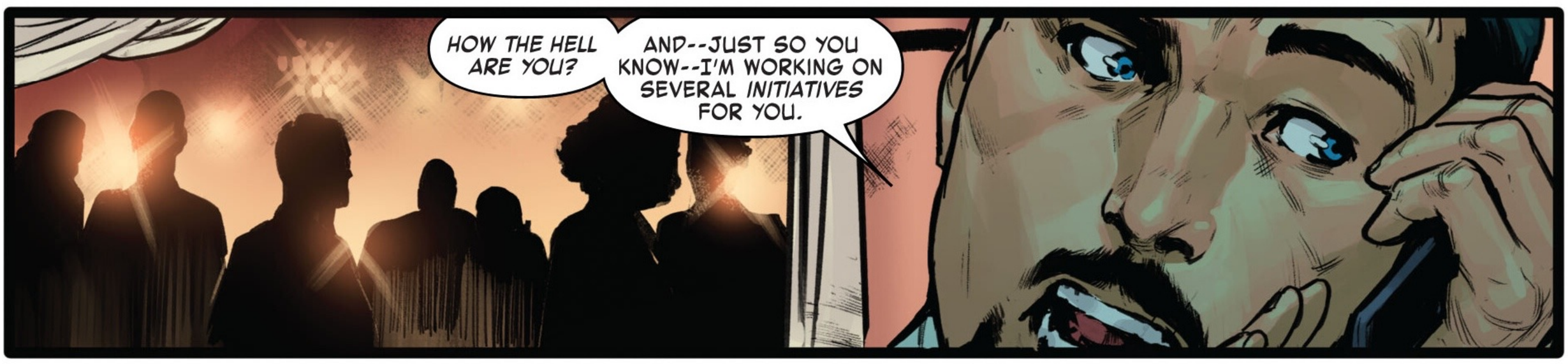

…and my friend Rhodey had been set up and locked inside for weeks.
GOT A CALL, "WAR MACHINE."
ON A MOBILE? I'M NOT TOUCHING THAT CONTRABAND SO YOU CAN GET MY PRINTS ON IT AND--

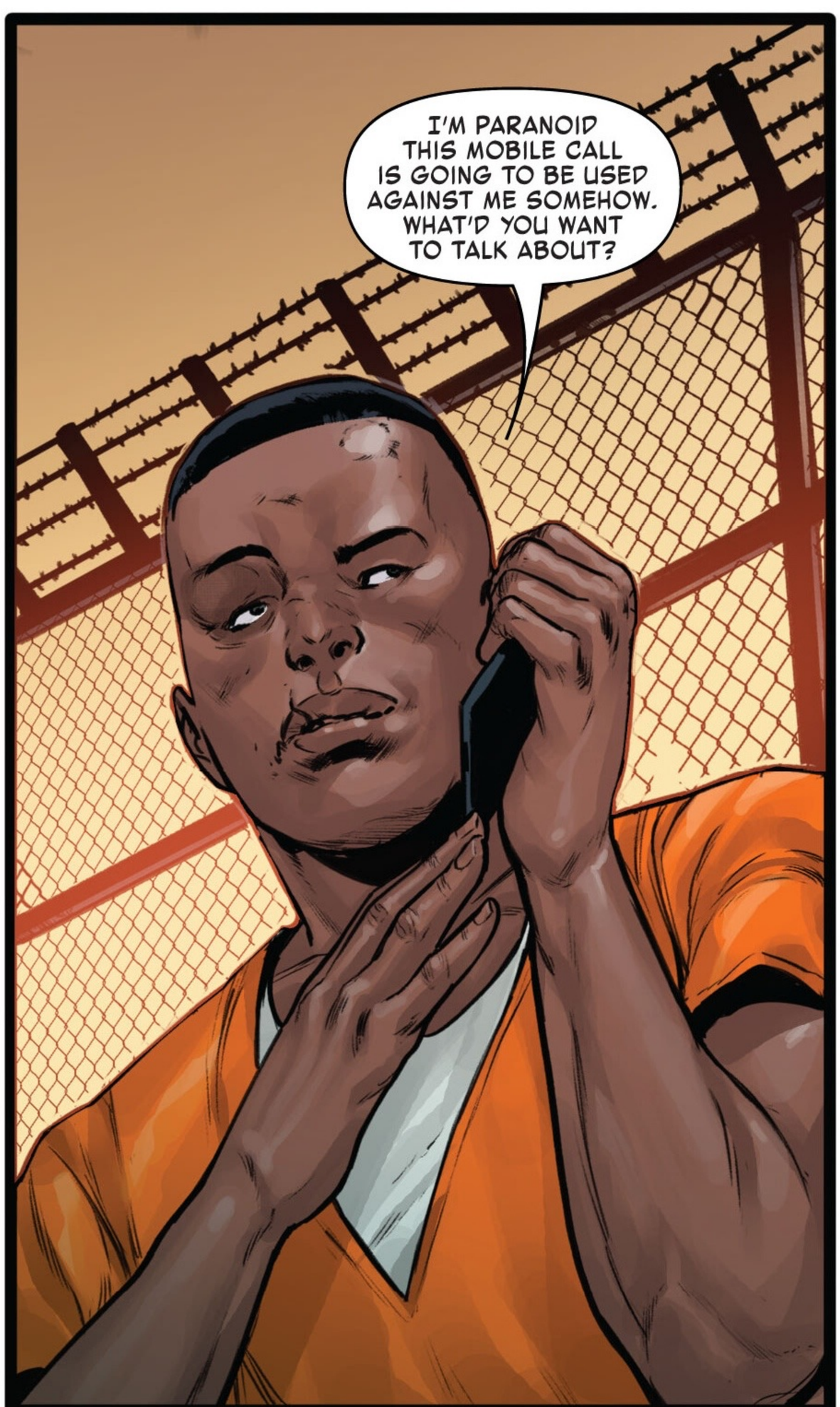
JUST TAKE THE CALL-- AND ACCEPT THAT YOU GOT FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES, I RECKON.
YO?
HOLD FOR TONY STARK.
OH, THANK GOD.

SO THEN I SAY TO STANE, "*BELIEVE ME*--THE ONLY THING THAT'S HARD RIGHT NOW IS THIS SUIT OF ARMOR."
HA HA HA HA HA HA
PARDON, BLACK KING.
YOU HAVE A PHONE CALL ON A NEW SIM CARD. WE'LL DESTROY THIS ONE WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED.
THANKS.
I *WAS* IRON MAN. HELLO?

WELL. AT LEAST IT SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF US IS HAVING FUN.

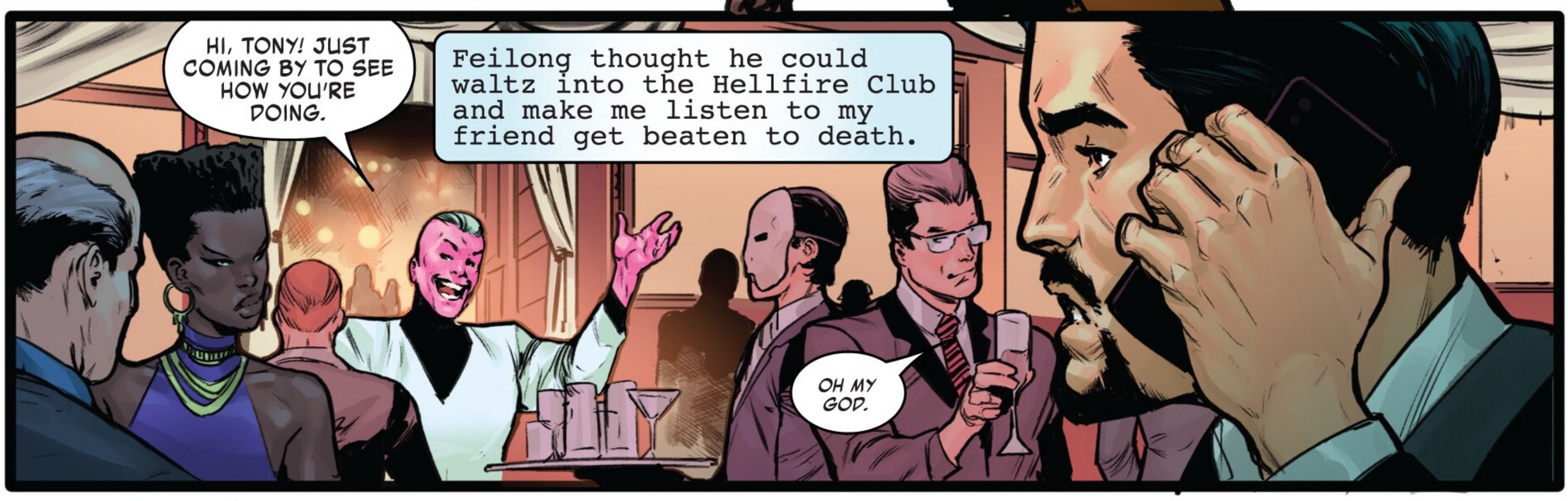
OOOH, I'M NOT!
LEMME JUST GET TO A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN YELL AT ME.


HOW THE HELL ARE YOU?
AND--JUST SO YOU KNOW--I'M WORKING ON SEVERAL INITIATIVES FOR YOU.


I'M PARANOID THIS MOBILE CALL IS GOING TO BE USED AGAINST ME SOMEHOW. WHAT'D YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?

...
YOU CALLED ME, RHODES.
RIGHT?

UH-OH.
I GOTTA GO, TONY.


HI, TONY! JUST COMING BY TO SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING.
Feilong thought he could waltz into the Hellfire Club and make me listen to my friend get beaten to death.
OH MY GOD.

YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER. HANG UP. GET READY TO FIGHT.

GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU--

DON'T CARE.
CHOKK!

RAARGH!

WHUD!

UFGN!

I've taken lives before. Not proud of it. Not ashamed of it.

There was almost always a flinch in that moment, but that night, while Rhodey was being attacked--

--there was just a freight train of righteous anger pounding through my veins.

And then suddenly Feilong was saved by an unlikely angel.

A WORD, MR. STARK.

OUTTA MY WAY, FISK.

THE ARRANGEMENTS YOU COMMISSIONED FROM ME...

"...WERE IMPLEMENTED IN THE POLUNSKY UNIT SEVERAL DAYS AGO."

COFF

MY GOD...

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!

AARGH!
UGHN!
YAAOW!
HOLY #$%&!
When Wilson Fisk, the not-so-alleged former and maybe not-so-former "Kingpin of Crime," wants someone protected in prison, well, it turns out that's just as good as a suit of armor on your chest.
I GOT 'IM!

I THINK NOT.
LIVING LASER?
KRAK!
NOT WHILE I'M WEARING THIS POWER INHIBITOR. I'M JUST ARTHUR PARKS. BUT I'M PLENTY FOR THIS #$%& HEEL. I'LL BE BUNKING WITH YOU UNTIL WE'RE OUT OF HERE.
I TRUST YOU KNOW MY ASSOCIATE, THE SANDMAN!
YOU CAN CALL ME FLINT.
OUR EMPLOYER HIRED US TO MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENED TO YOU UNTIL THEY GET YOU OUT.
HONESTLY, THE HARDEST PART WAS GETTING TO TEXAS FAST ENOUGH AND GETTING ARRESTED.
WHAT'D YOU DO?
PUNCHED A COP. GOT HIT WITH ONE COUNT OF "LIVING MY BEST LIFE."
TEXAS SAND IS HARD TO CLEAN. GETS EVERYWHERE. BE SEEING YOU.

I'M IMPRESSED, TONY.
THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE TO BE IMPRESSED.
LISTEN, I'M WORKING ON--

NO, YOU LISTEN.
JUST WIN. I'M READING THE PAPERS. I'M UP ON ALL OF IT.
DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO AND WIN. WHEN YOU GET ME OUT, I WANT AN ARMOR AND COORDINATES WAITING. I DON'T CARE WHO'S LISTENING. I WANT 'EM TO KNOW--
--THIS IS WAR, AND WE'RE GONNA WIN IT.

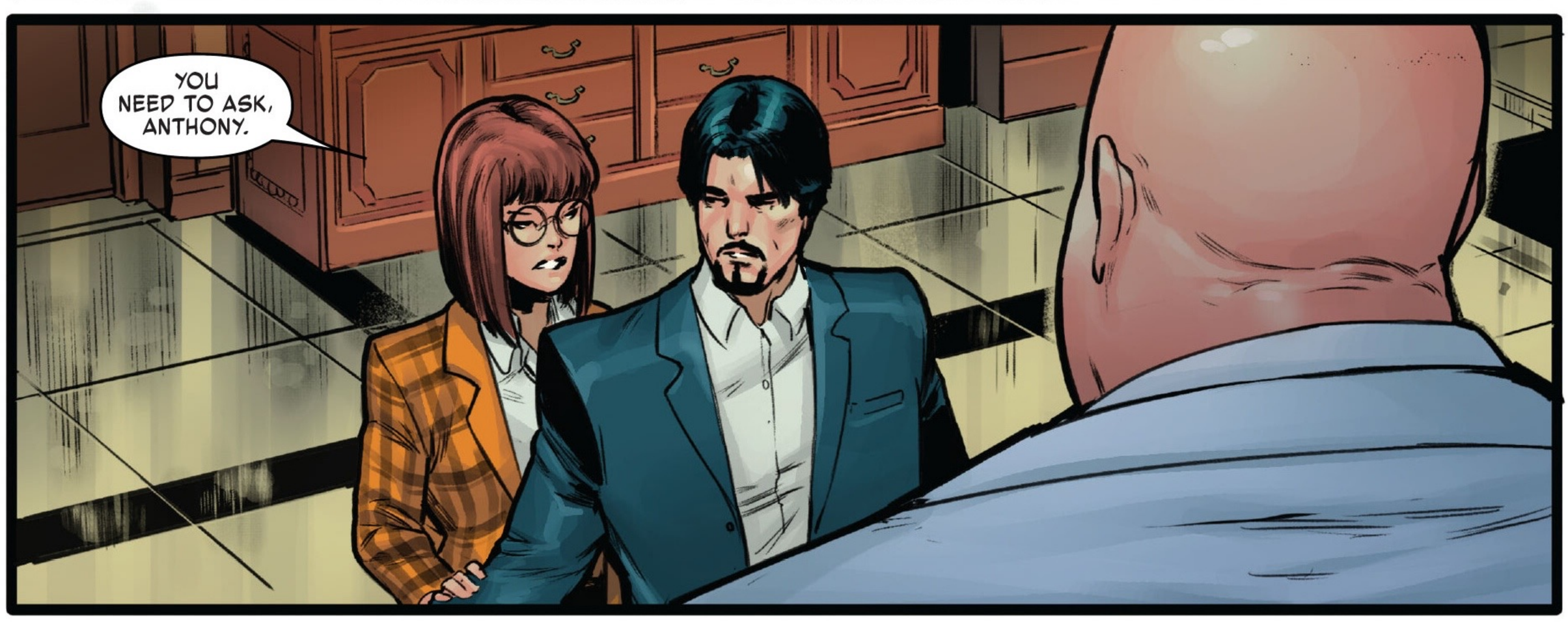
IT... DIDN'T HAPPEN, SIR.
THE TARGET NOW HAS SOME SUPER-POWERED MUSCLE.

DAMMIT TO HELL.
NO MATTER. THERE ARE PLENTY OF WAYS TO SKIN THIS CAT.

I'M GRATEFUL YOU'RE HERE, BUT, MAN, I DIDN'T KNOW TONY HAD IT IN HIM TO HIRE YOU AND SANDMAN.
HA!
THAT'S RICH-- UNLIKE TONY, WHO I HEAR IS ON HIS ASS. HE COULDN'T AFFORD MY DAY RATE--
--LET ALONE AN OPEN-ENDED GIG INSIDE THIS SATAN'S ASS OF A PRISON.
RIGHT. SO WHO DO I HAVE TO THANK, THEN?

X WEEKS AGO.
WHAT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?! MY FRIEND IS IN JAIL, AND I NEED HIM OUT.
YOU WANT YOUR WIFE BACK-- THEN PLAY BALL. I NEED RHODEY TO WIN.

MISS FROST, WILL YOU EXPLAIN HOW THIS WORKS?


YOU NEED TO ASK, ANTHONY.

I NEED YOUR HELP.

THEN YOU SHALL HAVE IT.
Of course, if you've read to the end, then you know what it will cost me.

THE PRESENT.
DON'T MAKE ME PROTECT MY INVESTMENT IN YOU AGAIN. NOW, ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SURE YOU NEED FEILONG ALIVE?
UNTIL I GET WHAT I NEED OUT OF HIS HEAD--YES. BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE A LINE TO KILL HIM. MY ASSISTANT HAZEL HAS CALLED DIBS.
IN FACT, IT'S A GOOD THING SHE'S NOT HERE, OR--

OH MY GOD.
OH, #$%&!
UNHAND ME, TONY.
A WORD, MS. KENDAL.

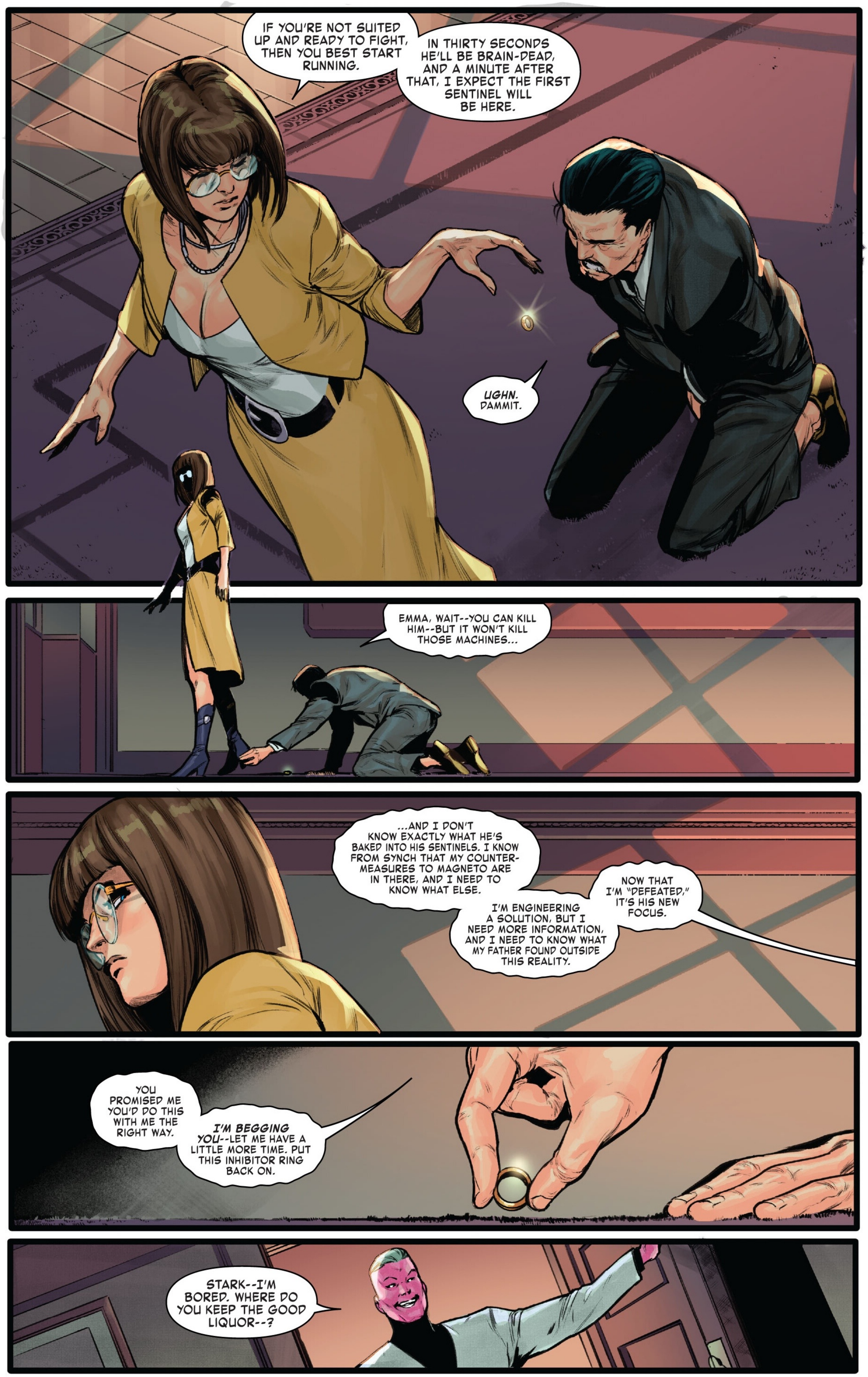
HANG ON. HEAR ME OUT.
NO, I HAVE ABIDED EVERY HUMILIATION. EVERY SINGLE ONE-- BUT I WILL NOT PLAY "HAZEL" FOR THAT MURDERING PIG.

SO STEP ASIDE.
EMMA, I'M MAKING PROGRESS IN MY DESIGN WORK, BUT HE HAS INFORMATION IN HIS HEAD I NEED, AND WE'VE GOT TO DO THIS RIGHT.
IF YOU GO OUT THERE AND WIPE HIS MIND, YOU WILL PROLONG THIS WAR. AND IF YOU TAKE OFF THAT RING, YOU'LL BRING THE SENTINELS TO OUR DOOR.

GET OUT OF MY WAY--OR I'LL MAKE YOU.

YOU WOULDN'T DARE TOUCH MY MIND--

WAK!
UGHNNN!


IF YOU'RE NOT SUITED UP AND READY TO FIGHT, THEN YOU BEST START RUNNING.
IN THIRTY SECONDS HE'LL BE BRAIN-DEAD, AND A MINUTE AFTER THAT, I EXPECT THE FIRST SENTINEL WILL BE HERE.
UGHN. DAMMIT.
EMMA, WAIT--YOU CAN KILL HIM--BUT IT WON'T KILL THOSE MACHINES...
...AND I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE'S BAKED INTO HIS SENTINELS. I KNOW FROM SYNCH THAT MY COUNTER-MEASURES TO MAGNETO ARE IN THERE, AND I NEED TO KNOW WHAT ELSE.
I'M ENGINEERING A SOLUTION, BUT I NEED MORE INFORMATION, AND I NEED TO KNOW WHAT MY FATHER FOUND OUTSIDE THIS REALITY.
NOW THAT I'M "DEFEATED," IT'S HIS NEW FOCUS.
YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D DO THIS WITH ME THE RIGHT WAY.
I'M BEGGING YOU--LET ME HAVE A LITTLE MORE TIME. PUT THIS INHIBITOR RING BACK ON.
STARK--I'M BORED. WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE GOOD LIQUOR--?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, STARK?
MARRYING THE HELP? HEH.
I'M UNACCUSTOMED TO DENYING MYSELF THE SIMPLE PLEASURES IN LIFE. LIKE STRANGLING HIM WHILE HE IMAGINES BEING DEVOURED BY FIRE ANTS.
I KNOW. I ALMOST MADE THE SAME MISTAKE.
NOW-- MAY I?
YOU MAY.
BUT EVERY BREATH HE DRAWS IS AN INSULT. WE'LL GET WHAT YOU NEED AND FINISH THIS QUICKLY. I DREAM ABOUT AVENGING THEM ALL.
THANK YOU, EMMA. AND DON'T WORRY--

We make it look good. A lifetime of faking came in handy for both of us.

As fate would have it--well, actually, I think I'll talk about my wife a bit later on in this book. There are some other things you need to know first. That night at the Hellfire Club was a proposition in the realest sense, and it wasn't the only offer made that evening.

I HAVEN'T THANKED YOU YET.

OH?

YEAH, NONE OF THIS WOULD BE HAPPENING FOR ME IF I'D STILL BEEN WASTING MY LIFE IN THAT ARMOR, SAVING PEOPLE I DON'T EVEN KNOW.

RETIREMENT SUITS ME. I JUST NEEDED THE PUSH.

WELL, YOU'RE VERY WELCOME. WHY WERE YOU DOING ALL THAT NONSENSE, ANYWAY?

The hardest part of playing possum as the Black King and hiding the engineering I was doing--

--was pretending to be off the wagon. That's still hard to wash off.

I'M AN ADDICT. AND ADDICTS GOTTA ADDICT. I TRADED THE BOOZE FOR ADULATION.

IT'S A HELL OF A DRUG, BUT THE COMEDOWN IS A BITCH. BOOZE IS TASTIER.

PLUS, SHE WAS A POSSIBLE HUMAN-RESOURCES NIGHTMARE FOR ME. LONGTIME EMPLOYEE. LONGTIME RELATIONSHIP. SHE'S CHEAPER TO MARRY.

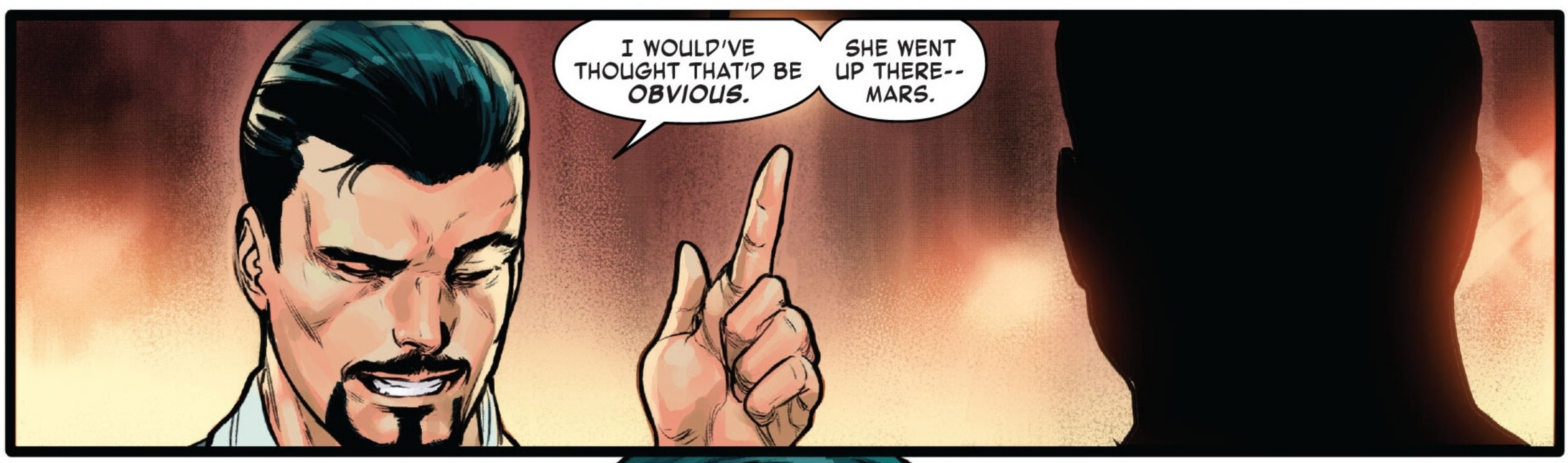
PLUS, I WANTED SOMETHING--ANYTHING--THAT YOU COULDN'T TAKE FROM ME.

AM I INVITED?

I almost said "yes," but then I realized he wouldn't come. I knew what I needed to say.

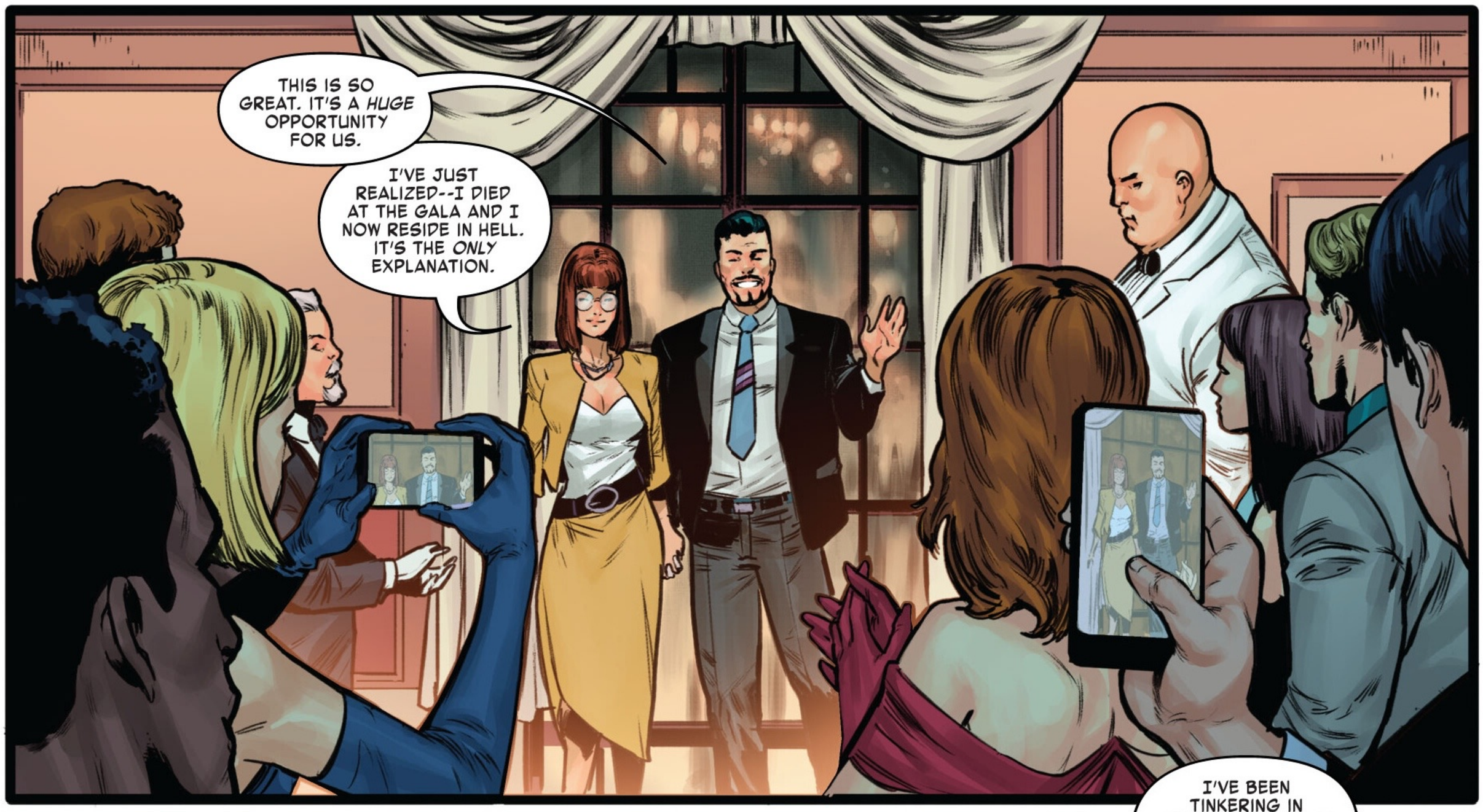
NO.
I had him.

YOU WON'T KNOW ANY REAL PEACE UNTIL YOU TELL US WHERE FROST ESCAPED TO IN YOUR IRON MAN ARMOR.
YOU MUST KNOW.


I WOULD'VE THOUGHT THAT'D BE OBVIOUS.
SHE WENT UP THERE-- MARS.

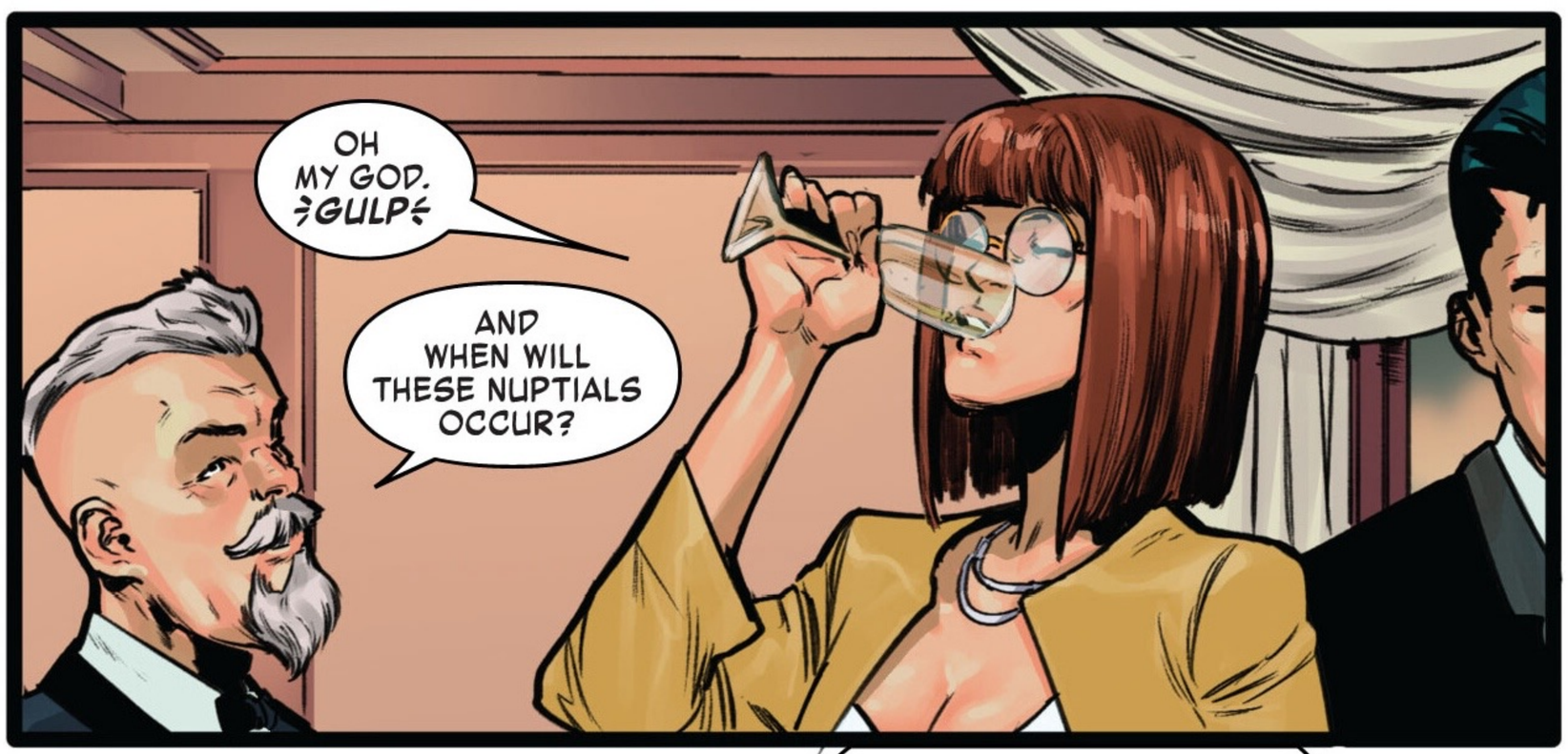
BEFORE I TOOK A BLOWTORCH TO THE MARK 70, THE BLACK BOX SAID IT'D BEEN TO OUR MOON AND THEN MARS VIA A TELEPORT OF SOME KIND.
IF I WERE YOU, I'D BE WORRIED THAT THE MUTANTS ARE GOING TO REBOOT MARS ATTACKS.

Feilong had many ways to win this war. I only had *one*. *And that night*, I had ensured that when the time came--
--he and Orchis would make the costly mistake our gambit required.

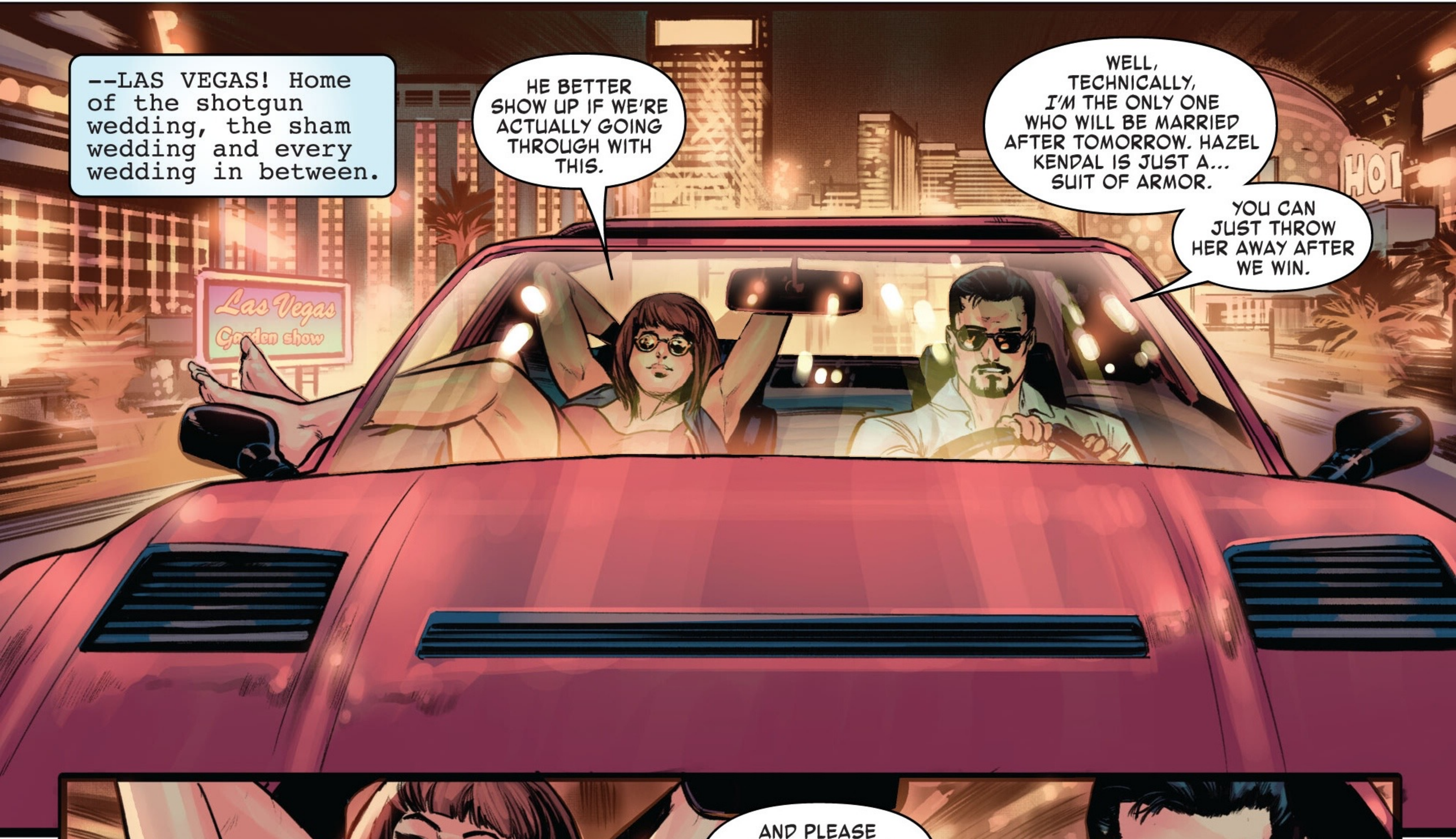

THIS IS SO GREAT. IT'S A *HUGE* OPPORTUNITY FOR US.
I'VE JUST REALIZED--I DIED AT THE GALA AND I NOW RESIDE IN HELL. IT'S THE *ONLY* EXPLANATION.

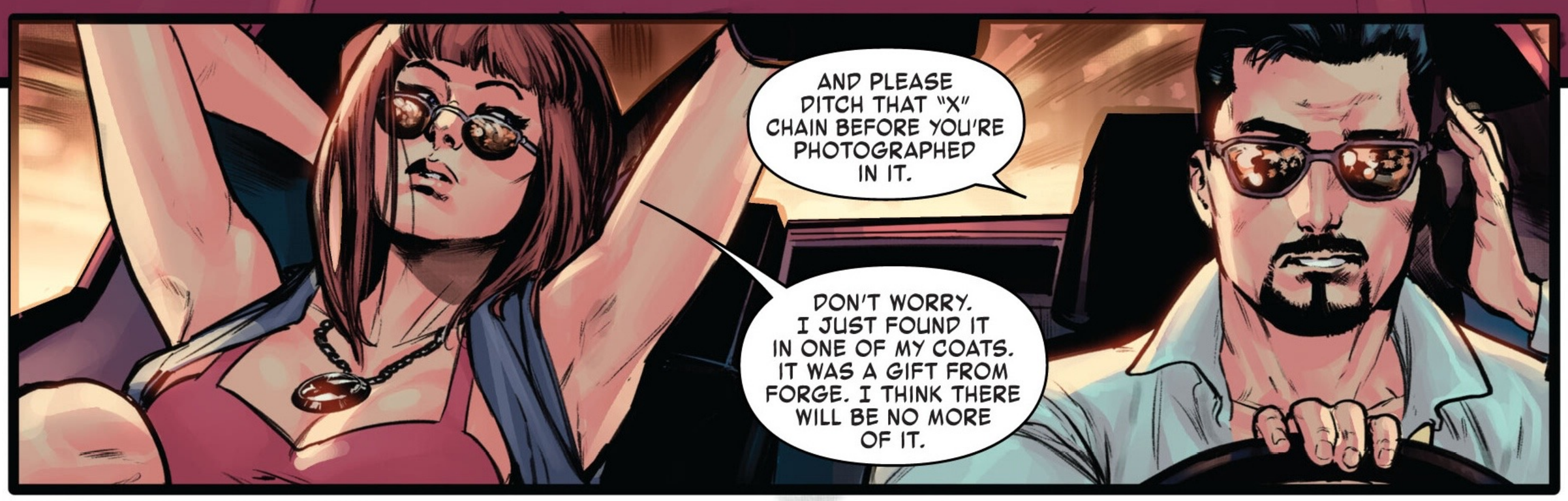
I'VE BEEN TINKERING IN SECRET DOWN IN AN OLD SEX DUNGEON WITH SHAG CARPET.
I NEED A *REAL* PLACE TO WORK. THIS IS GOING TO BUY US TIME AWAY FROM PRYING EYES.
YES, YES. GOOD THOUGHT. I SHOULD PRY MY EYES FROM MY HEAD.

WHAT AN *UNEXPECTED* SURPRISE.
CONGRATULATIONS, MS. KENDAL, OR SHOULD I SAY... *MRS. STARK?*


OH MY GOD. *GULP*
AND WHEN WILL THESE NUPTIALS OCCUR?

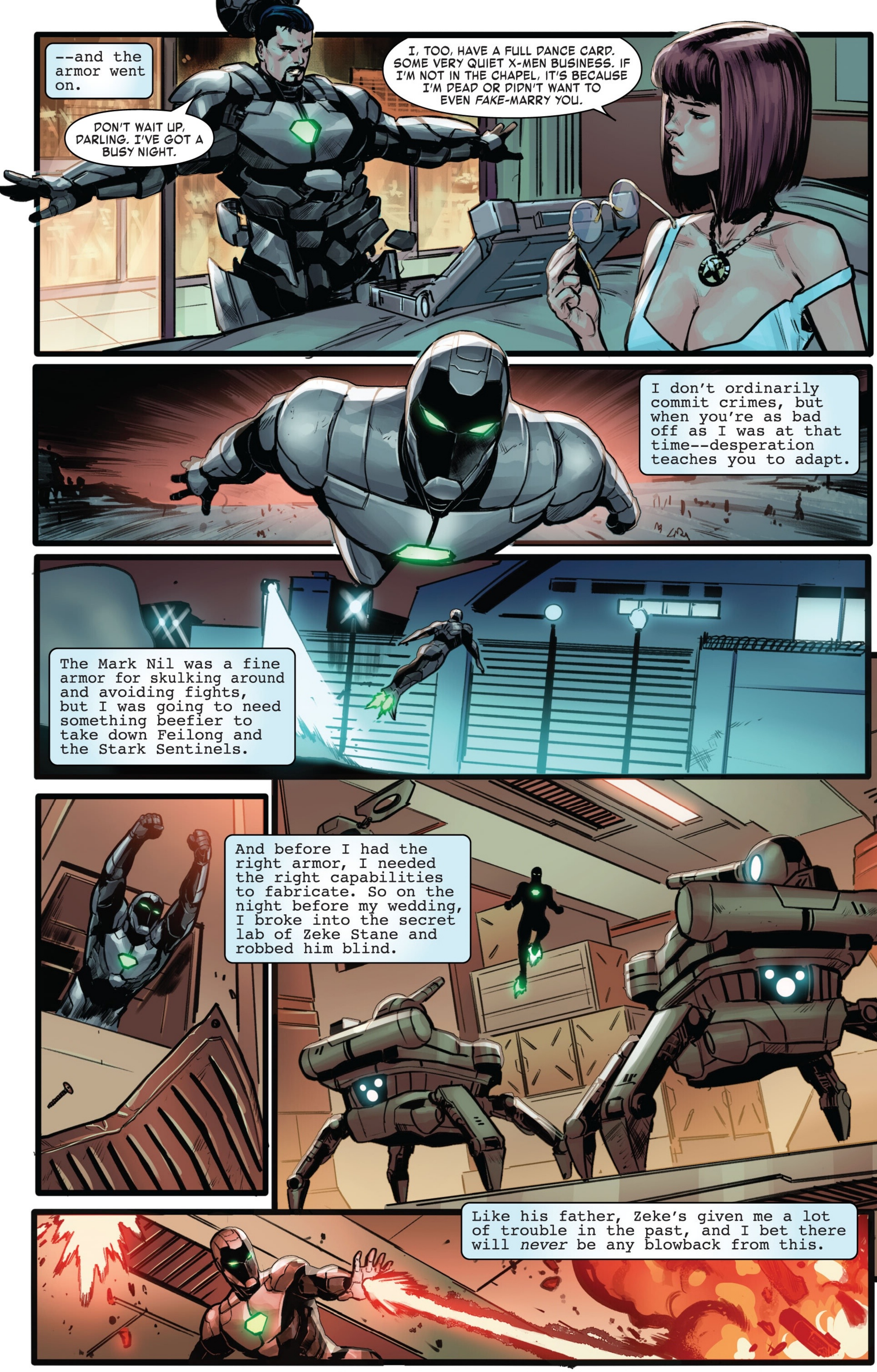
OH, IT WILL BE A LONG ENGAGEMENT. *VERY* LONG, WE'RE--
PACK OUR THINGS, MR. REDDICK. WE'RE LEAVING TONIGHT FOR--


--LAS VEGAS! Home of the shotgun wedding, the sham wedding and every wedding in between.
HE BETTER SHOW UP IF WE'RE ACTUALLY GOING THROUGH WITH THIS.
WELL, TECHNICALLY, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO WILL BE MARRIED AFTER TOMORROW. HAZEL KENDAL IS JUST A... SUIT OF ARMOR.
YOU CAN JUST THROW HER AWAY AFTER WE WIN.
Las Vegas
Garden show


AND PLEASE DITCH THAT "X" CHAIN BEFORE YOU'RE PHOTOGRAPHED IN IT.
DON'T WORRY. I JUST FOUND IT IN ONE OF MY COATS. IT WAS A GIFT FROM FORGE. I THINK THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF IT.

We did the things you'd expect.

Dinner, dancing, all the romancing.
And then, that night, the clothes came off--


--and the armor went on.
DON'T WAIT UP, DARLING. I'VE GOT A BUSY NIGHT.
I, TOO, HAVE A FULL DANCE CARD. SOME VERY QUIET X-MEN BUSINESS. IF I'M NOT IN THE CHAPEL, IT'S BECAUSE I'M DEAD OR DIDN'T WANT TO EVEN *FAKE*-MARRY YOU.
I don't ordinarily commit crimes, but when you're as bad off as I was at that time--desperation teaches you to adapt.
The Mark Nil was a fine armor for skulking around and avoiding fights, but I was going to need something beefier to take down Feilong and the Stark Sentinels.
And before I had the right armor, I needed the right capabilities to fabricate. So on the night before my wedding, I broke into the secret lab of Zeke Stane and robbed him blind.
Like his father, Zeke's given me a lot of trouble in the past, and I bet there will *never* be any blowback from this.

Luckily, he relied on drones, and it was a pretty quick smash and grab…
ZARK!
AARGH!
…and smash.
I did everything but stop up his toilet that night.
I got what I needed.
A machine that builds other machines.
The reason for the Vegas destination.
I had my reservations, but Steve Rogers personally vouched for the driver.
I'LL GET WHATEVER THIS IS BACK TO THE MORLOCK TUNNELS FOR YOU, BUT MAYBE I COULD STAY FOR YOUR BIG DAY. I WAS MARRIED ONCE, AND--
LEAVE, DEADPOOL.
ALL RIGHT, GOODBYE.
HAWK

I'd grown to really enjoy sneaking about in the stealth armor and even missed the days of carrying it around in plain sight…
…but it wasn't appropriate for my next heist.
Gamble of LOVE
A quick shower and change of clothes and I gunned the rental to the chapel.
Wedding Chapel
Marriage 24 hours
Nevada, Las Vegas
For a guy who was about to walk down the aisle for the first and only time in his life, I wasn't nervous--
--until I opened those doors and saw her standing there.

YOU LOOK SURPRISED.

She looked beautiful. She was courageous and witty, and I knew this was an arrangement--a means to an end--

--but I didn't need to be a futurist to take one look at the woman and know…Emma Frost was going to break my heart.

And, damn, was I looking forward to it.

UM, YEAH, I WONDERED IF ONE OR BOTH OF US WOULD GET COLD FEET.

WHAT IF THE MAN OF THE HOUSE DOESN'T SHOW? OR HE DOES WITH AN ENTOURAGE?

THEN WE DO IT THE HARD WAY.

YOU LOOK WONDERFUL.

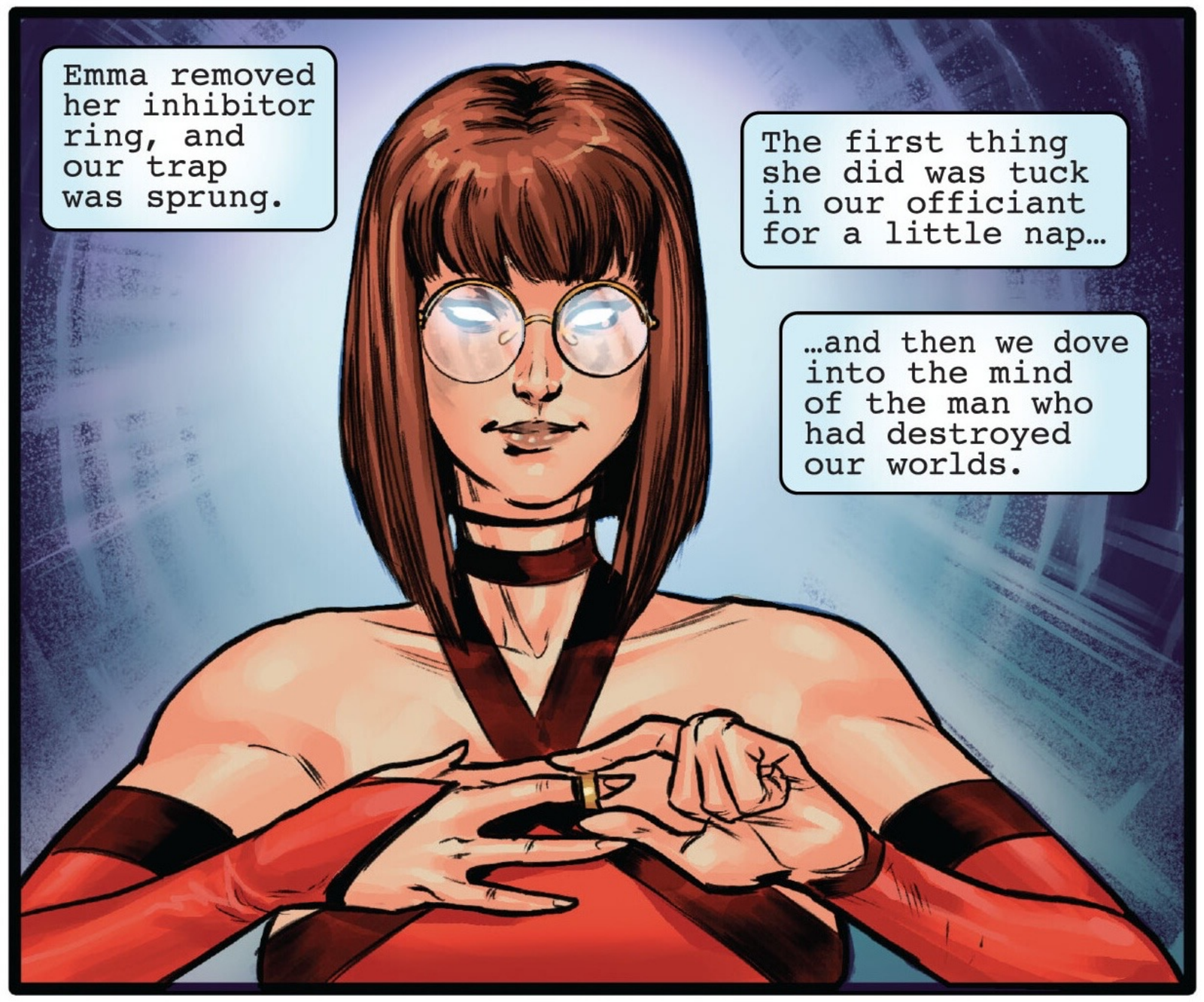
YES, I KNOW.

I KNOW YOU SAID THIS WAS A PRIVATE AFFAIR--

--BUT I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!
My opponent slides into check.

EVERYBODY READY?

THANK YOU FOR THIS.
HE'LL HAVE PSYCHIC DEFENSES SO STAY CLOSE.
YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME TWICE.


Emma removed her inhibitor ring, and our trap was sprung.
The first thing she did was tuck in our officiant for a little nap…
…and then we dove into the mind of the man who had destroyed our worlds.

We leave the chapel behind and enter Feilong's mind. We're not subtle.

Emma takes me right where I want to be.

Feilong watched a filmed message from my father, Howard, and then destroyed the celluloid.

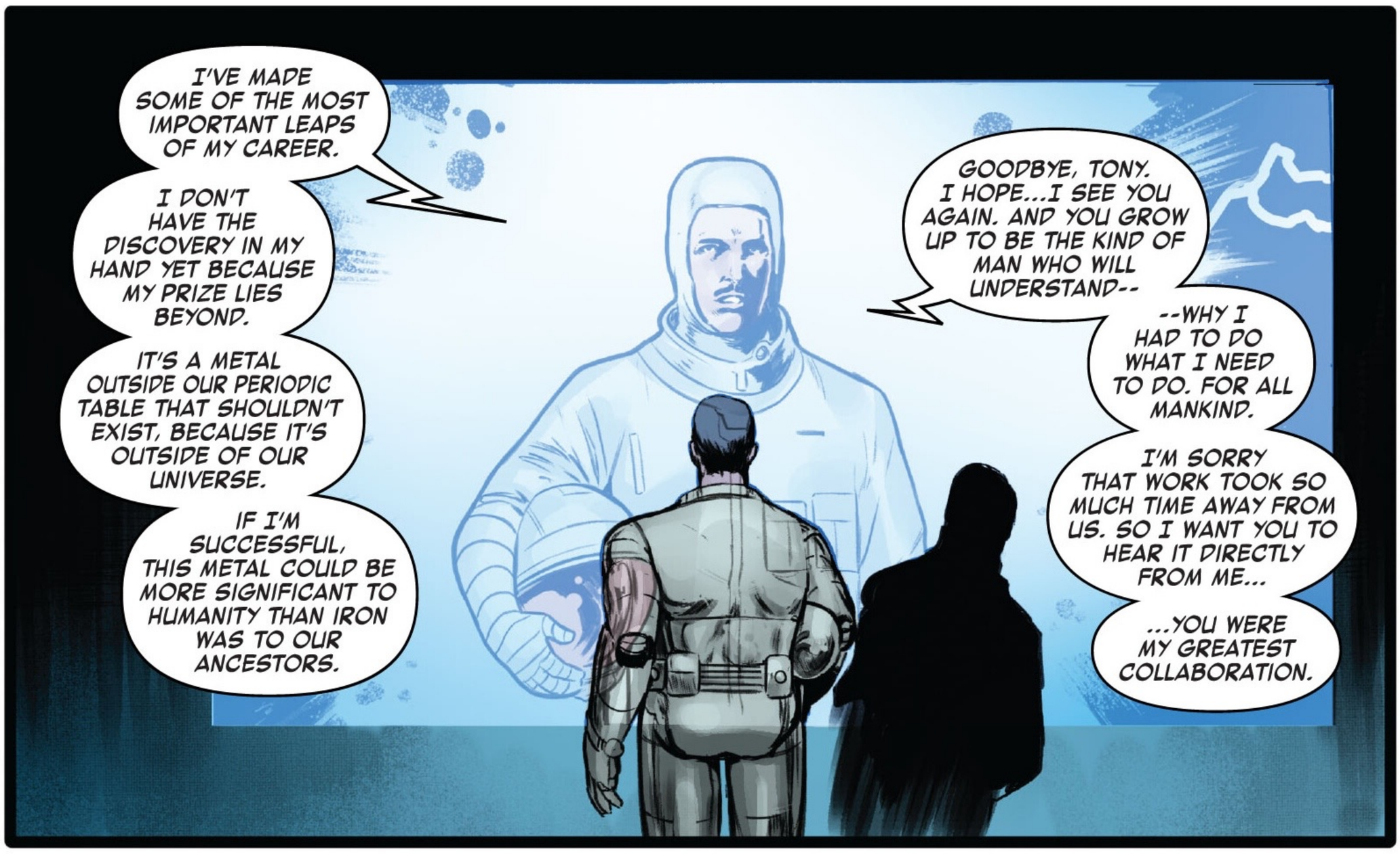
I get everything I want from Feilong's photographic memory.

GOT IT. I'M ALSO DOWNLOADING EVERYTHING ON THE SENTINELS.

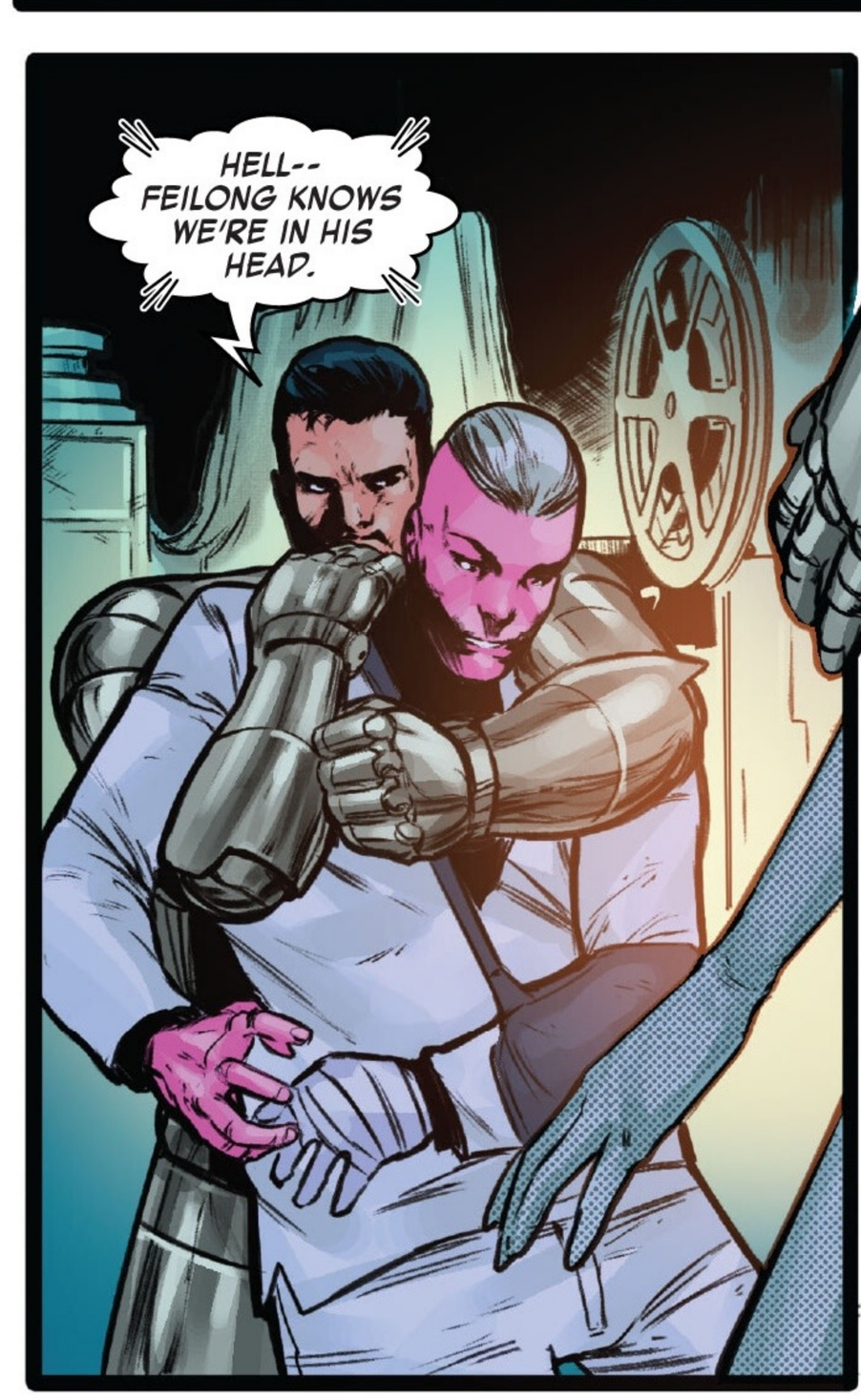
MY GOD. THIS MAN...THIS MONSTER.

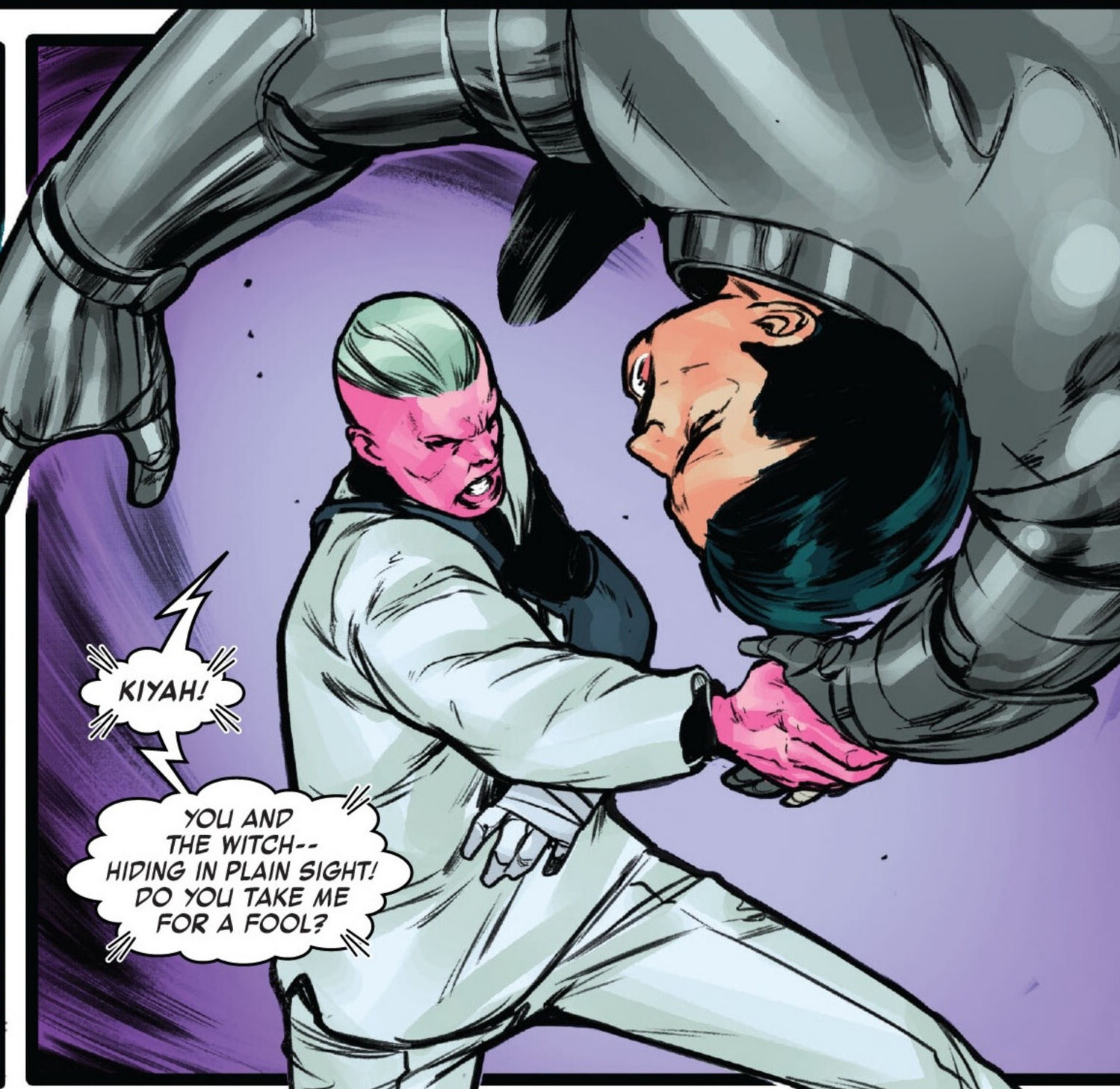
HELLO, TONY.

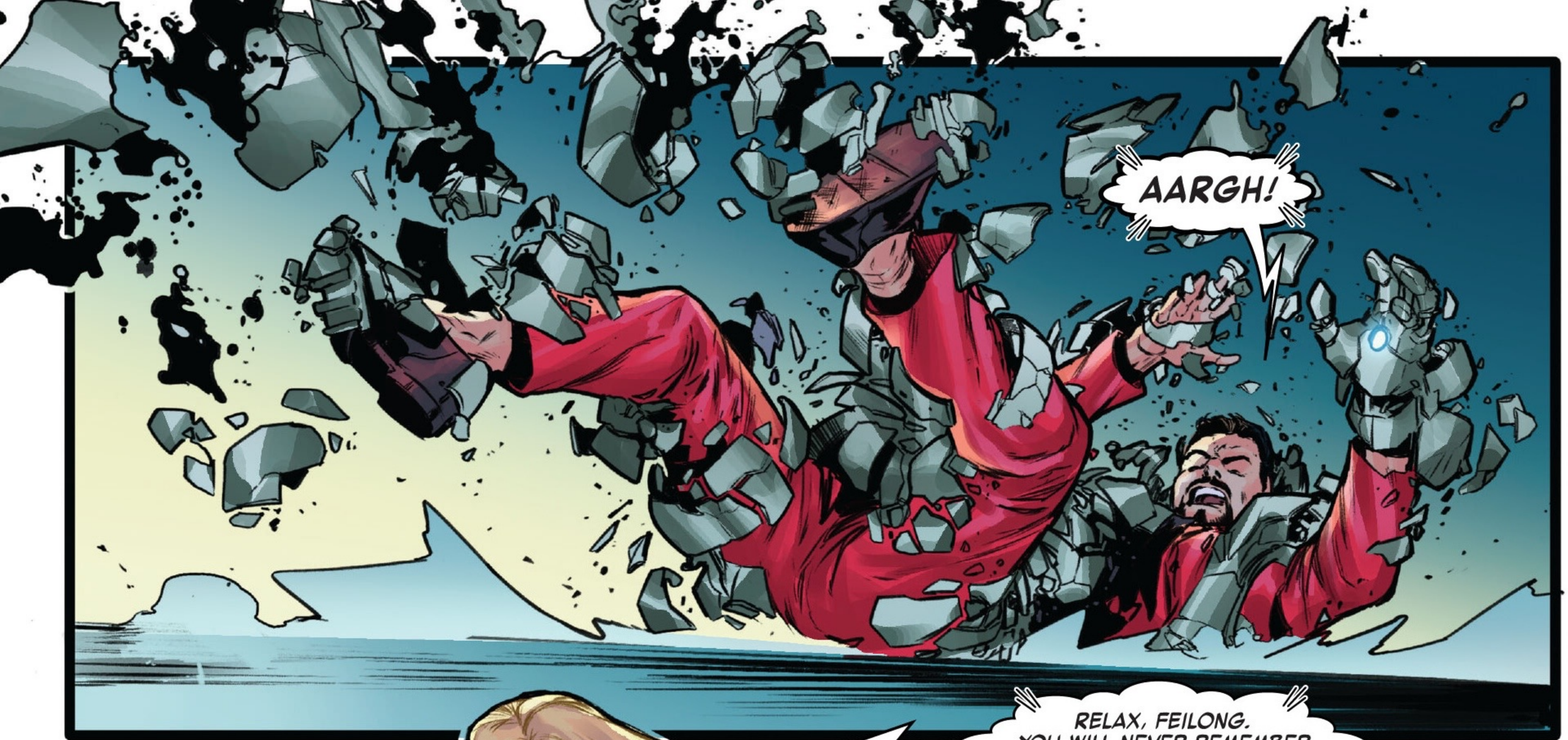
HELLO AGAIN, HOWARD.
To say I had a complicated relationship with my father would be an understatement.
But seeing him again made all those tough days and harsh words fall away. And for a moment, I was a kid again.

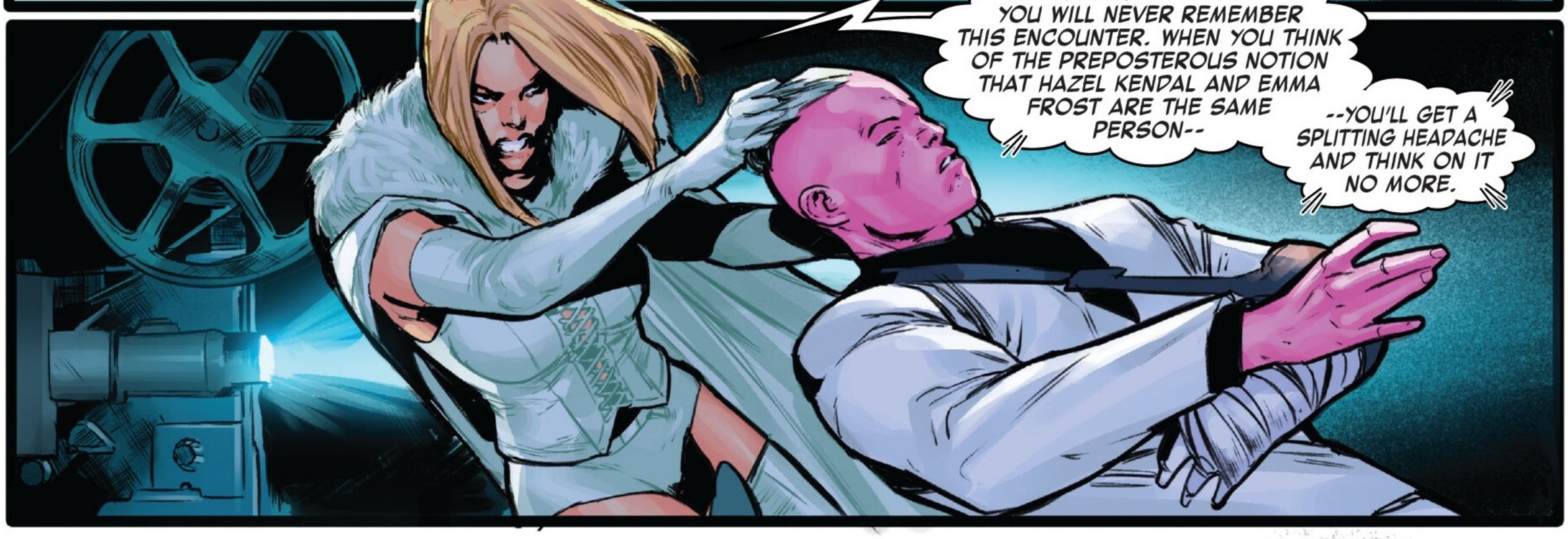

I'VE MADE SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT LEAPS OF MY CAREER.
I DON'T HAVE THE DISCOVERY IN MY HAND YET BECAUSE MY PRIZE LIES BEYOND.
IT'S A METAL OUTSIDE OUR PERIODIC TABLE THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST, BECAUSE IT'S OUTSIDE OF OUR UNIVERSE.
IF I'M SUCCESSFUL, THIS METAL COULD BE MORE SIGNIFICANT TO HUMANITY THAN IRON WAS TO OUR ANCESTORS.
GOODBYE, TONY. I HOPE...I SEE YOU AGAIN. AND YOU GROW UP TO BE THE KIND OF MAN WHO WILL UNDERSTAND--
--WHY I HAD TO DO WHAT I NEED TO DO. FOR ALL MANKIND.
I'M SORRY THAT WORK TOOK SO MUCH TIME AWAY FROM US. SO I WANT YOU TO HEAR IT DIRECTLY FROM ME...
...YOU WERE MY GREATEST COLLABORATION.

UGH. STARK.


HELL-- FEILONG KNOWS WE'RE IN HIS HEAD.


KIYAH!
YOU AND THE WITCH-- HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT! DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL?

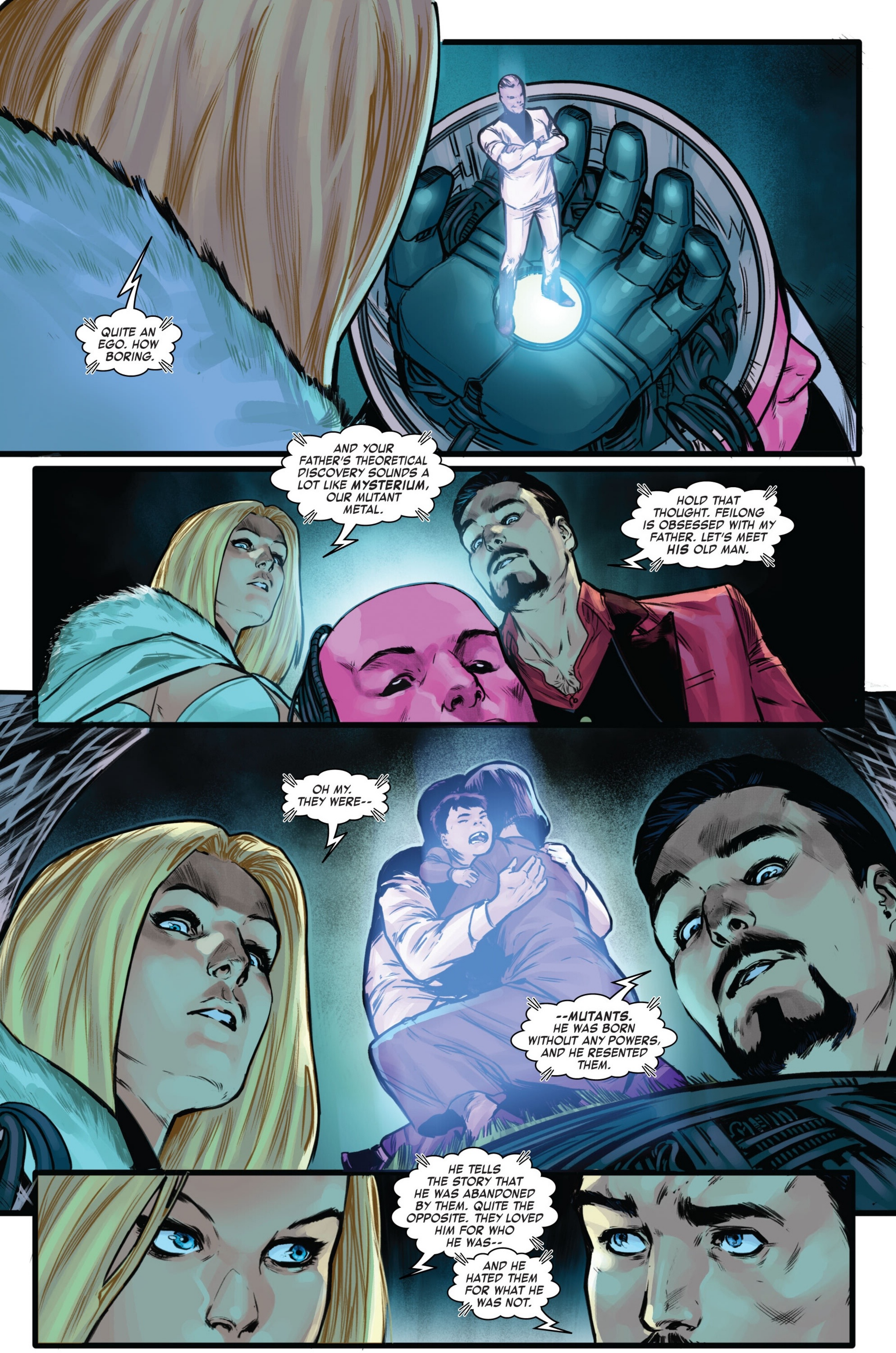

AARGH!

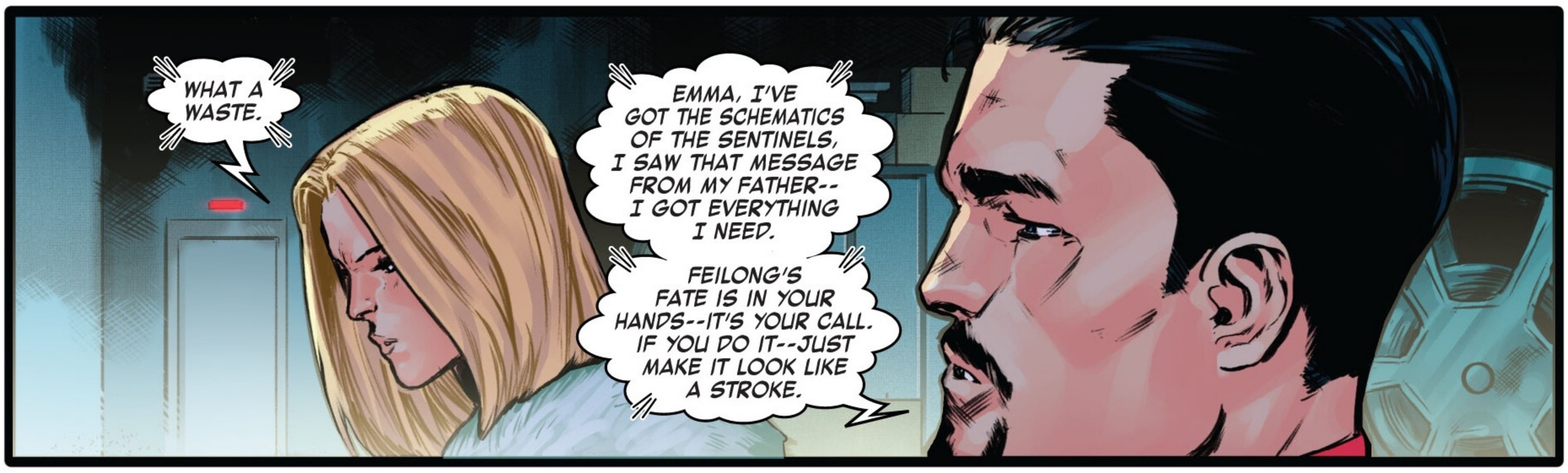

RELAX, FEILONG. YOU WILL NEVER REMEMBER THIS ENCOUNTER. WHEN YOU THINK OF THE PREPOSTEROUS NOTION THAT HAZEL KENDAL AND EMMA FROST ARE THE SAME PERSON--
--YOU'LL GET A SPLITTING HEADACHE AND THINK ON IT NO MORE.

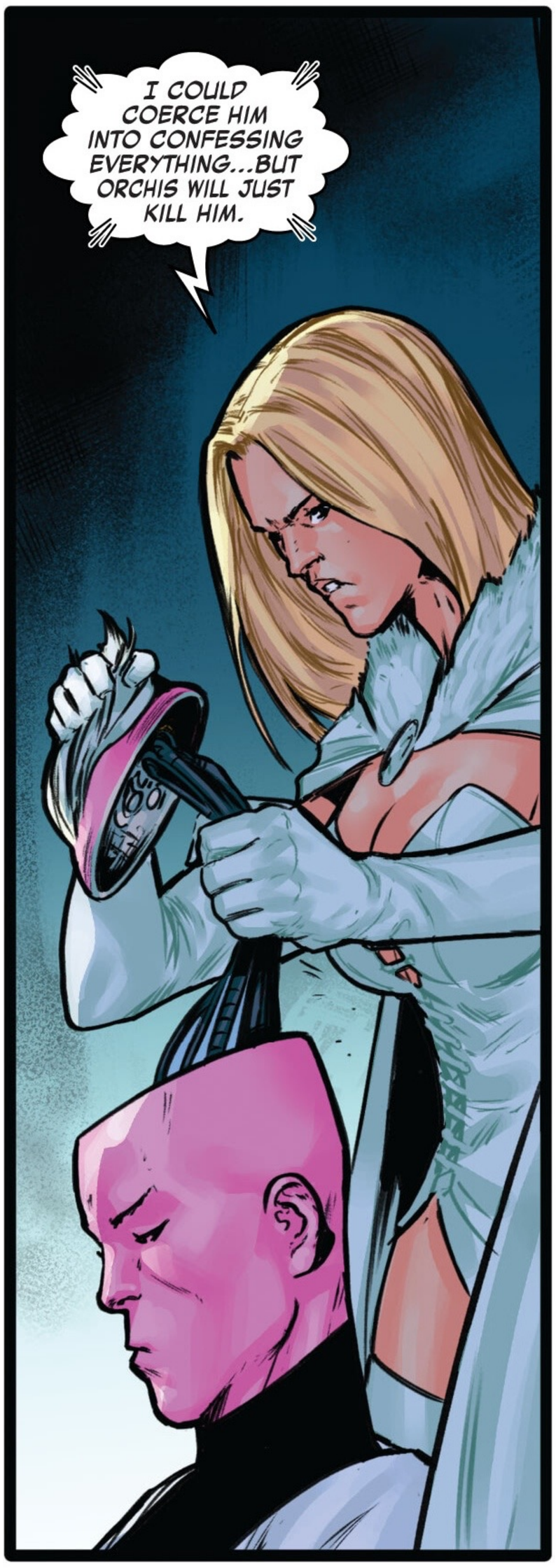
WE SHOULD CONCLUDE OUR VISIT, TONY--BUT BEFORE WE GO, I WANT A DEEP DIVE.

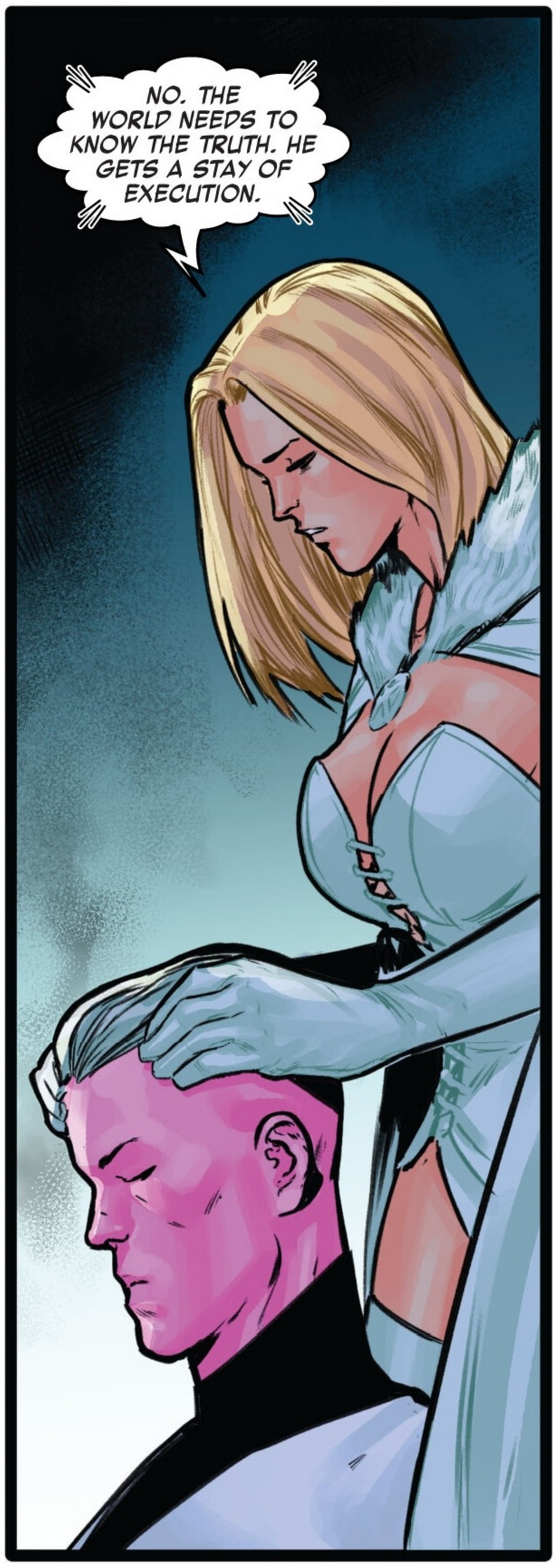
WHO IS THIS SMALL MAN...

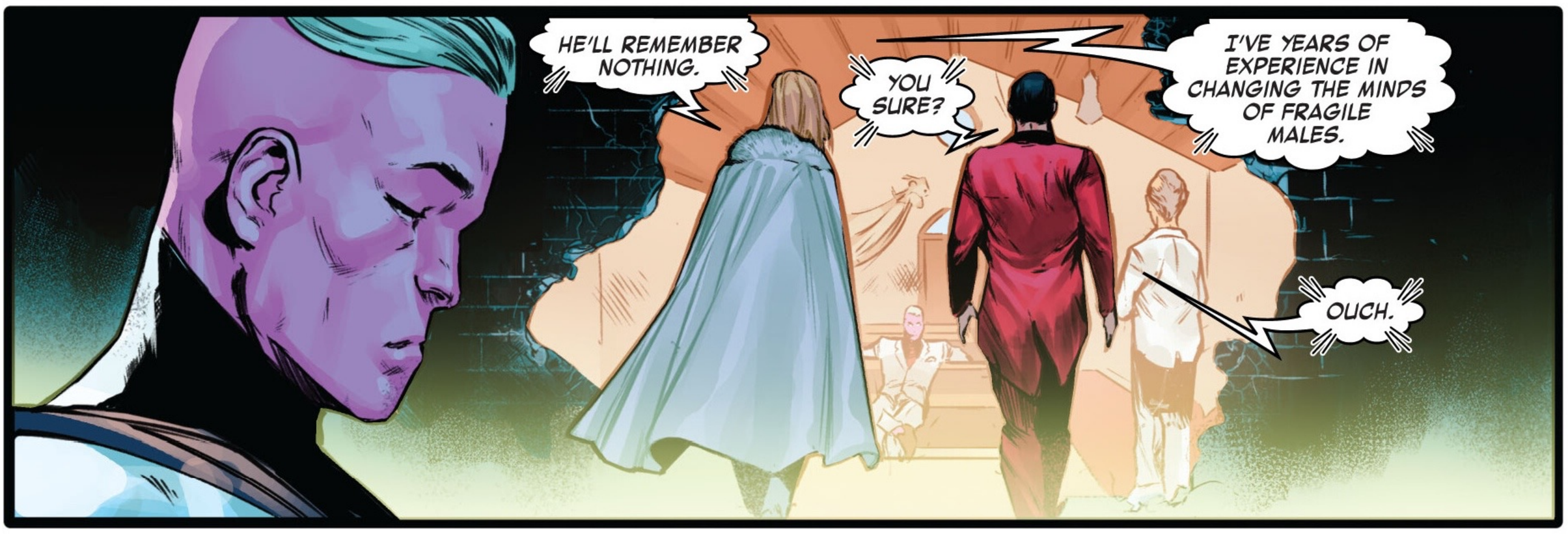
...AND WHY DOES HE HATE US SO?

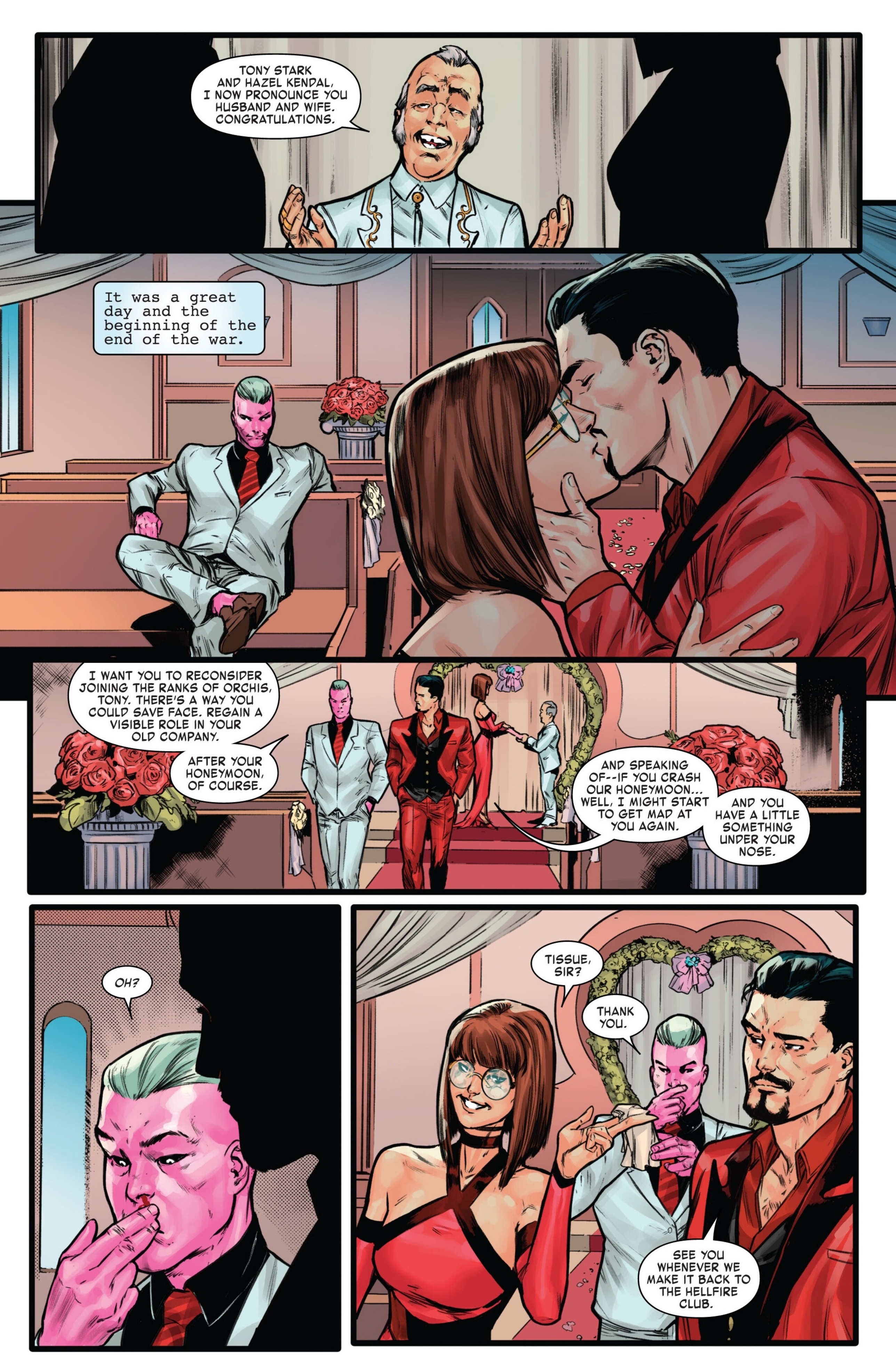

QUITE AN EGO. HOW BORING.
AND YOUR FATHER'S THEORETICAL DISCOVERY SOUNDS A LOT LIKE MYSTERIUM, OUR MUTANT METAL.
HOLD THAT THOUGHT. FEILONG IS OBSESSED WITH MY FATHER. LET'S MEET HIS OLD MAN.
OH MY. THEY WERE--
--MUTANTS. HE WAS BORN WITHOUT ANY POWERS, AND HE RESENTED THEM.
HE TELLS THE STORY THAT HE WAS ABANDONED BY THEM. QUITE THE OPPOSITE. THEY LOVED HIM FOR WHO HE WAS--
AND HE HATED THEM FOR WHAT HE WAS NOT.


WHAT A WASTE.
EMMA, I'VE GOT THE SCHEMATICS OF THE SENTINELS, I SAW THAT MESSAGE FROM MY FATHER-- I GOT EVERYTHING I NEED.
FEILONG'S FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS--IT'S YOUR CALL. IF YOU DO IT--JUST MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A STROKE.

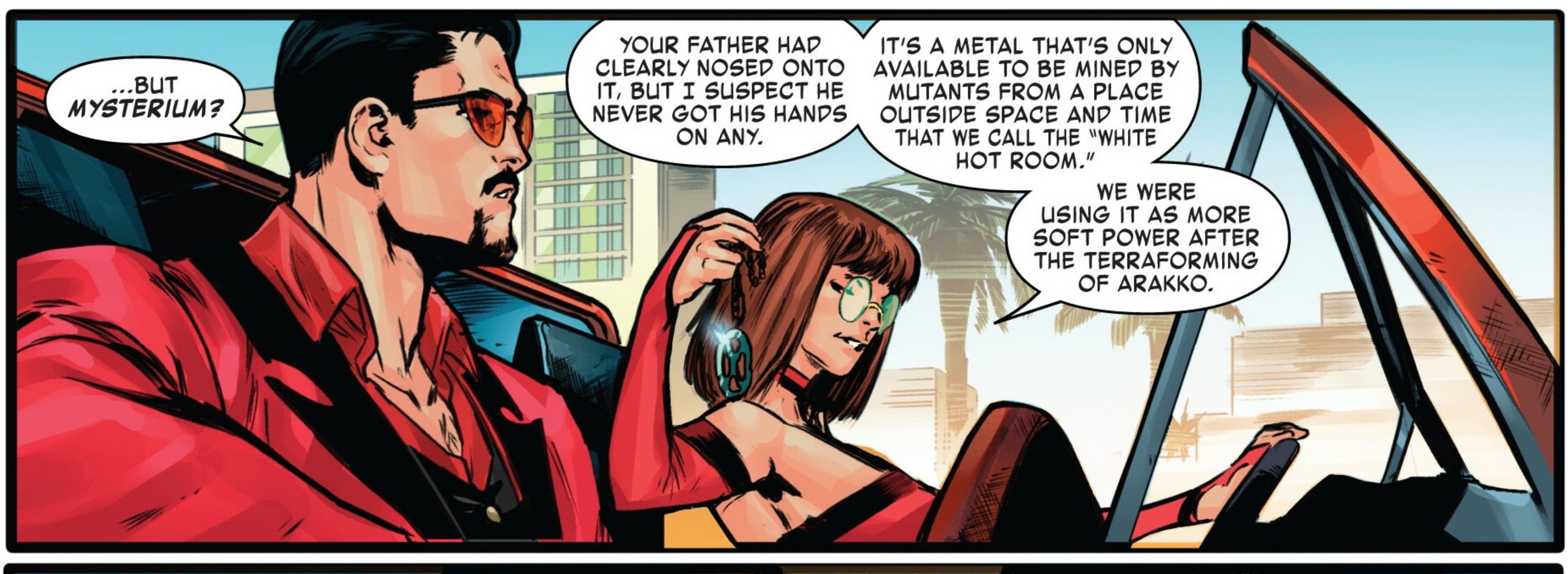

I COULD COERCE HIM INTO CONFESSING EVERYTHING...BUT ORCHIS WILL JUST KILL HIM.


NO. THE WORLD NEEDS TO KNOW THE TRUTH. HE GETS A STAY OF EXECUTION.

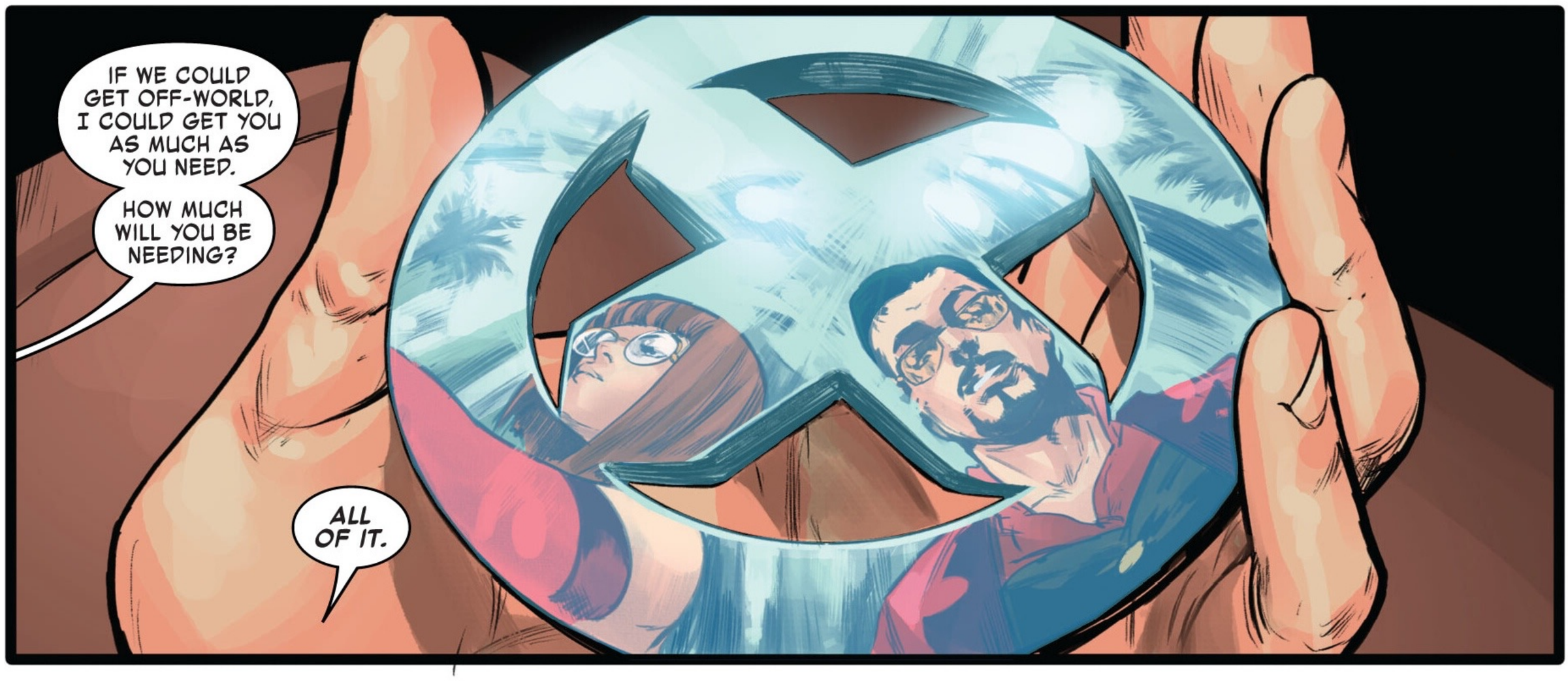

HE'LL REMEMBER NOTHING.
YOU SURE?
I'VE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN CHANGING THE MINDS OF FRAGILE MALES.
OUCH.


TONY STARK AND HAZEL KENDAL, I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU HUSBAND AND WIFE. CONGRATULATIONS.
It was a great day and the beginning of the end of the war.
I WANT YOU TO RECONSIDER JOINING THE RANKS OF ORCHIS, TONY. THERE'S A WAY YOU COULD SAVE FACE. REGAIN A VISIBLE ROLE IN YOUR OLD COMPANY.
AFTER YOUR HONEYMOON, OF COURSE.
AND SPEAKING OF--IF YOU CRASH OUR HONEYMOON... WELL, I MIGHT START TO GET MAD AT YOU AGAIN.
AND YOU HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING UNDER YOUR NOSE.
OH?
TISSUE, SIR?
THANK YOU.
SEE YOU WHENEVER WE MAKE IT BACK TO THE HELLFIRE CLUB.

Gamble of LOVE
NOT TO GET RIGHT BACK TO WORK...


...BUT MYSTERIUM?
YOUR FATHER HAD CLEARLY NOSED ONTO IT, BUT I SUSPECT HE NEVER GOT HIS HANDS ON ANY.
IT'S A METAL THAT'S ONLY AVAILABLE TO BE MINED BY MUTANTS FROM A PLACE OUTSIDE SPACE AND TIME THAT WE CALL THE "WHITE HOT ROOM."
WE WERE USING IT AS MORE SOFT POWER AFTER THE TERRAFORMING OF ARAKKO.

UH-HUH.
HOW MUCH OF IT IS THERE?


IF WE COULD GET OFF-WORLD, I COULD GET YOU AS MUCH AS YOU NEED.
HOW MUCH WILL YOU BE NEEDING?
ALL OF IT.

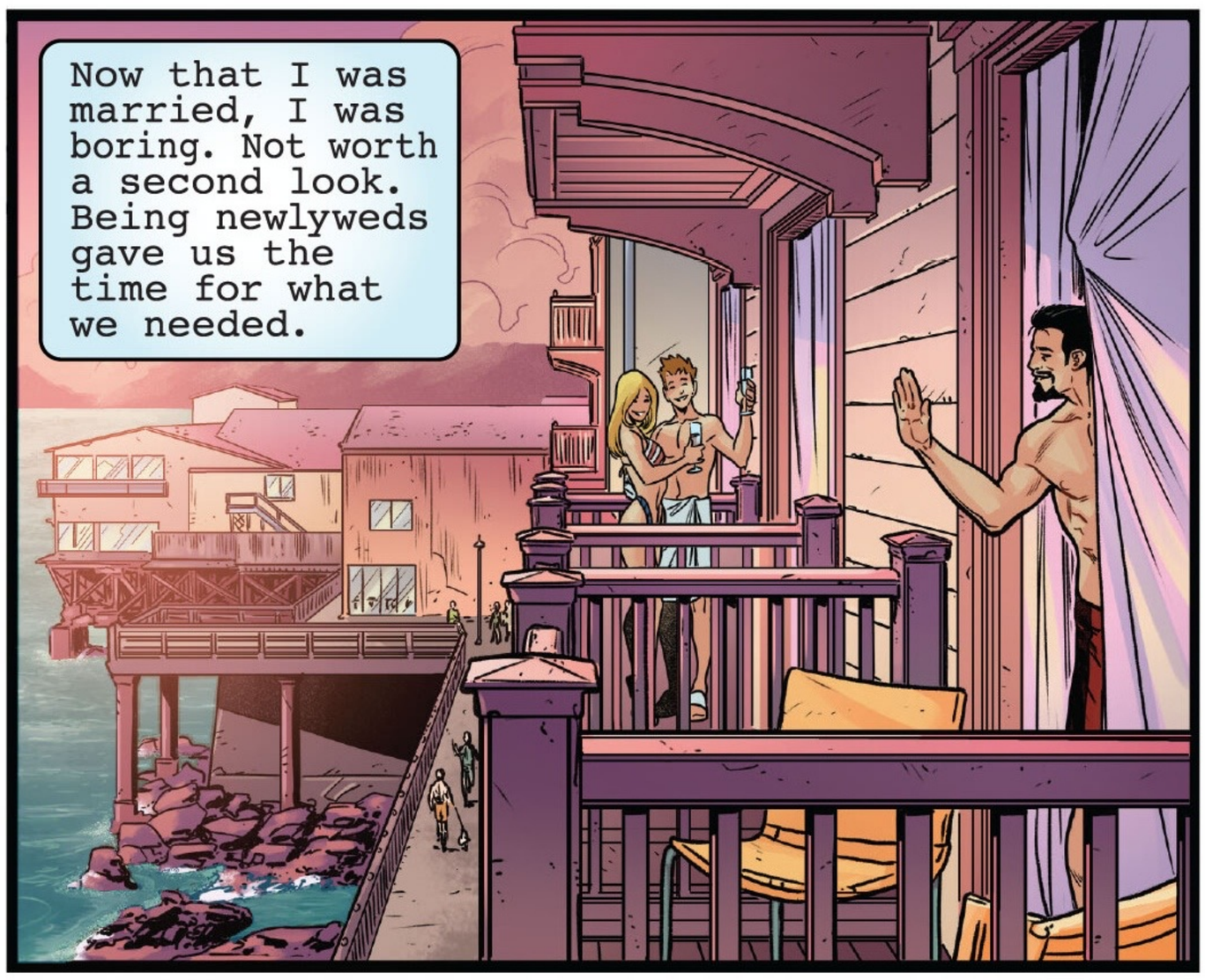
ELEVEN

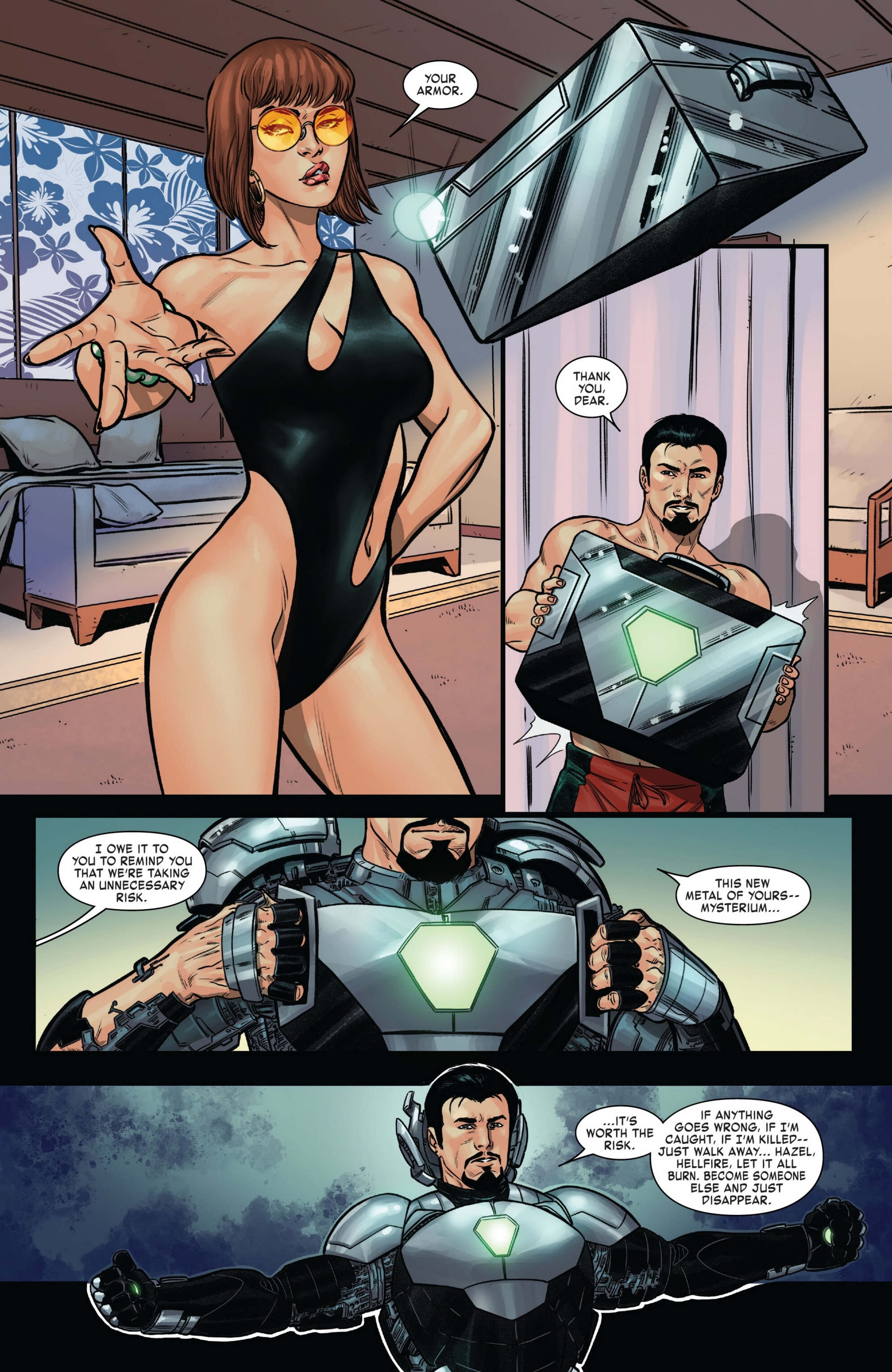
You would think that a chapter dedicated to my honeymoon in my autobiography would be ill-advised, but I think this is pretty exciting stuff.

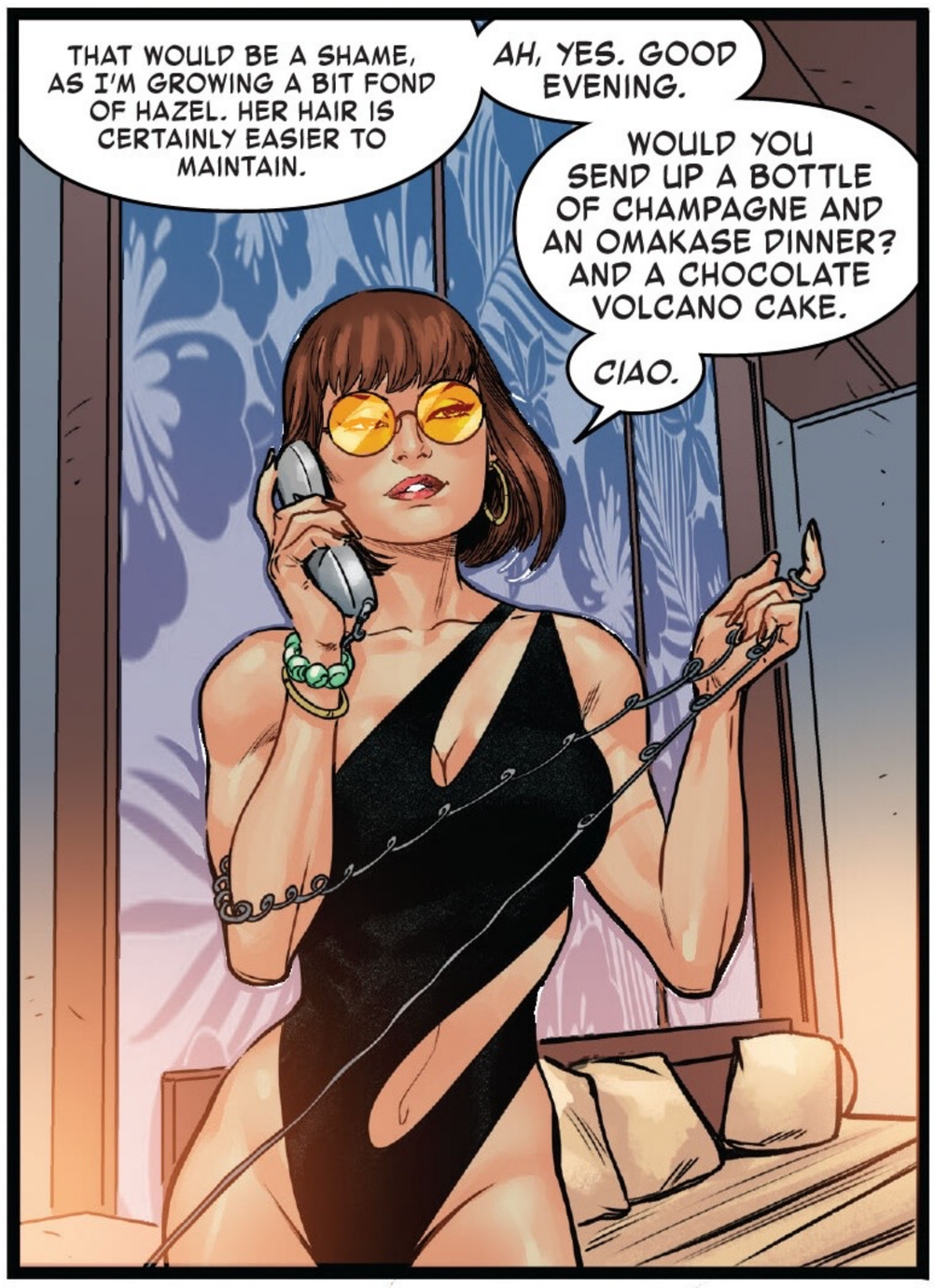
I was married. We'd arrived on the north shore of Oahu to be seen on our honeymoon.

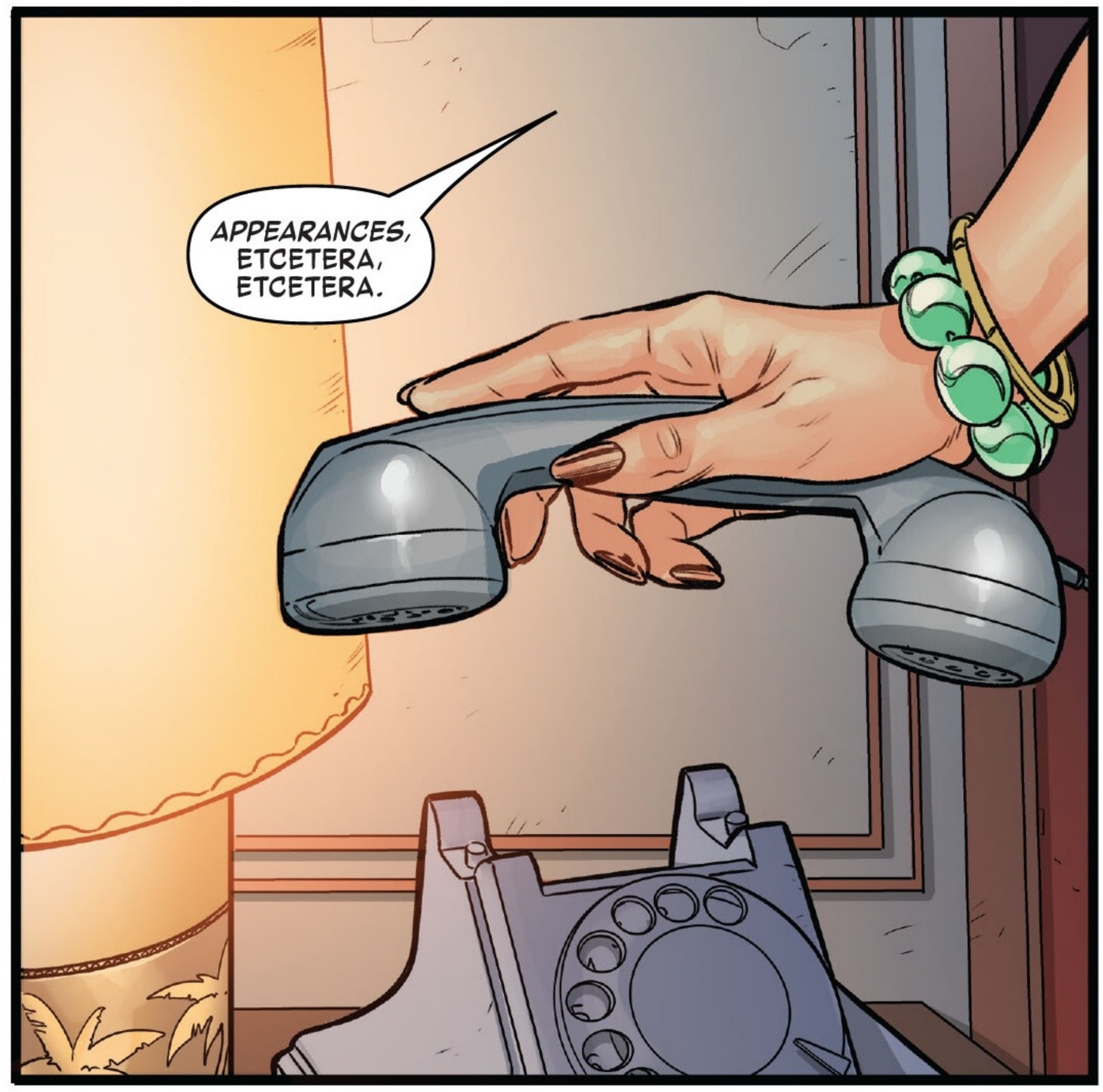
And my wife had slipped into one of her old aliases as easily as she ever slipped into any of those outfits from her galas.

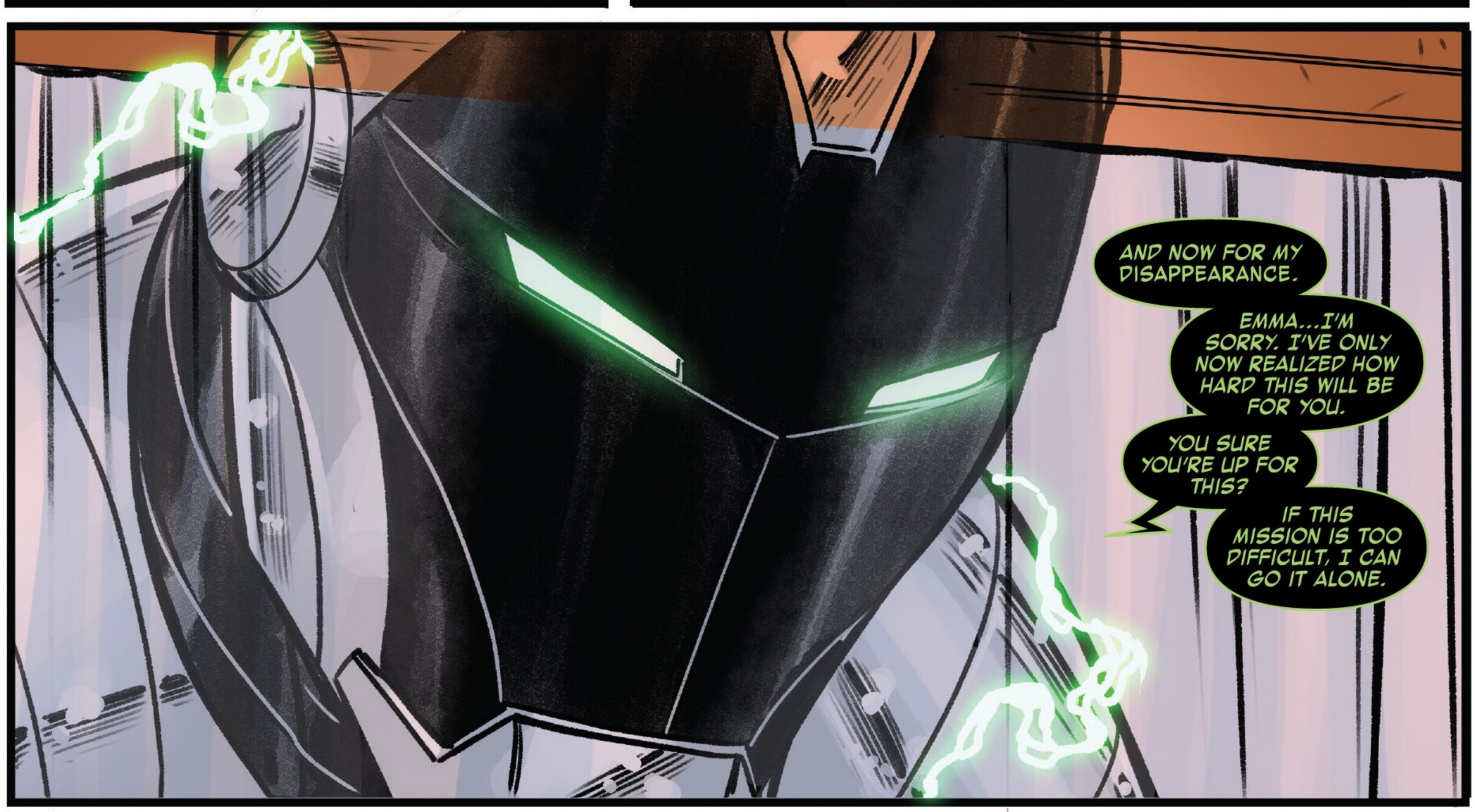
I never got a chance to surf, but I took a lesson and the instructor's dog was a big fan.



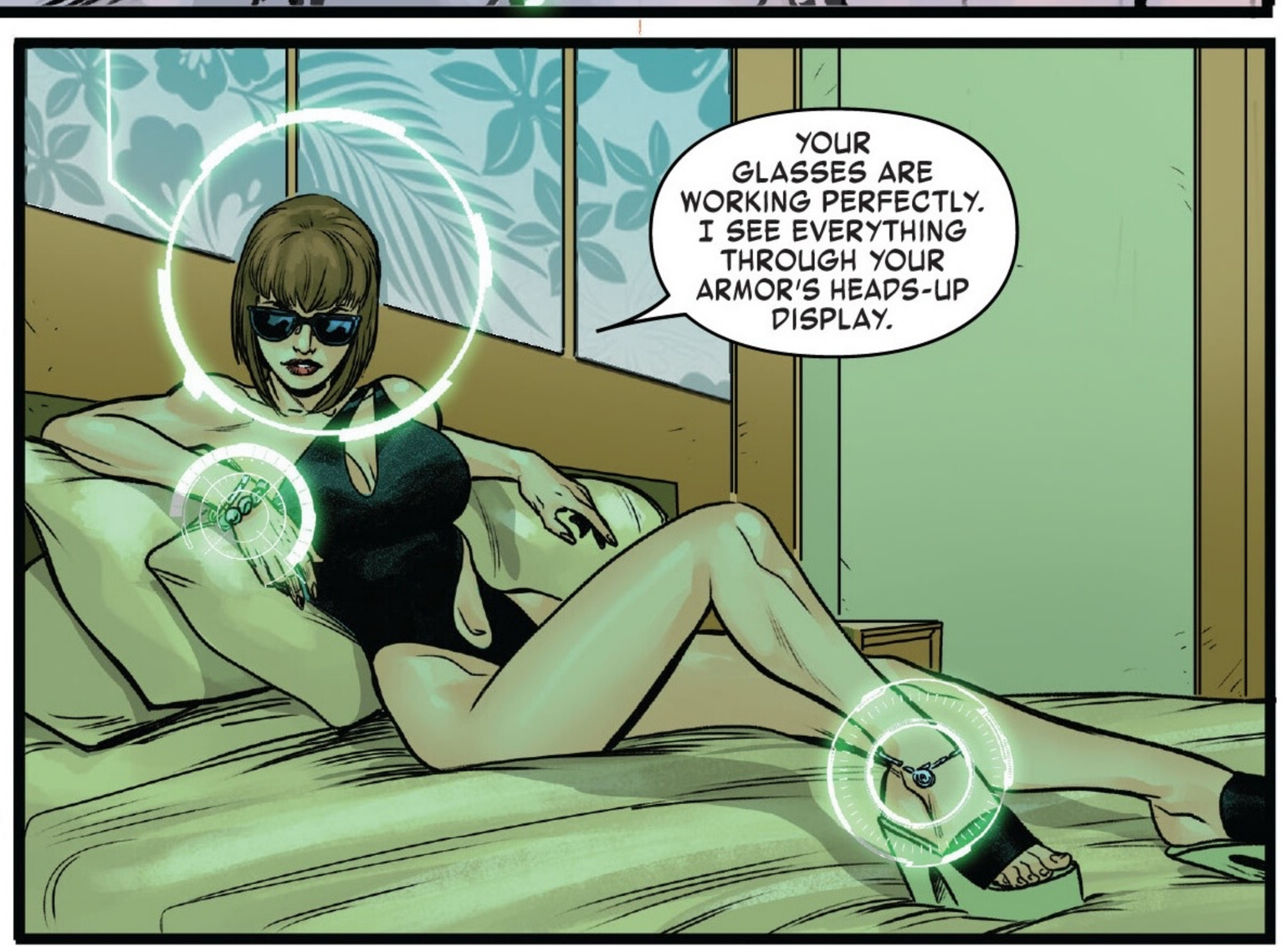

YOUR ARMOR.
THANK YOU, DEAR.
I OWE IT TO YOU TO REMIND YOU THAT WE'RE TAKING AN UNNECESSARY RISK.
THIS NEW METAL OF YOURS-- MYSTERIUM...
...IT'S WORTH THE RISK.
IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, IF I'M CAUGHT, IF I'M KILLED-- JUST WALK AWAY... HAZEL, HELLFIRE, LET IT ALL BURN. BECOME SOMEONE ELSE AND JUST DISAPPEAR.


THAT WOULD BE A SHAME, AS I'M GROWING A BIT FOND OF HAZEL. HER HAIR IS CERTAINLY EASIER TO MAINTAIN.
AH, YES. GOOD EVENING.
WOULD YOU SEND UP A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AND AN OMAKASE DINNER? AND A CHOCOLATE VOLCANO CAKE.
CIAO.


APPEARANCES, ETCETERA, ETCETERA.


AND NOW FOR MY DISAPPEARANCE.
EMMA...I'M SORRY. I'VE ONLY NOW REALIZED HOW HARD THIS WILL BE FOR YOU.
YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS?
IF THIS MISSION IS TOO DIFFICULT, I CAN GO IT ALONE.

I'M MADE OF STERNER STUFF THAN THAT, ANTHONY.


YOUR GLASSES ARE WORKING PERFECTLY. I SEE EVERYTHING THROUGH YOUR ARMOR'S HEADS-UP DISPLAY.

We chose Hawaii not just because we could do so on our limited budget, which, to our mutual chagrin, we were not used to being on, but I digress…
The *real* reason we chose Hawaii was its proximity to the main island of **Krakoa.**
To be safe, I dove beneath the waves to breach the "living" island. At the risk of seeming obtuse, on approach I was thinking, isn't every island living?

But to see Krakoa with your own eyes, it was a marvel. I know how Emma and the mutants felt.

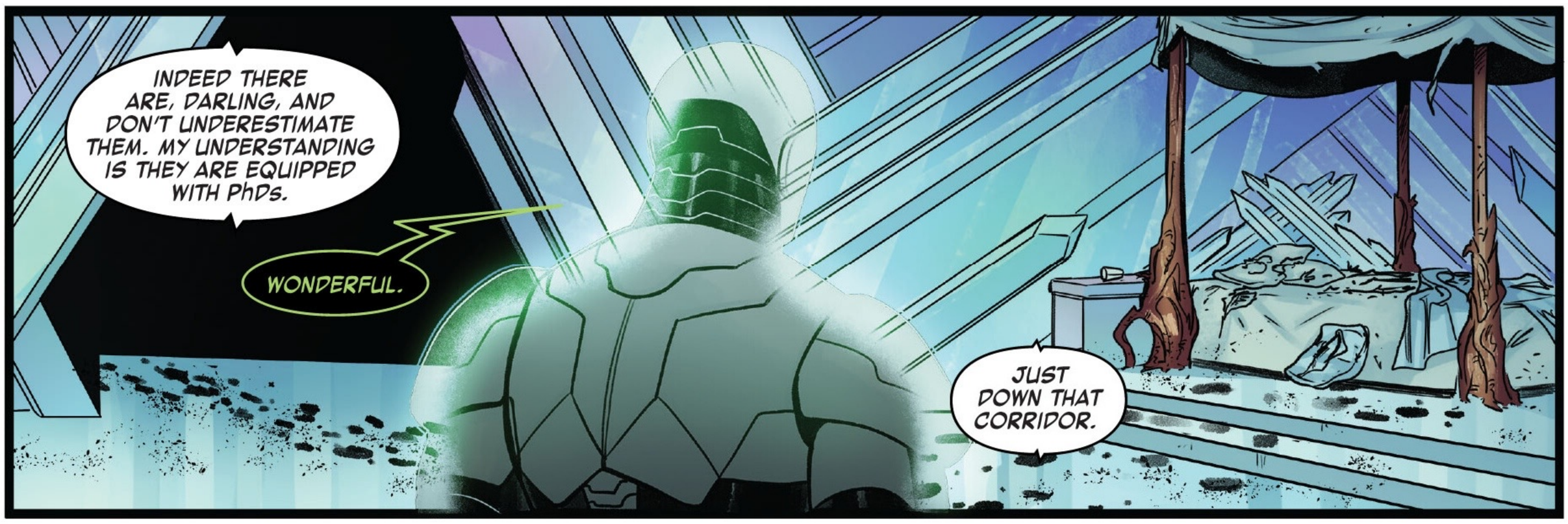
Seeing your creations ruined is a bitter taste that you can never truly be free of.

...THE WHITE PALACE.
MY RESIDENCE IS...WAS AT THE TOP OF THE STRUCTURE.

I TOOK POSSESSION OF A MODEST AMOUNT OF THE METAL THAT WAS MEANT TO BE TURNED INTO GIFTS BY FORGE.
IF THE MYSTERIUM HASN'T BEEN FOUND AND CONFISCATED YET, IT WILL BE IN THE LARGER OF MY WALK-IN CLOSETS.
WELL, I'M LOSING HOPE, BECAUSE IT'S NOT ON MY SPECTROMETER, AND I THINK WE MAY HAVE SOME TROUBLE--

--ORCHIS IS HERE.
YOU TWO WAIT HERE. WE'VE LOST TOO MANY OPERATIVES TO LET OUR GUARDS DOWN...

OH MY GOD. THERE ARE ORCHIS APES?!



WOW. KRAKOA GREW ALL OF THIS FOR YOU?

YES...

...I ASKED *VERY* NICELY.

LOOK FOR A TRUNK WITH WHITE THIGH-HIGH BOOTS ON THE TOP.

ANTHONY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE INVISIBLE TO THE INTELLIGENT APE?

UH...EVEN IF IT'S THE WORLD'S MOST INTELLIGENT APE, IT'S STILL UP AGAINST--

FEILONG TUNED OUR SATELLITES TO FIND A NEW ELEMENT AND AN ANOMALOUS READING ON A SATELLITE SPECTROMETER BROUGHT ME HERE. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU.

WHERE IS THE WHITE QUEEN, IRON MAN?

AARGH!

SORRY, WHO?

I JUST SAW THE SIGNS ABOUT AN ESTATE SALE.

NO JAPES!

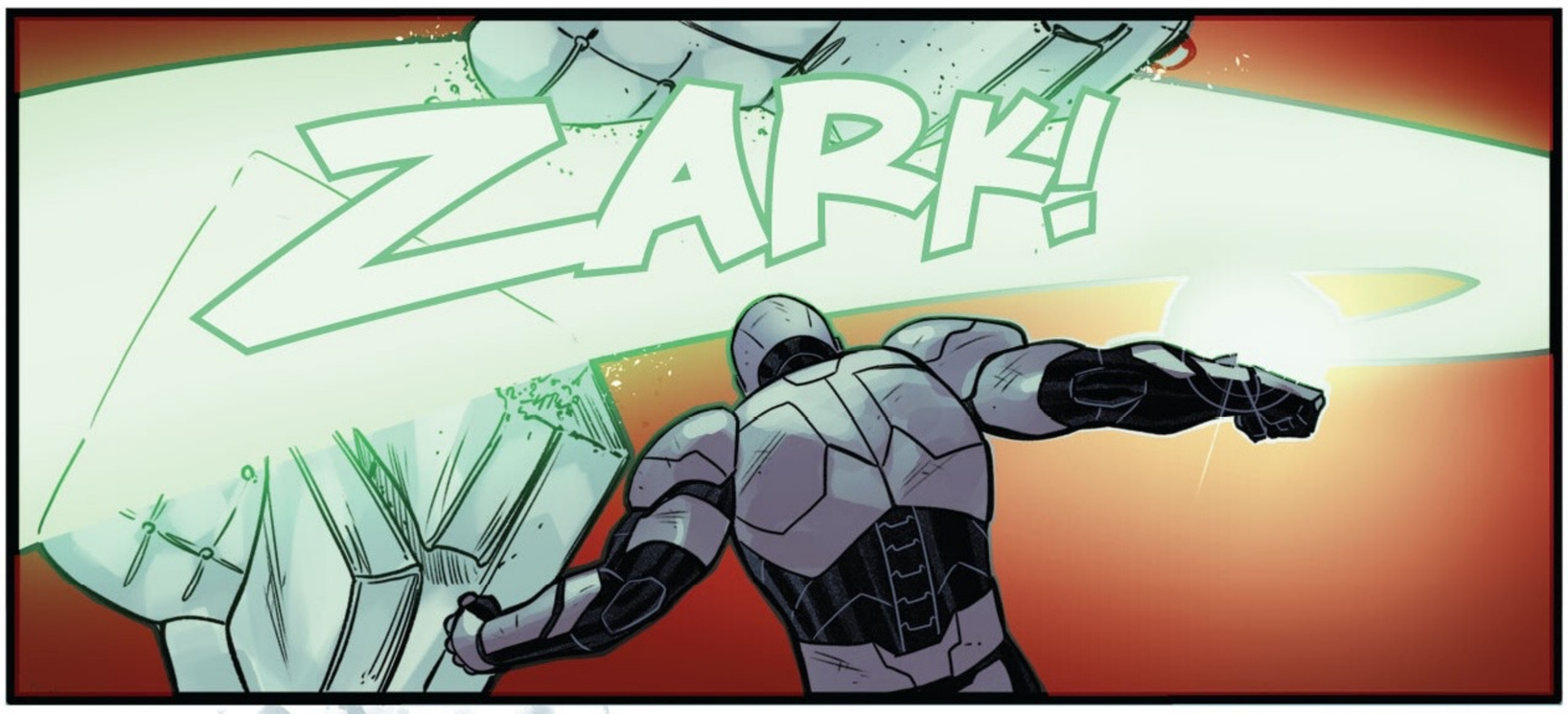
NO JAPES FOR APES-- UGHN!

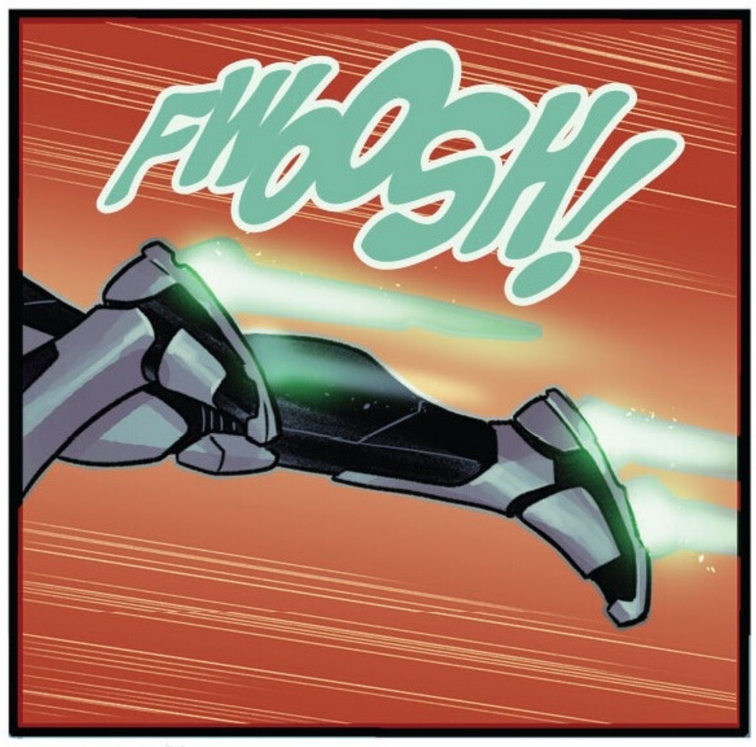
FEILONG WILL BE SO DISTRESSED THAT HIS LITTLE PET C.E.O. HAS BEEN LYING AND STILL WEARS A SUIT OF ARMOR.

FEILONG PROMISED US YOU WERE UTTERLY DEFEATED, STARK.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOOD AT PLAYING POSSUM.

I THINK I SMELL SOME POSSUM ON YOUR BREATH.



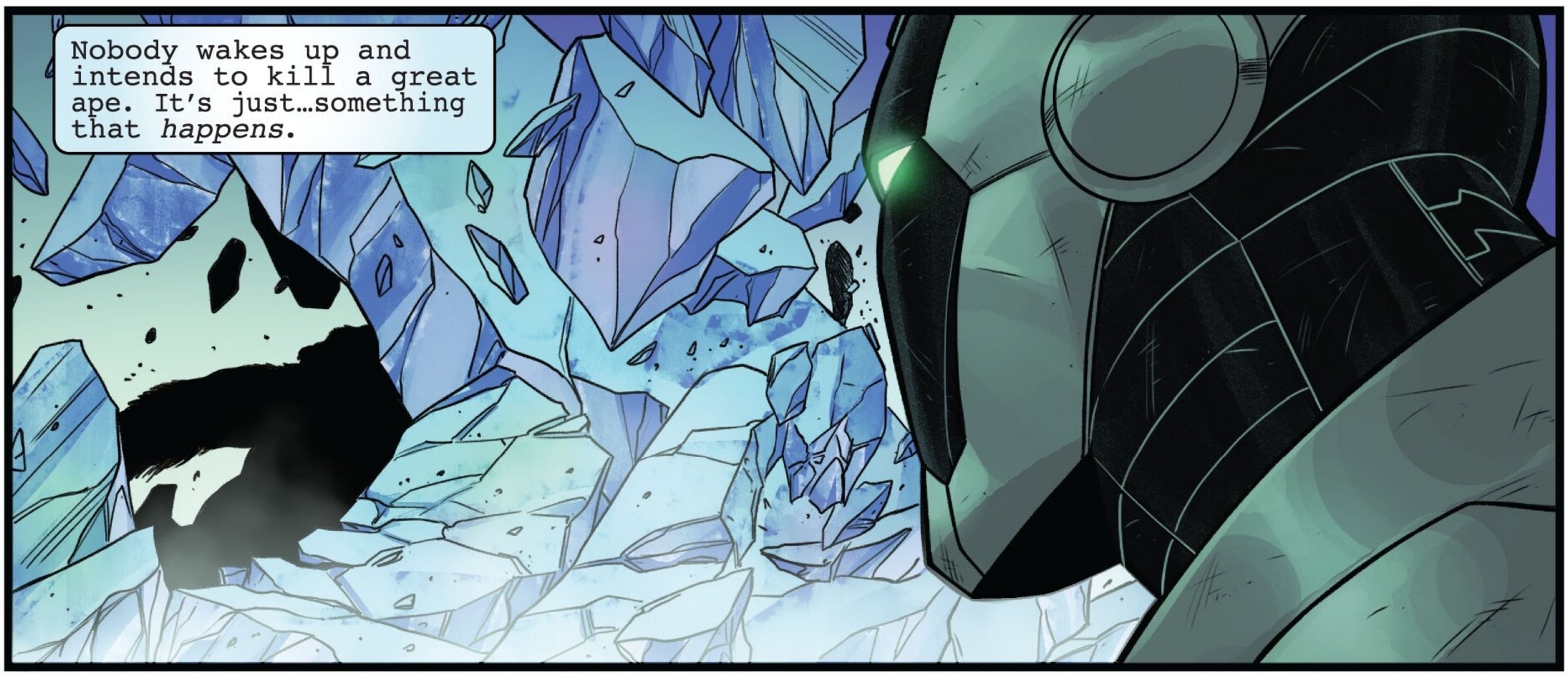


WHUDD!

I THINK PERHAPS I'LL TASTE MEAT AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES.

I'LL CRACK THAT ARMOR AND RIP THE MEAT RIGHT OUT AS THOUGH YOU WERE A LOBSTER.

OKAY, NOW THINGS ARE GETTING KIND OF WEIRD. LET'S REMEMBER YOU HAVE A PhD. HERE'S A LESSON IN GRAVITY.

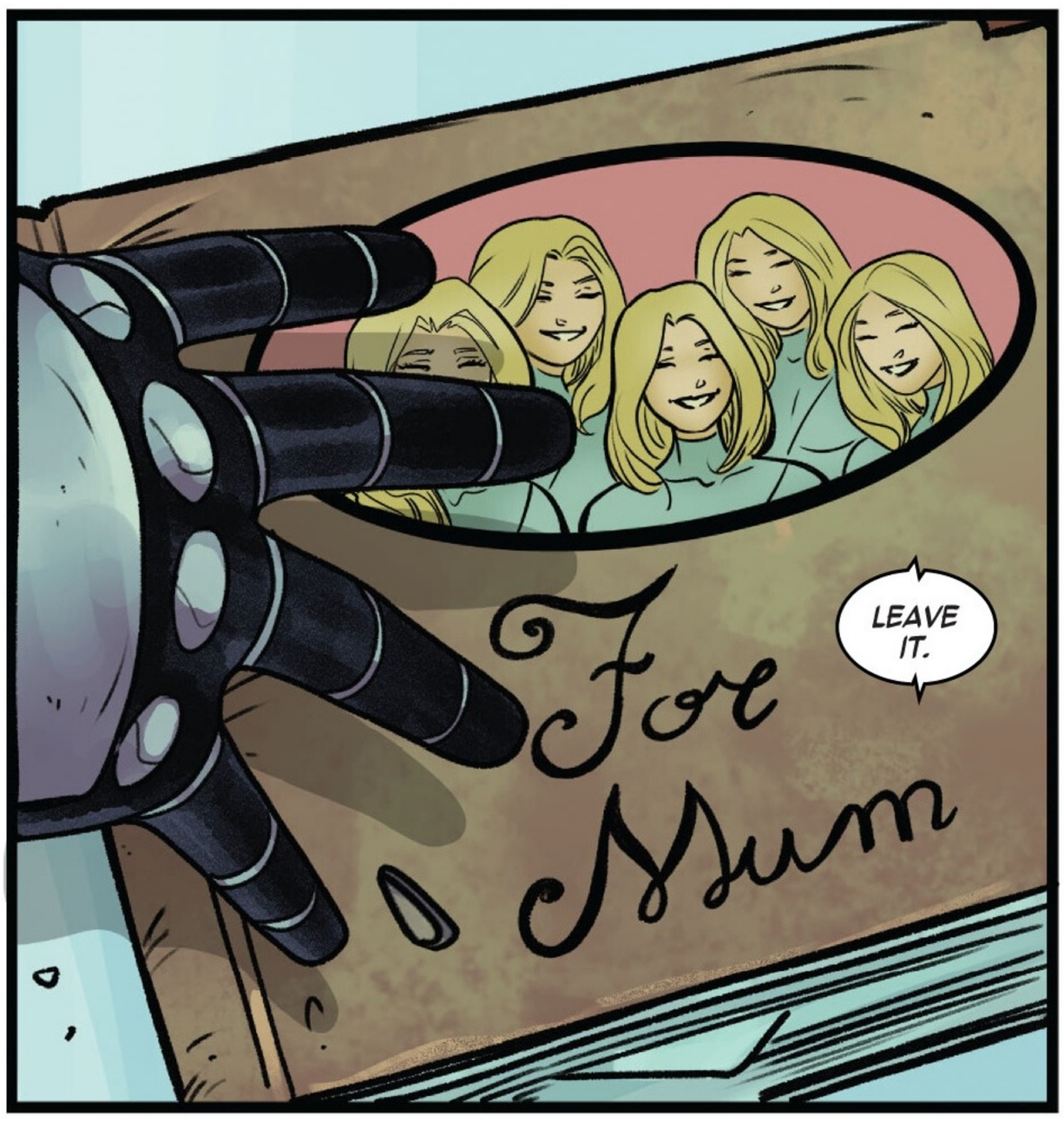

Nobody wakes up and intends to kill a great ape. It's just…something that *happens*.

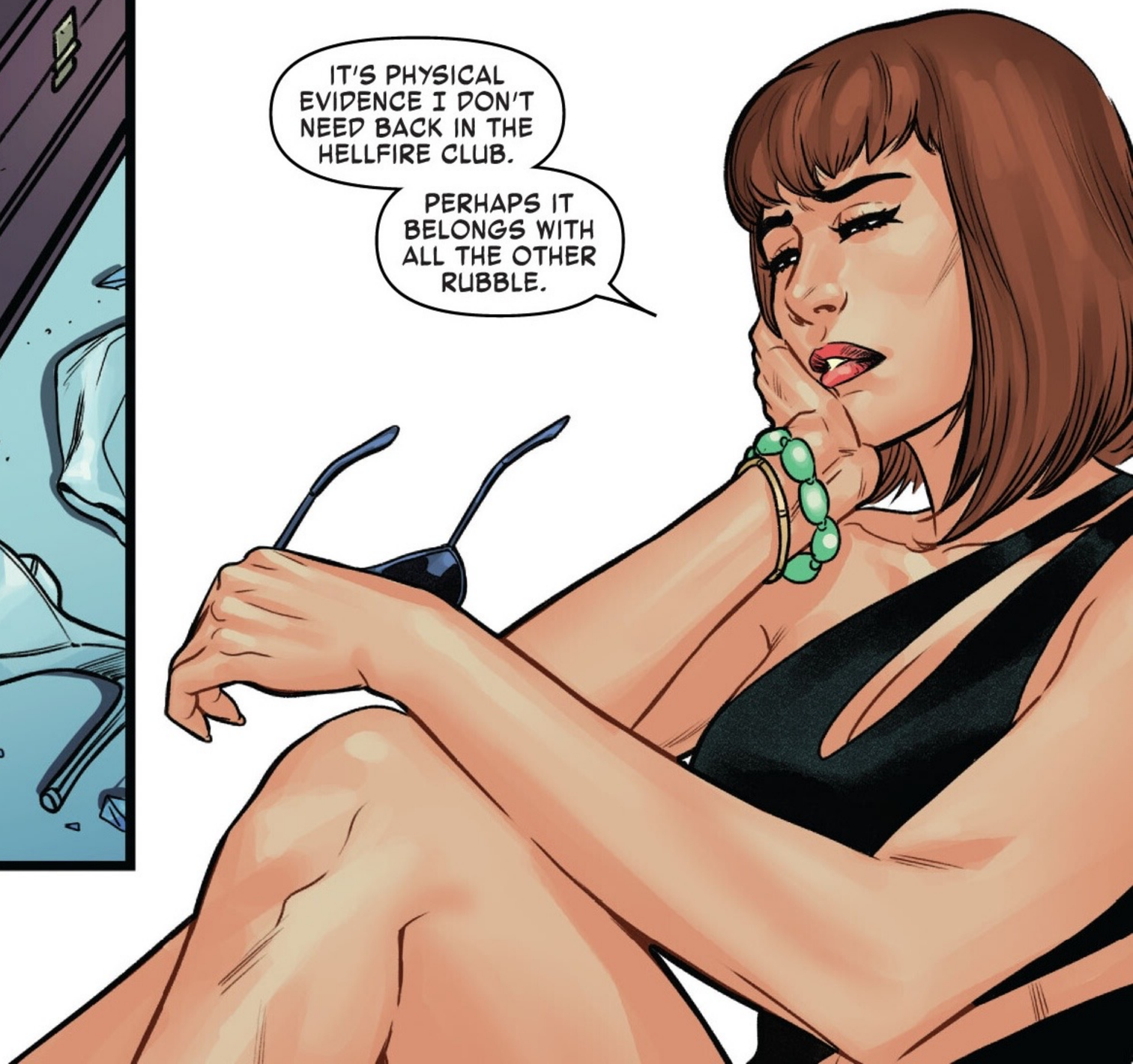
WELL, BABE. I DID PROMISE YOU A HELL OF A HONEYMOON.
EMMA? YOU OKAY?

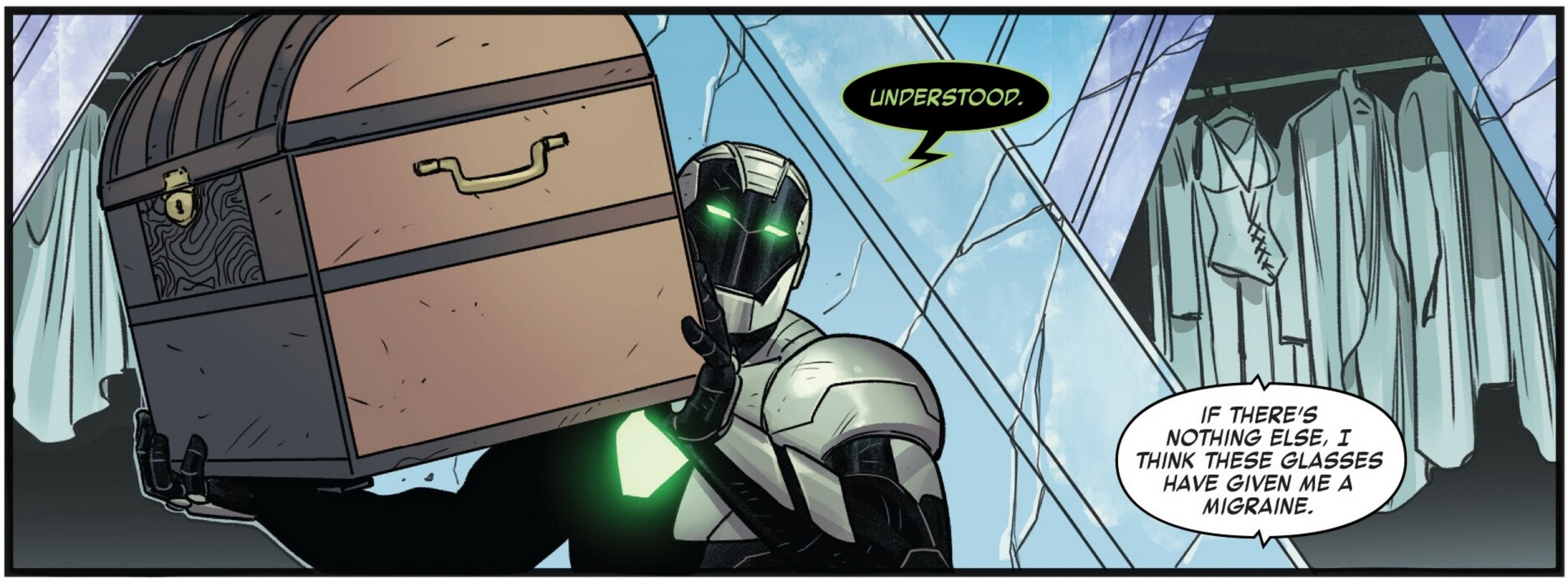
I'LL BE FINE.
DARE I ASK... IS THE METAL THERE?
LET'S SEE IF WE'RE HAPPY.

OH YEAH. WE'RE HAPPY.

EMMA, I FOUND SOMETHING YOU MIGHT WANT.
For Mum

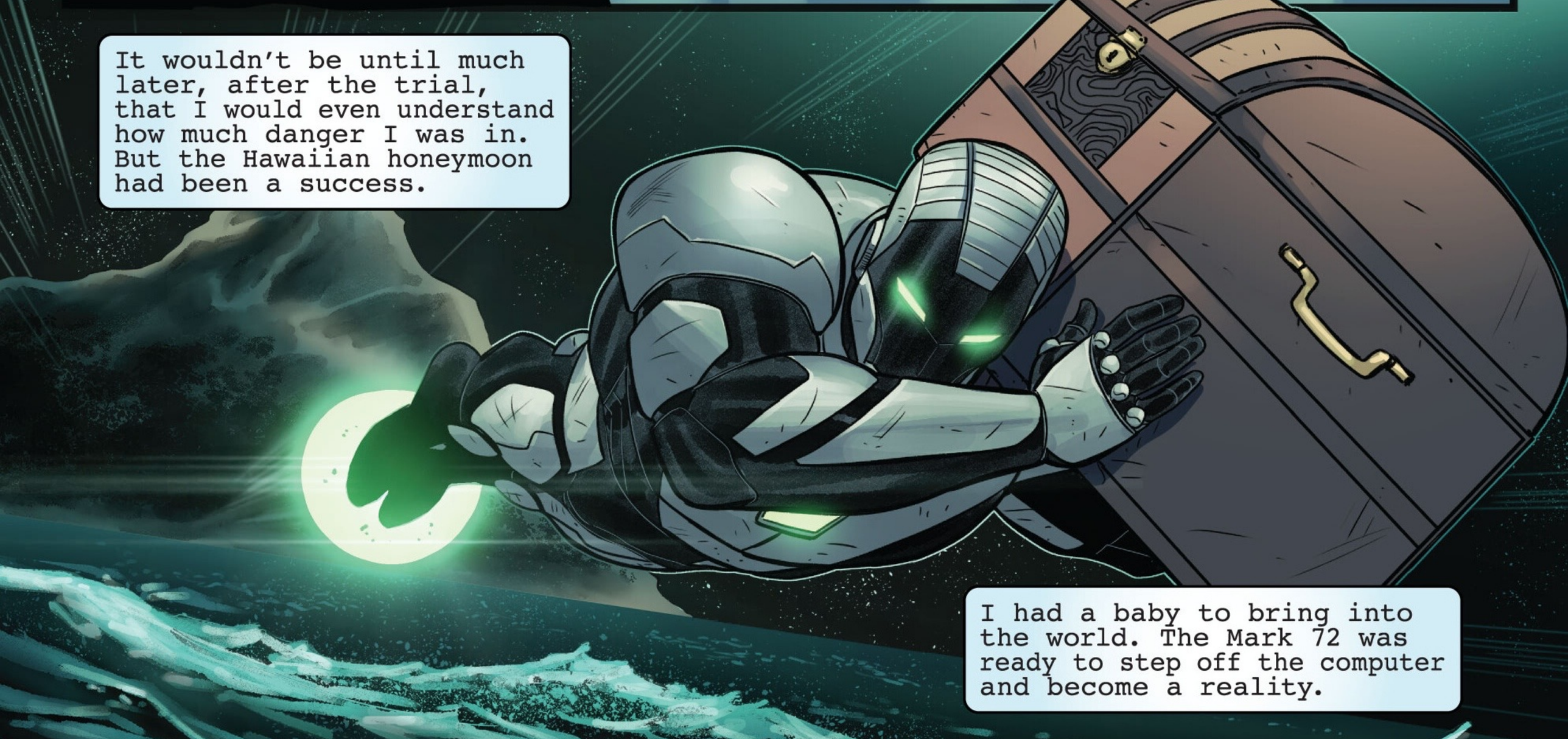

LEAVE IT.
For Mum

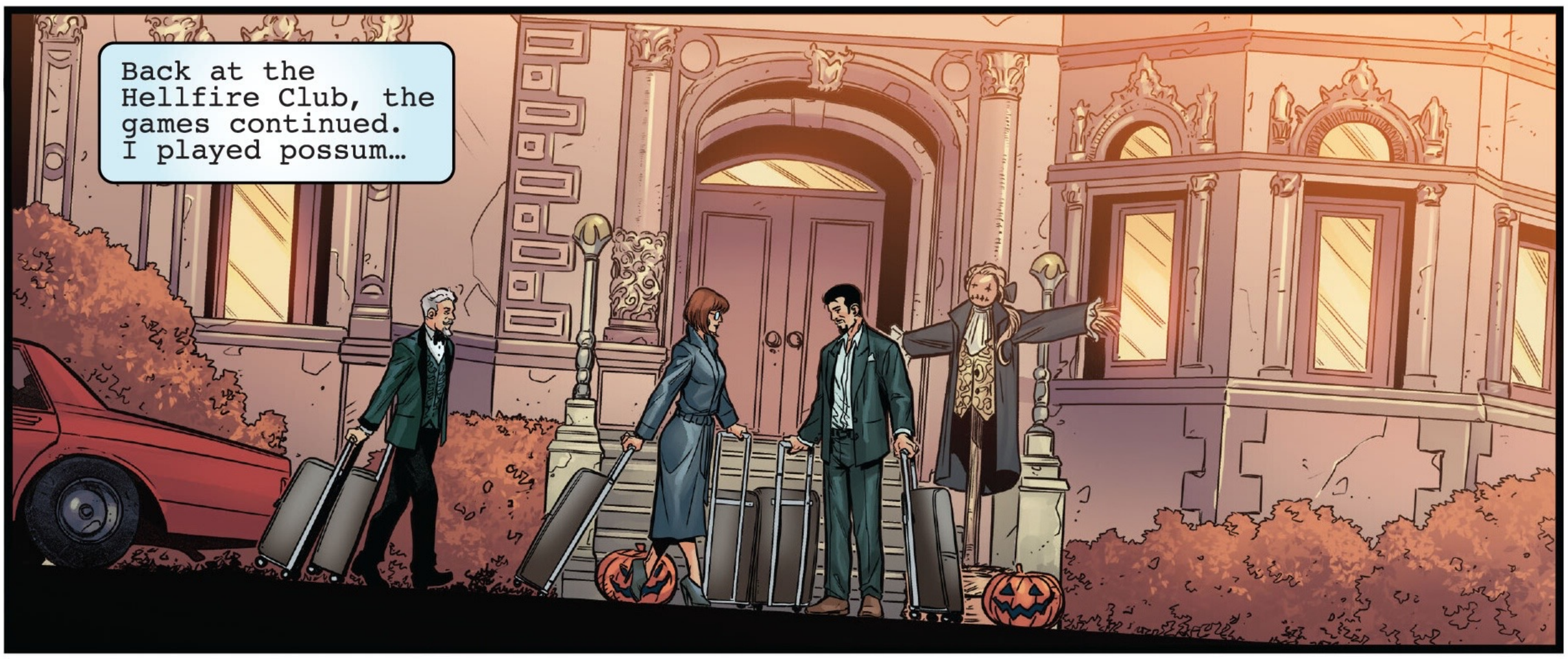

IT'S PHYSICAL EVIDENCE I DON'T NEED BACK IN THE HELLFIRE CLUB.
PERHAPS IT BELONGS WITH ALL THE OTHER RUBBLE.


UNDERSTOOD.
IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE, I THINK THESE GLASSES HAVE GIVEN ME A MIGRAINE.

SIGN OFF. AND SEE YOU SOON.

I only had boots on the ground for a few minutes on the island, but I was left with the strangest sensation that I was not alone.*
*HE'S RIGHT--SOMEONE IS PROTECTING THE ISLAND! SEE IMMORTAL X-MEN FOR DETAILS! --DS


It wouldn't be until much later, after the trial, that I would even understand how much danger I was in. But the Hawaiian honeymoon had been a success.
I had a baby to bring into the world. The Mark 72 was ready to step off the computer and become a reality.


Back at the Hellfire Club, the games continued. I played possum…

…better than I played cards.

The only place I wanted to be was at my workbench.
No, not that one.
I had a workbench.

KLIKK
WHIRR

I'd become as invisible as the Mark Nil. Boring in real life and exciting in my designs.

The machine I'd liberated from Stane International was working perfectly.

I'd managed to shape the mysterium into an ordinary cane.

It was something I wanted to test before I trusted it with my life.

HMM. VERY NICE.

It was time to visit some old friends.

I went straight over to the Jarvis Lounge.

UGHN!

C'MON, CAROL. PUT SOME EFFORT INTO IT. THIS IS IMPORTANT.

DAMMIT.

I CAN'T EVEN GET IT TO BEND A LITTLE.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

IT'S THE *FUTURE.*

We all have friends we don't talk about for one reason or another. After Captain Marvel failed to make a dent in my future plans…

…I visited a friend who shall rename nameless, but trust me…

BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH!

…the man could be as destructive as the Hulk if he wanted to be.

TONY, I'M ACCUSTOMED TO FRUSTRATION WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT--BUT THIS IS JUST BEYOND THE PALE.

I CAN'T EVEN CAST A SIMPLE *LEVITATION* SPELL ON THIS CANE. THE SPELL I JUST HIT IT WITH SHOULD HAVE ATOMIZED IT.

My friend was also ineffective against this new element.

THANKS FOR WIGGLING YOUR FINGERS AT MY CANE, DOCTOR STRANGE. I APPRECIATE THE HELP WITH MY LITTLE SCIENCE EXPERIMENT.

TONY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU DO EITHER. PLEASE USE CAUTION.

YOU KNOW ME, STEPHEN. CAUTION'S MY MIDDLE NAME.

AND THANKS FOR KEEPING THIS BOOK SAFE. IT'S NOT AS DANGEROUS AS THE REST OF YOUR LIBRARY--

--BUT IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO A FRIEND, AND SHE CAN'T HAVE IT RIGHT NOW.

ONE OF US WILL BE BY FOR IT.

HELLO, SPIDER-MAN.

I WAS HOPING MY "SINISTER SIGNAL" WOULD GET YOUR ATTENTION.

VERY FUNNY, TONY.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU. MY CONDOLENCES ON YOUR BANK ACCOUNT.

WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE PAUPER?

I called upon a friend who has a form of extrasensory perception that I've never quite been able to explain.

I WAS HOPING YOU COULD HELP ME WITH A SCIENCE EXPERIMENT.

I'D LOVE TO!

YOU KNOW, EVERYONE SEEMS TO FORGET THAT I HAVE A PRETTY ROBUST AND IMPRESSIVE SCIENCE BACKGROUND. EVERYONE ALWAYS ASKS YOU OR REED OR BLUE MARVEL.

NOBODY EVER THINKS OF *ME* AS A SCIENCE HERO. WHAT DO I NEED TO DO?

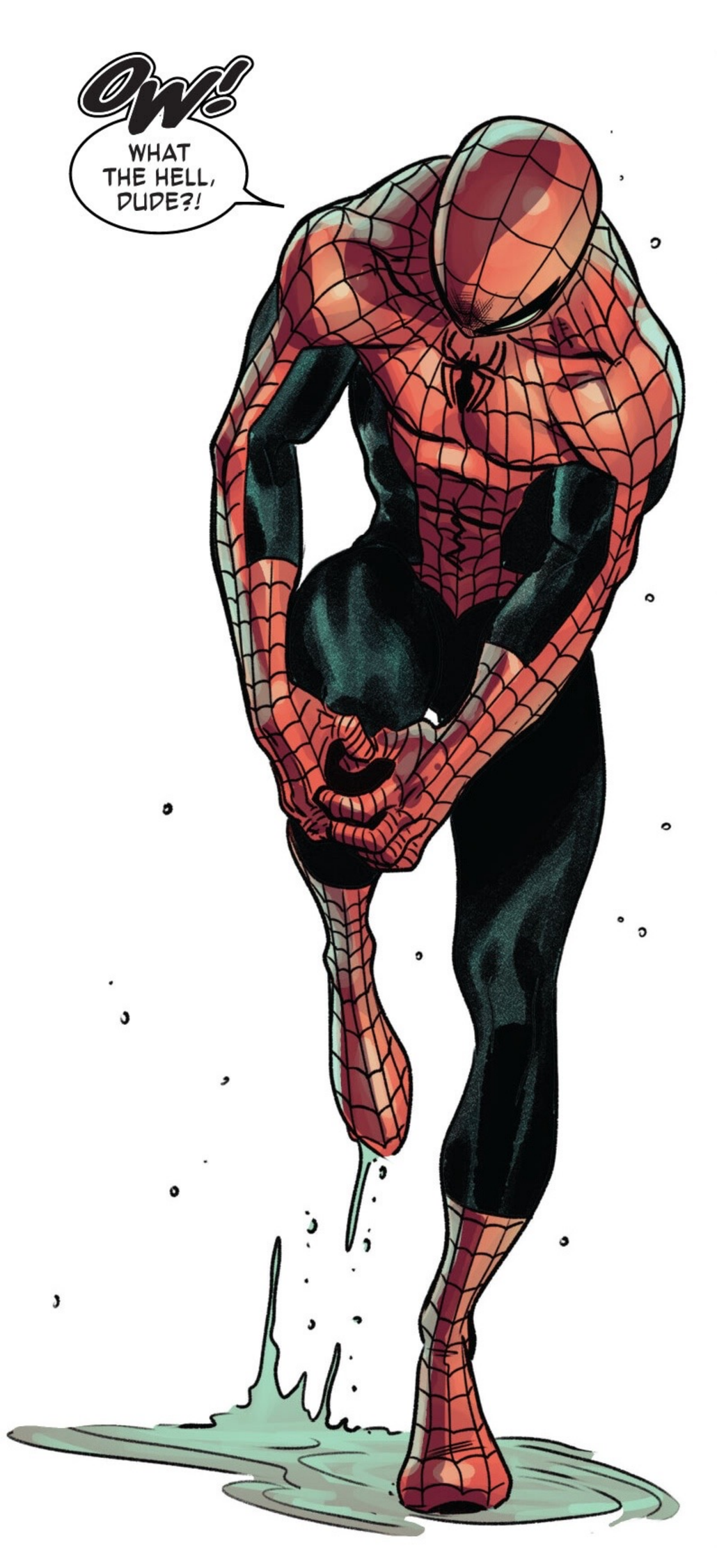
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND I'LL DO THE REST.

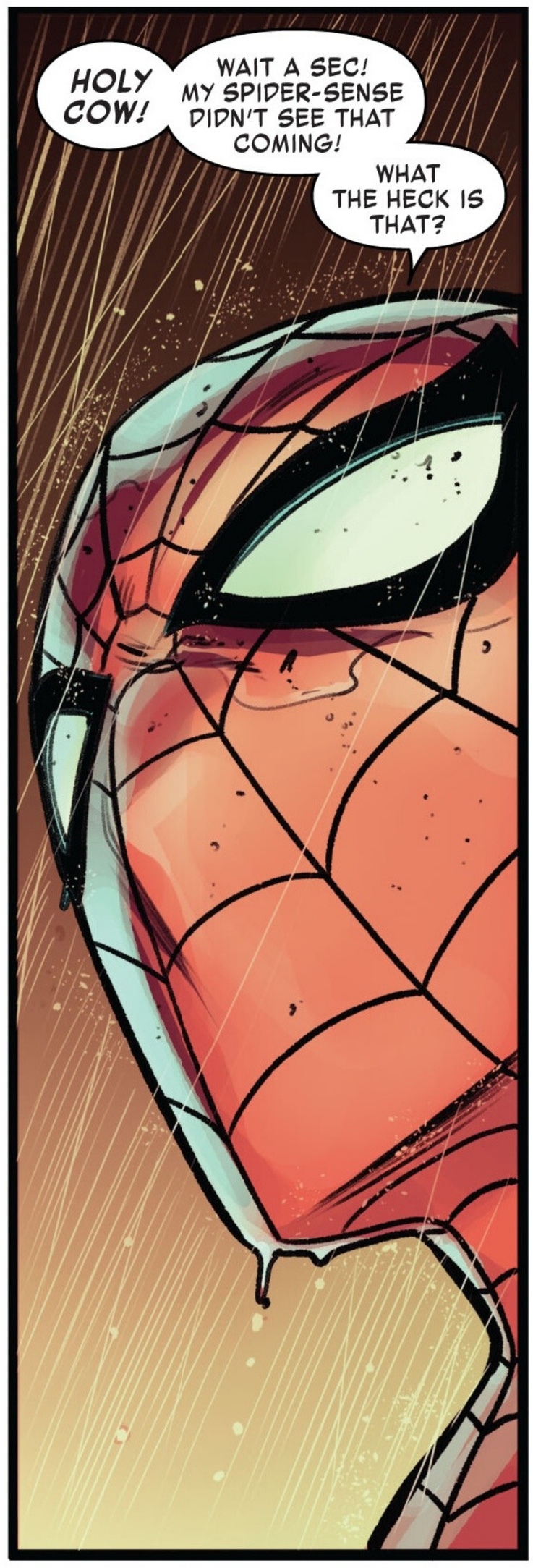
GOTCHA.

THEY CLOSED?

YEP. DO YOU WANT ME TO--?

KRAK!





YOU GONNA HIT ALL THOSE SENTINELS IN THE SHIN WITH THAT THING?

AS A MATTER OF FACT... *YES.*

THAT IS *EXACTLY* MY PLAN.

AT A TIME AND PLACE OF MY CHOOSING.

COOL. AM I INVITED?

YES. EVERYONE WILL KNOW MY SIGNAL WHEN THEY SEE IT, AND EVERYONE HARMED BY FEILONG AND ORCHIS WILL BE AVENGED.

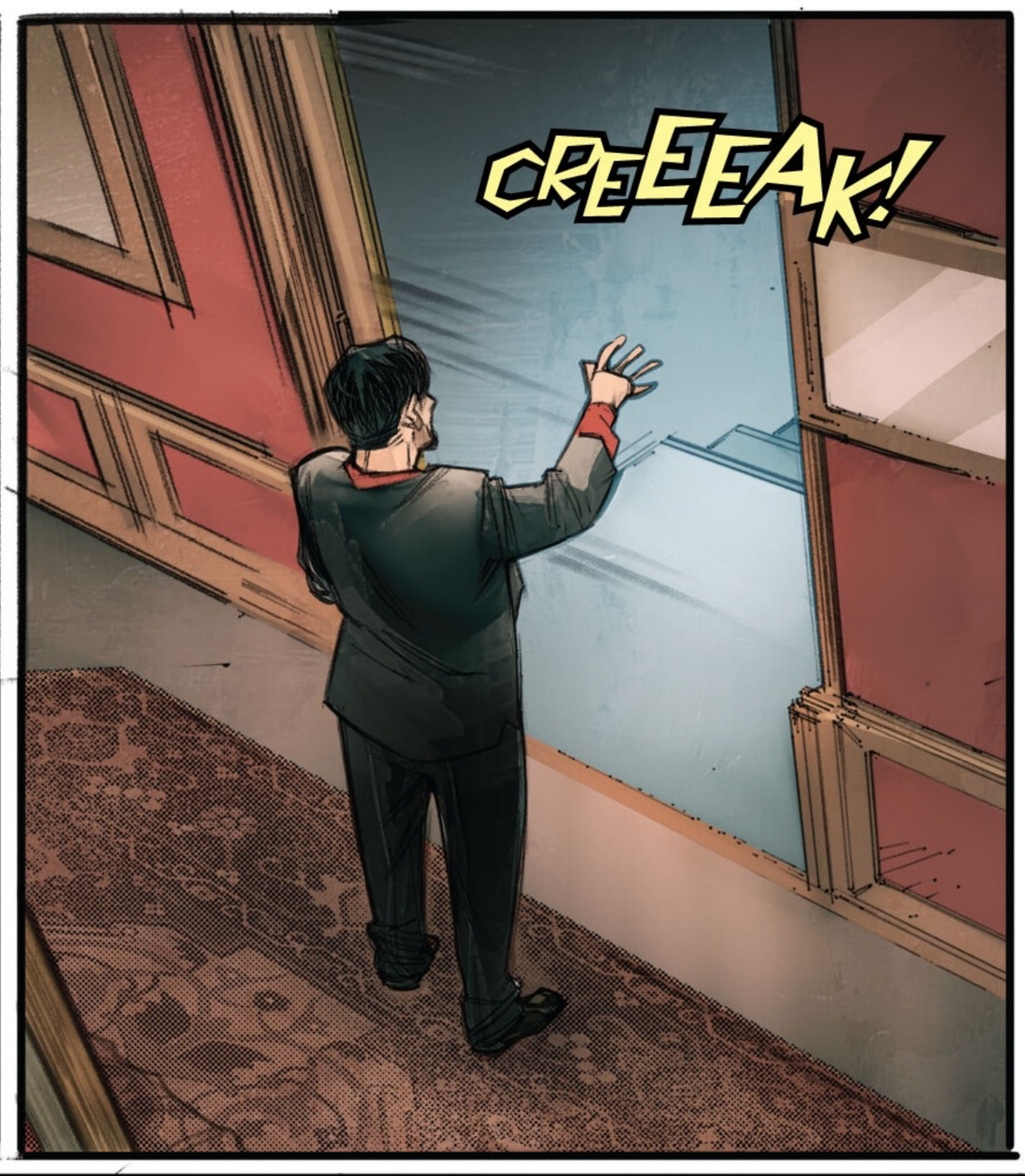
TWELVE

FORTBEND COUNTY COURTHOUSE. RICHMOND, TEXAS.
OVERRULED. MISS WALTERS, YOU MAY FINISH YOUR THOUGHT.
YOUR HONOR, I'VE NOW PROVEN BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT THAT JAMES RHODES COULDN'T HAVE MURDERED THE STARK EMPLOYEE.
THE VICTIM'S MOBILE PHONE WAS USED ONE COUNTY OVER AT THE MAN'S HOME AFTER THE INCIDENT AT THE FACTORY.
IT WAS LATER FOUND ON HIS BODY, SO THE CORONER'S TIME OF DEATH CANNOT BE TRUE.
THE DECEASED MAN RETURNED TO THE FACTORY, AND HE LATER DIED AFTER JAMES RHODES WAS IN CUSTODY.*
GIVEN MR. RHODES' MILITARY SERVICE IN DEFENSE OF THIS COUNTRY, WE ASK THAT HE BE GRANTED IMMEDIATE RELEASE BASED ON THIS EXCULPATORY EVIDENCE.
*SEE ISSUE #7! --DS
YOUR HONOR, WE DON'T KNOW WHO HAD THE VICTIM'S PHONE AT THE TIME.
WE ASK THAT MR. RHODES BE CONFINED UNTIL A JURY DECIDES WHAT IS TRUE AND WHAT IS NOT.

GRAAARGH!
IT WAS MY RENTAL CAR. AND I CHECKED THE BOX FOR EXTRA INSURANCE.

MANHATTAN.
I conceived of the Mark Nil as a stopgap armor. Something that would let me skulk about and finish the designs of the Mark 72, but--
--I knew I was gonna *miss* this armor.
It was nice to throw it on and know that I wasn't going to have a fight unless I wanted one.
I'd been fabricating stealth trackers and putting them on the Sentinels so I could analyze their flight patterns.
Orchis could afford to make a few mistakes in the battle to come. That's *one* luxury I've never had.
There was always a body count associated with my miscalculations.

THE HELLFIRE CLUB, MANHATTAN.


CREEEAK!

TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE, MR. FISK?
I'M CHECKING ON MY INVESTMENT, MR. STARK.

GENIUS TAKES TIME.
TIME...IS SOMETHING YOU CANNOT AFFORD, MR. STARK. BECAUSE I CAN'T PURCHASE IT FOR YOU.

YOU ARE BEING FUNDED, ASSISTED AND PROTECTED BY ME SO THAT YOU CAN REUNITE ME WITH MY WIFE. MY PATIENCE IS WEARING THIN.
I bit my tongue. I wanted to be alive when my appointment arrived.

I was unaware that my visitor had already arrived at the Hellfire Club and was about to get bounced by my wife, Hazel Kendal.

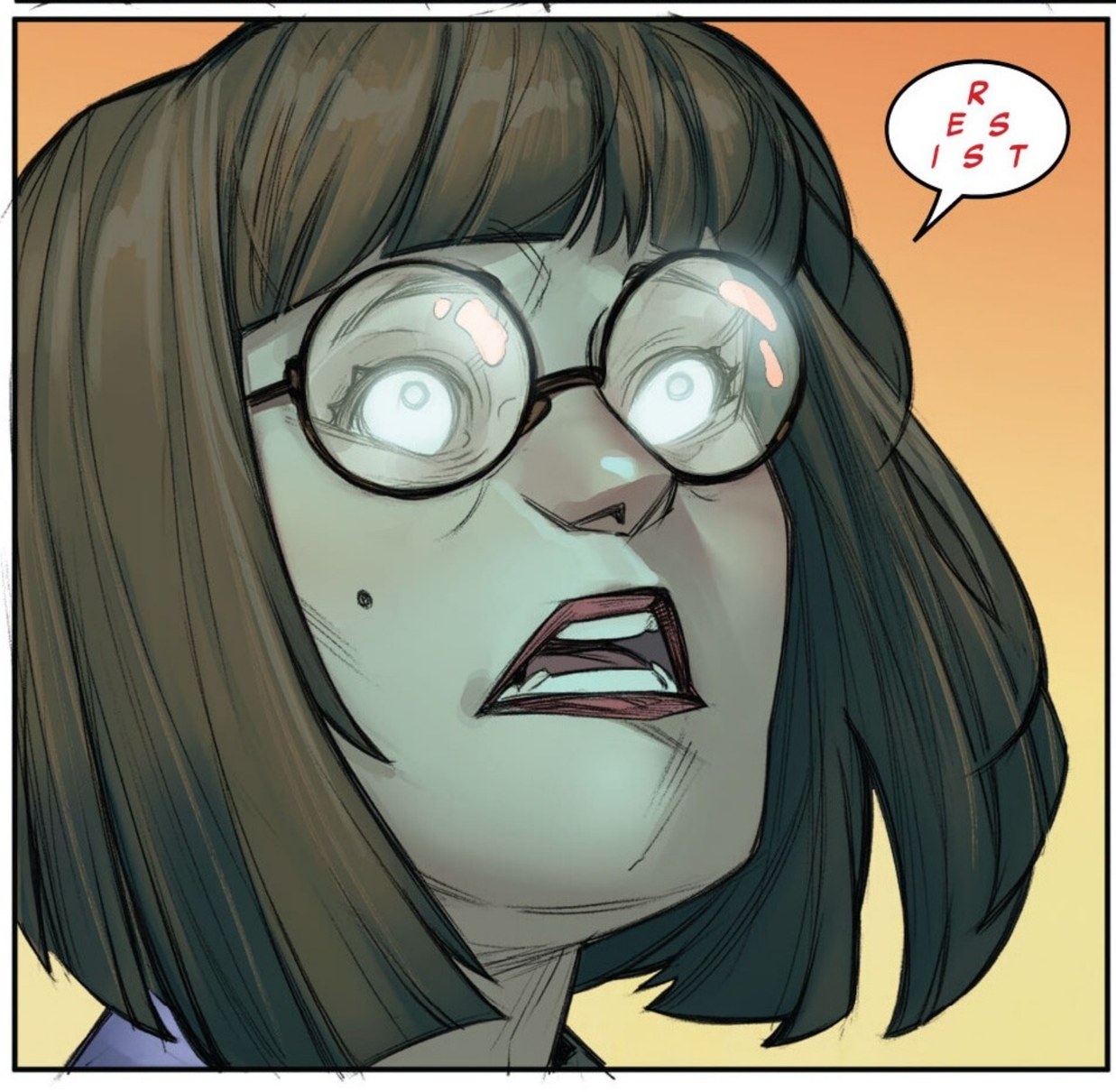
YES, MAY I HELP YOU?

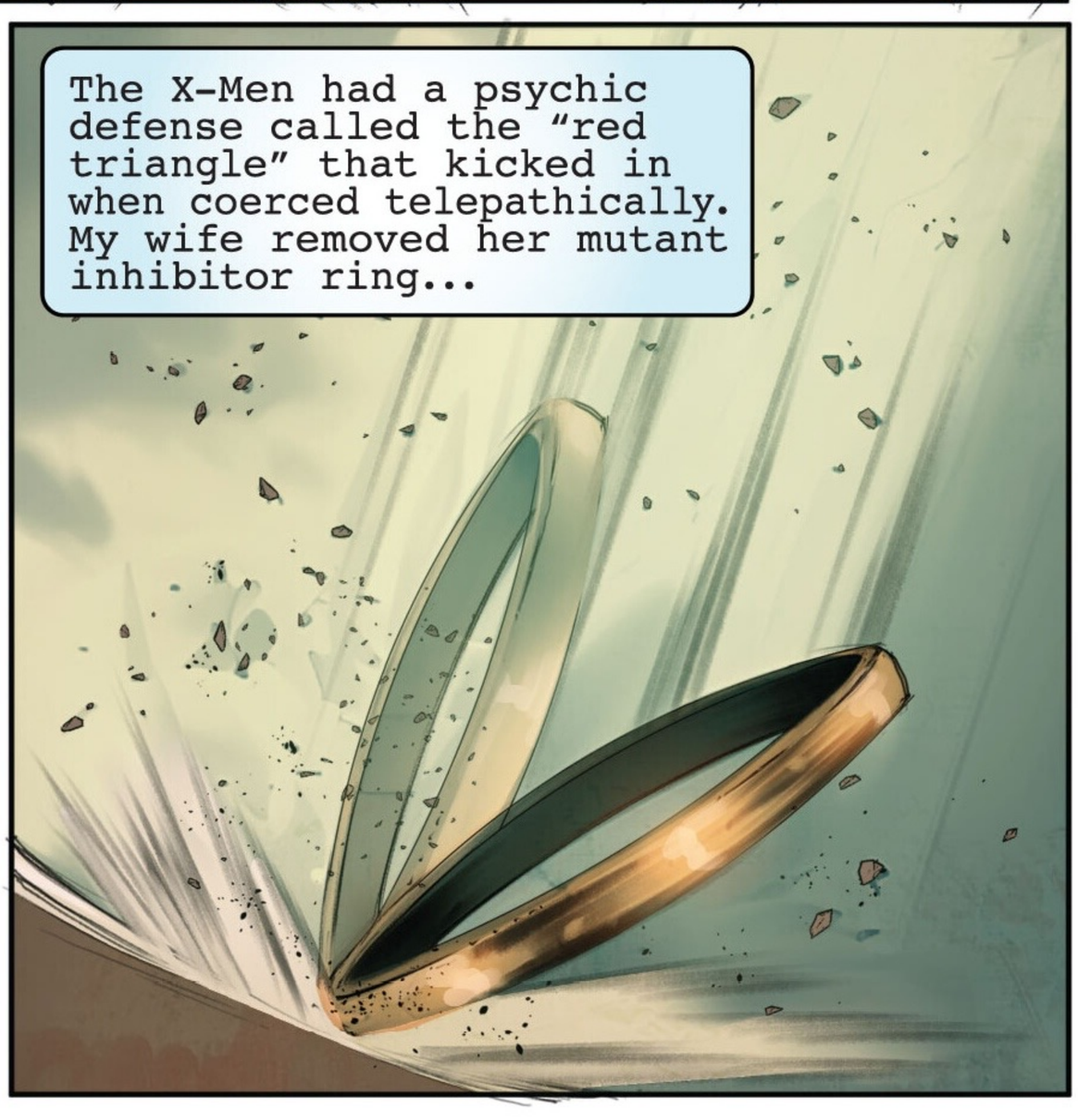
I'M HERE TO SEE TONY STARK.

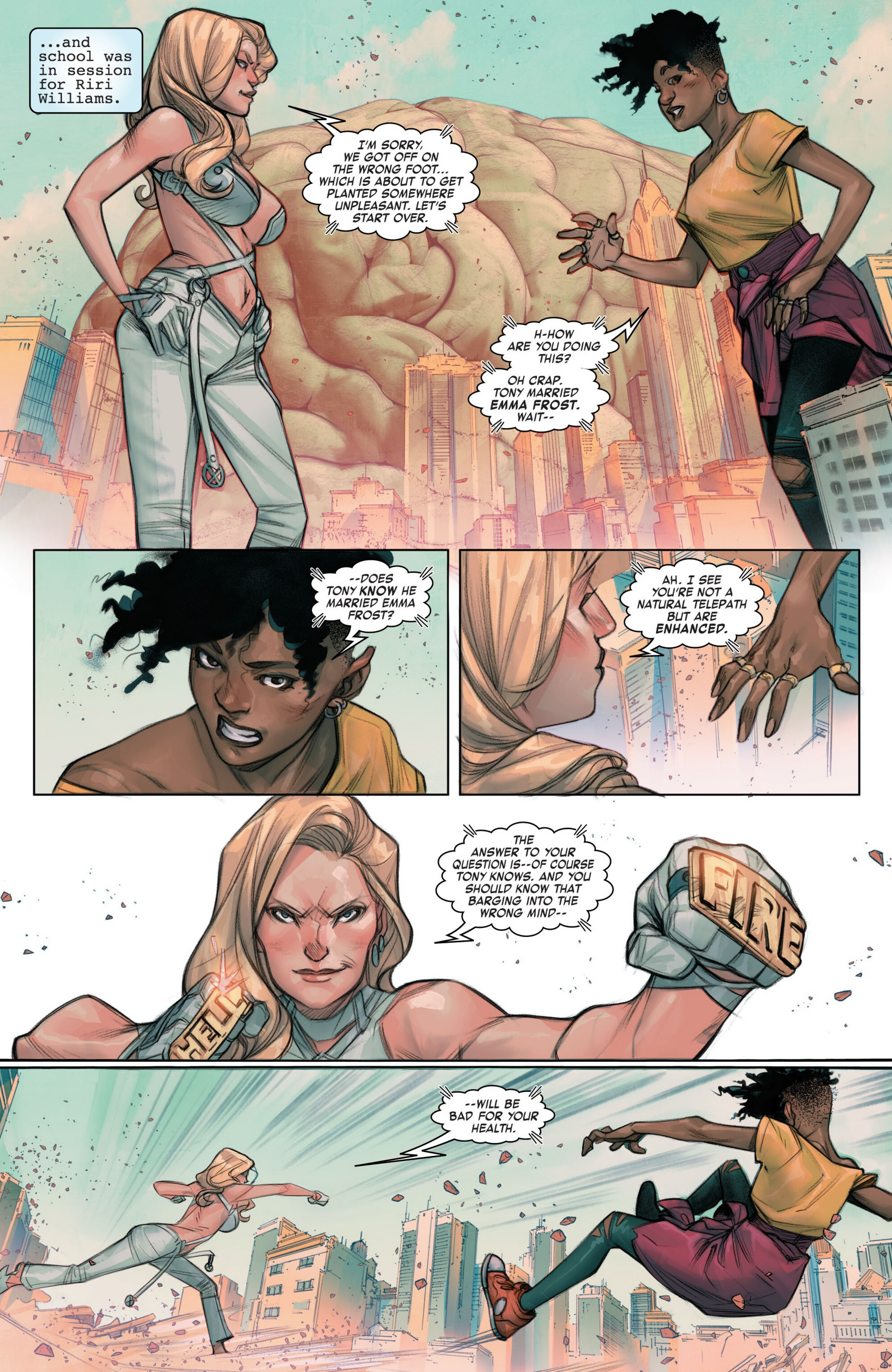
I'M SORRY, HE'S NOT HERE. AND HE'S NOT SEEING FANS AT THE MOMENT.

CONGRATS ON THE MARRIAGE. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT WENT WRONG IN YOUR LIFE TO WANT TO TAKE THAT PLUNGE WITH TONY...

...AND I'M NOT A FAN. NOW LET ME IN, AND FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME.






...and school was in session for Riri Williams.
I'M SORRY, WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT... WHICH IS ABOUT TO GET PLANTED SOMEWHERE UNPLEASANT. LET'S START OVER.
H-HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?
OH CRAP. TONY MARRIED EMMA FROST. WAIT--
--DOES TONY KNOW HE MARRIED EMMA FROST?
AH. I SEE YOU'RE NOT A NATURAL TELEPATH BUT ARE ENHANCED.
THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IS--OF COURSE TONY KNOWS. AND YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BARGING INTO THE WRONG MIND--
HELL
FIRE
--WILL BE BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
YOU'RE THE WHITE QUEEN! WANTED FOR MURDER...
...AND NOW YOU'RE SUDDENLY MARRIED TO TONY STARK?
EXCUSE ME, TONY GETS TO BE MARRIED TO ONE OF MY ALIASES.
NOW, HOW IS IT THAT THIS RING OF YOURS GRANTS YOU TELEPATHIC POWERS?
DON'T WORRY--I'M GONNA SHOW YOU!
I accepted my share of the blame in the aftermath of this one for not bringing Riri up to speed on my wife, my life and the resistance.
But we were at war, and everything was strictly need to know.

I've faced down Obadiah Stane...Thanos... Hell, I even went to war with Steve Rogers, and let me tell you...
...that drawing the ire of ***the Kingpin*** was as intimidating as any of them. I was grateful when the alarms went off.
MUTANT DETECTED!
WHAT THE HELL?!
ORCHIS OFFERED TO INSTALL THE DETECTOR. DECLINING THE OFFER WOULD HAVE APPEARED *SUSPICIOUS.*
IT APPEARS THE WOMEN ARE...*LOST IN THOUGHT.*
#$%&!
RIRI AND EMMA MUST'VE GOTTEN INTO IT! HERE'S EMMA'S INHIBITOR RING!

We had a real situation, and I gotta give credit to Wilson Fisk... Lying was as natural as breathing to him.

HNNH!

SPLAK!

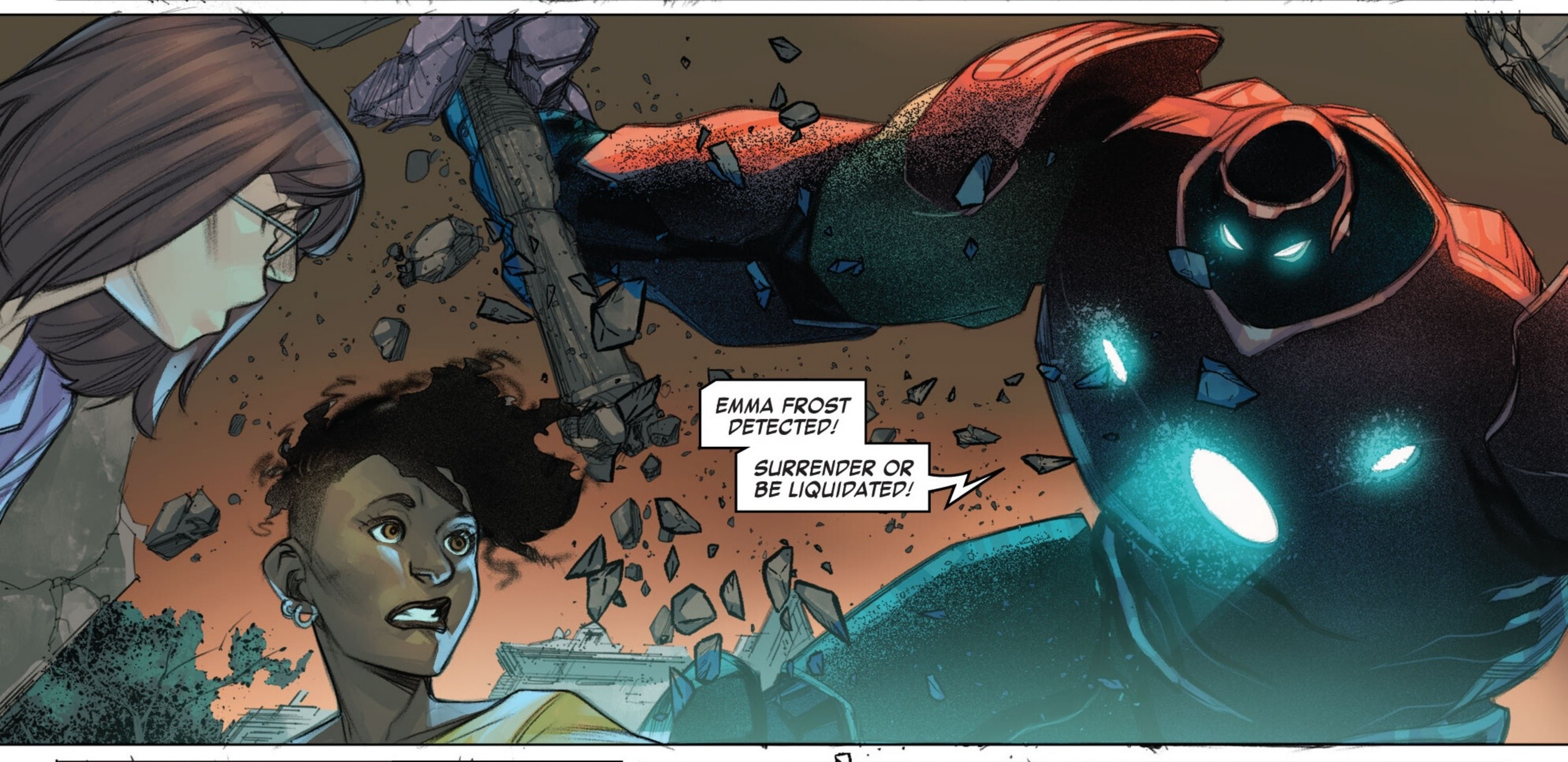
ERIK TAP-DANCING LEHNSHERR.

AN ASSASSIN!

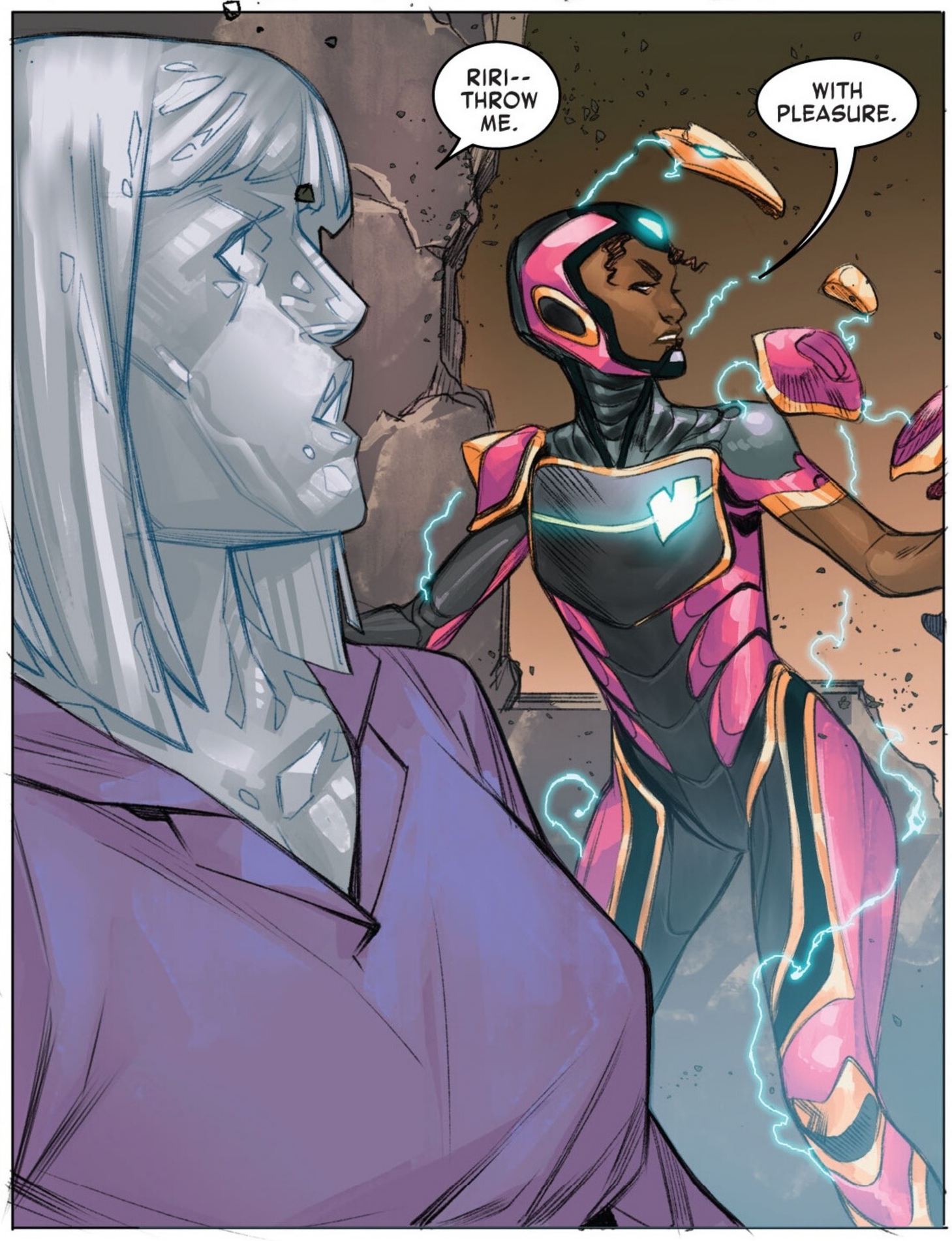
THE ONE CALLED MYSTIQUE JUST BROKE IN AND TRIED TO KILL ME!

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS FIGHT--MY INHIBITOR RING IS OFF, AND THAT MEANS I'M VULNERABLE.
THE SENTINELS ARE SOON TO BE UPON US--
--AND IF YOU INSIST ON CONTINUING THE FIGHT, WE CAN DO SO IN ONE OF ORCHIS' LABOR CAMPS.
AGREED-- LEMME JUST HELP SLAP YOU AWAKE.
KRAK!

PERHAPS WE WERE LUCKY AND ONE WAS NOT NEARBY.


EMMA FROST DETECTED!
SURRENDER OR BE LIQUIDATED!

I'M JAMMING IT--BUT WE HAVE LESS THAN A MINUTE BEFORE WE'RE BURNED AND EVERYTHING IS UP ON AN ORCHIS SATELLITE.


RIRI--THROW ME.
WITH PLEASURE.

I'VE HATED HIDING.
IF THIS IS HOW IT ENDS--
--SO BE IT!
BWEEM!
NOTHING'S ENDING. WE HAVE TOO MANY PEOPLE TO AVENGE TO DIE TONIGHT.
AAH!
SKRABOOM!

I CAN'T CRACK THIS ARMOR IN THE STEALTH SUIT. IRONHEART, WHAT'VE YOU GOT FROM THE RINGS?

I THINK I GOT SOMETHING ON BOARD THAT'S BETTER THAN THE MANDARIN RINGS.

FZZT!

I GOT THAT **SPECIAL ORDER** YOU ASKED ME FOR, TONY.

WOOSH!

PYM PARTICLES, PRESUMABLY?

EXACTLY.

MUTANT DETECTED! EMMA FROST, SURRENDER!

SKRAK!

WHUDD!

BAM!

NICE WORKOUT.

FWOOSH!

MRS. STARK, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GETTING THAT INHIBITOR RING ON?!

It had been our closest call with a Sentinel to date, and it almost blew our covers.

Fisk turned it all into an opportunity to deepen our cover--though…mutants once again looked bad.

Still, timing and luck were on our side. There weren't enough Pym Particles to make that a great strategy for the entire army…

…but my "special order" sure came in handy that night.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR OUR EMERGENCY RESPONDERS--AND FOR THE STARK SENTINELS, OF COURSE.

WITHOUT THEM, THE MUTANT WHO ATTACKED ME MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN MORE THAN THE PROPERTY DAMAGE TO MY HOME.

Riri and I caught up for hours. We talked design until dawn.

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WELL, THE DESIGN WORK IS IMPECCABLE.

YES, I KNOW-- THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M ASKING. CAN YOU BUILD THESE SHIPS?

HOW MUCH MYSTERIUM? AND WHERE ON EARTH WILL IT BE SECRETIVE OR SAFE ENOUGH?

NOWHERE ON EARTH IS SAFE ENOUGH. I NEED YOU TO GO UP THERE.

BUT YOU HAVE TO BE SURE YOU CAN GET IT DONE.

RIRI, THE LIVES OF EVERYONE ON THIS PLANET DEPEND ON YOU SUCCESSFULLY FABRICATING THOSE DESIGNS.

IF WE CAN'T GET THEM HOME, WE WON'T HAVE ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO FINISH THIS ON D-DAY.

I'LL GET THE JOB DONE.

AND YOU'LL SEND WORD TO THESE EXTRATERRESTRIAL SMITHS?
I'LL GET THE JOB DONE.
WHEN YOU GET THERE, ASK FOR *EITRI.*
WHAT WERE THE PYM PARTICLES FOR?
TAKE A LOOK.
HA! IT LOOKS SO CUTE.
I'LL LEAVE TONIGHT.
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY ONE MORE DAY? TOMORROW IS...

...THANKSGIVING.

I KNOW IT CAN BE HARD TO SEE THE GOOD AROUND US, BUT IT'S HERE. THIS HAS BEEN SUCH A HARD YEAR, BUT I'M GRATEFUL FOR ALL OF YOU.

WELL SAID, MS. MARVEL.

I'VE HAD MORE DIFFICULT THANKSGIVINGS.

BASTOGNE IN '44 WAS PRETTY UNPLEASANT.

NEVER THOUGHT AH'D BE DOWN IN THE MORLOCK TUNNELS AS MUCH AS I HAVE BEEN.

I LIFT MY GLASS OF APPLE CIDER TO YOU ALL. WE'LL HAVE HARD DAYS AHEAD. I CAN'T SUGARCOAT THAT...

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, COME HELL OR HIGH WATER, WE DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH LONGER IN THE SHADOWS.

FOR TONIGHT, LET'S EAT THIS WONDERFUL FOOD AND TRY TO PUSH ASIDE OUR TROUBLES AND... HAVE A THOUGHT FOR ALL OF OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY WHO AREN'T HERE--

--THEY WILL BE AVENGED.

AND FOR THE ONES WHO SURVIVED, BUT ARE CAUGHT IN THE SYSTEM...

"...MAY THEY GET OUT OF THEIR PREDICAMENTS..."

James Rhodes was falsely imprisoned, awaiting trial in Texas' Polunsky Unit. There would be little to be thankful for on most days...

...but today was not most days.

HEY, "WAR MACHINE."

YOUR LAWYER SENT THIS OVER TO THE WARDEN, AND HE APPROVED IT.

APPROVED *WHAT?*

A SAINT LEONARD MEDAL-- THE PATRON SAINT OF PRISONERS... SOMEBODY LIKES YOU.

HUH.

HA.

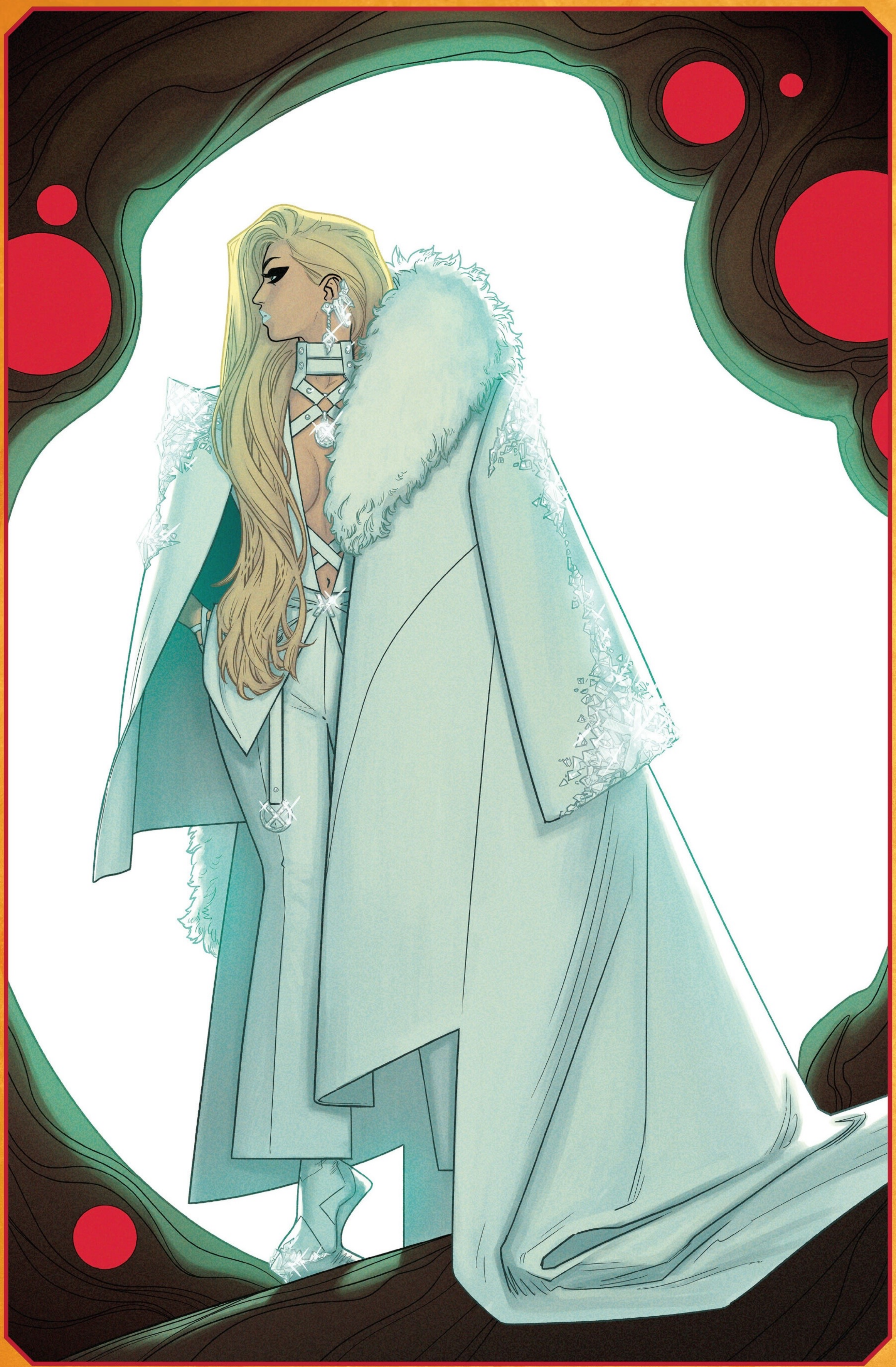
ACTUALLY, I THINK IT'S...

...A SAINT ANTHONY MEDAL.
NEXT: THE MYSTERIUM MAN!

DERRICK CHEW

#7 IRONHEART VARIANT

SERGIO DÁVILA & CECI DE LA CRUZ
#7 VARIANT



KRIS ANKA

#8 HELLFIRE GALA VARIANT

GEORGE PÉREZ & EDGAR DELGADO
#8 VARIANT

JUNGGEUN YOON
#8 VARIANT

MARTÍN CÓCCOLO & JESUS ABURTOV
#9 STORMBREAKERS VARIANT

BJÖRN BARENDS

#9 VARIANT

LUCAS WERNECK

#10 2ND PRINTING VARIANT

LUCAS WERNECK

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #10 & X-MEN #26 COMBINED COVERS

MEGHAN HETRICK

#10 HOMAGE VARIANT A

MEGHAN HETRICK

#10 HOMAGE VARIANT B

NAO FUJI

#10 NYCC 2023 GIVEAWAY VARIANT

GEORGE PÉREZ & EDGAR DELGADO
#10 VARIANT

ADI GRANOV
#11 HOMAGE VARIANT

TAKESHI MIYAZAWA & IAN HERRING
#11 NEW CHAMPIONS VARIANT

KEN LASHLEY & JUAN FERNANDEZ
#12 VARIANT

CAFU
#10 AVENGERS 60TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT

ALEXADER LOZANO
#11 AVENGERS 60TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT

JOHN TYLER CHRISTOPHER
#12 AVENGERS 60TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT

MARVEL COLLECTED EDITIONS

X-Men by Gerry Duggan Vol. 1

X-Men by Gerry Duggan Vol. 2

X-Men by Gerry Duggan Vol. 3

X-Men by Gerry Duggan Vol. 4

AVAILABLE IN PRINT OR DIGITAL WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD!

"High flying action and great art."
– AIPT

TONY STARK IS IN DIRE NEED OF A WIN!

AS ALWAYS, his plan involves building a new suit of armor. And the upgraded Iron Man's first objective is...infiltrate and destroy Stark Industries?! Then, as the X-Men throw their latest Hellfire Gala, Shellhead contends with the new Stark Sentinels flying through New York! Krakoa and Iron Man have a mutual enemy in Feilong, who already has the upper hand – and it's about to get even stronger. But even with his back to the wall, Tony isn't without resources to call on – including his father's Hellfire Club membership and his own new Stealth Armor! Will that combination make him...a Black King? And what good would that be without a Queen? Prepare for an unforgettable event as Tony Stark ties the knot with the X-Men's Emma Frost!

T+

MARVEL

COLLECTING ***INVINCIBLE IRON MAN (2022) #7-12*** –
BY GERRY DUGGAN, JUAN FRIGERI, ANDREA DI VITO, IG GUARA AND BRYAN VALENZA.